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Collier's

APRIL 11, 1953 • FIFTEEN CENTS

THE BIG LAND GRAB

Anybody Can Steal 20 Acres of Valuable Public Land for

$1.25

By BILL DAVIDSON

MARY A BECK
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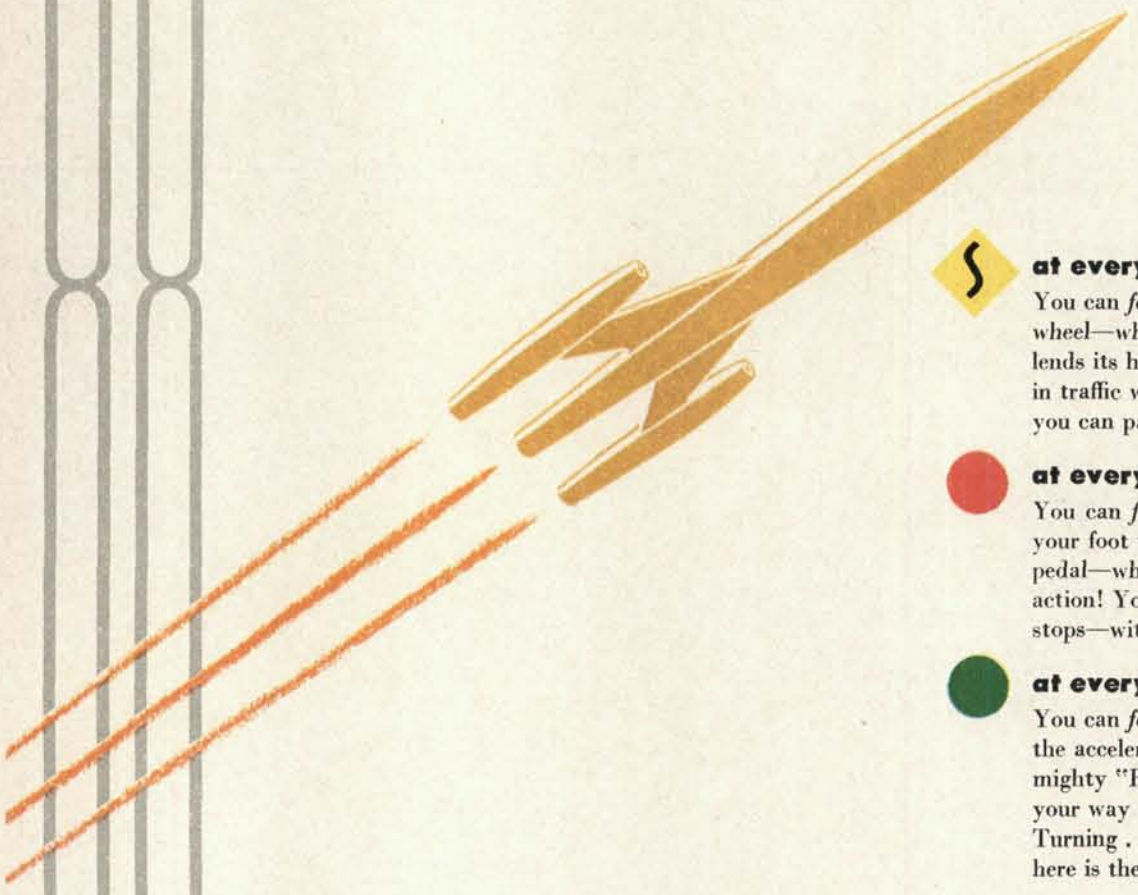
POWER!



at every Turn!

You can *feel* it every time you turn the wheel—when *GM Power Steering** lends its helping hand! You maneuver in traffic with incredible ease, and you can park with just one finger!

at every Stop!

You can *feel* it every time you pivot your foot to the new low-level brake pedal—when *Power Brakes** go into action! You get quicker, safer, surer stops—with only *half* the effort!

at every Go!

You can *feel* it the moment you step on the accelerator—when Oldsmobile's mighty "Rocket" Engine sends you on your way with a flashing surge of power! Turning . . . stopping . . . going . . . here is the *power car of the year!*

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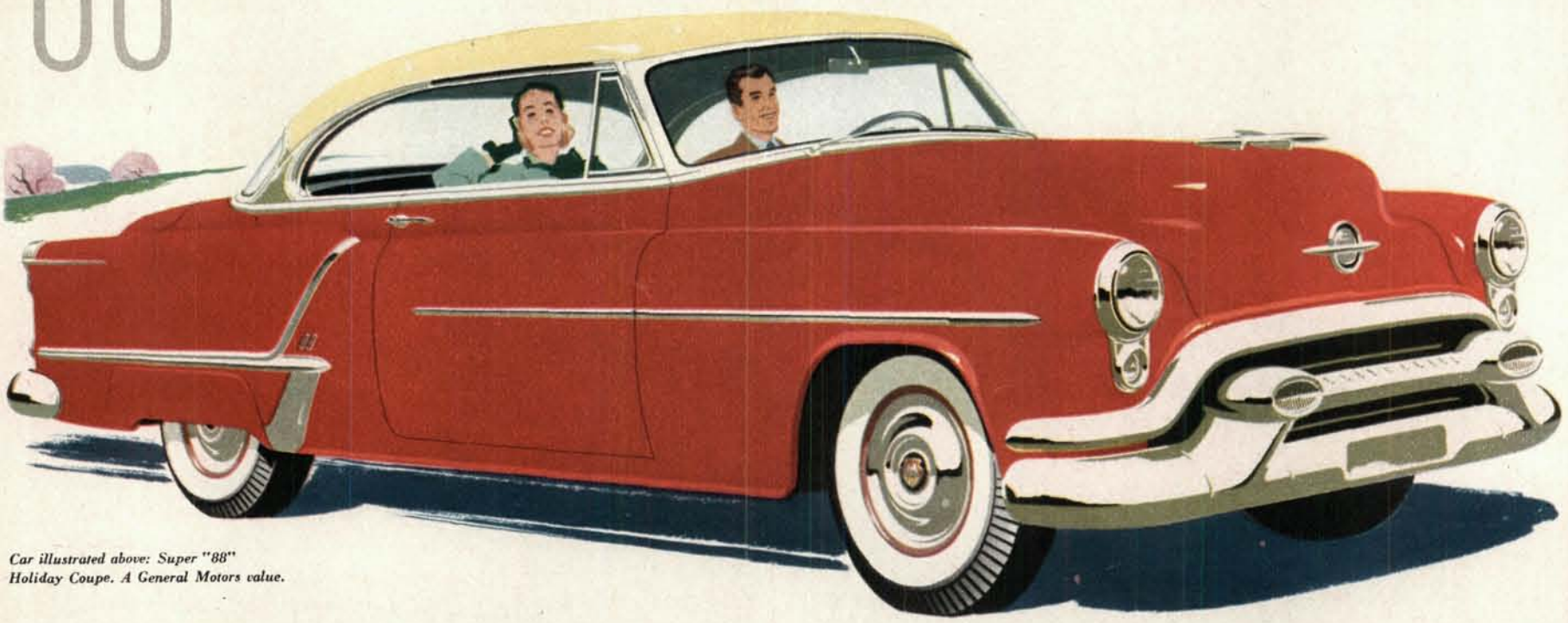

Car illustrated above: Super "88" Holiday Coupe. A General Motors value.

"ROCKET" ENGINE **OLDSMOBILE**

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The baddies never ride white horses

It's all so easy in the Westerns. The bad guys always ride dark horses; the hero or his pal rides white. You can tell good from bad way down the canyon.

Not so easy are the real problems the kids grow up to meet. Danger may ride the white horse, and even do the singing round the campfire.

Like the people who try to push America into socialism. The things they propose, they say, are "to protect the people" or are "benefits only government can provide."

But you can spot the marks of socialism if you listen closely. The clues are these words: *"the federal government should own and run"* or *"the government should take over"* or *"government can do it better and cheaper."*

Those are the sure signs of socialism. History proves it in country after country in Europe and Asia. In the last 2 or 3 years, millions of Americans have recognized the threat right here in the U. S.

For socialistic ideas have spread alarmingly here. And the ways to stop socialism are to recognize it — to help your children and friends understand its dangers — to help your representatives in government resist its pressures — whether it's riding a dark horse or a white one.

One socialistic development in America is federal government electric power. It has grown to a multi-billion dollar giant because people did not recognize it as socialism until recently. That's why this message is brought to you by more than a hundred independent ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES OF AMERICA*.

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April 11, 1953

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

Well, she tried, glanced in the mirror and is now looking at you for an opinion. Her name is Olga Nicholas, friend of artist Bill Randall's wife, Maxine, who caught her trying to whip up oddments into a flimsy whimsey. But most of the gals of our acquaintance prefer to shop around, hoping that their eventual purchase won't be duplicated too many times in the Easter parade.

Week's Mail

Plug for the Senators (Baseball)

EDITOR: I have just read Tom Meany's 1953 Baseball Preview (Feb. 28th). I am an ardent fan and the article caught my eye immediately. I was glad to hear some of the latest news and I agreed with most of Mr. Meany's predictions, but I think a couple of stitches are missing from his horsehide-covered ball.

Why did he put the Senators 'way down in seventh place in the American League? To this amateur they are greatly improving. After all, they ended up the '52 season one game out of fourth place and three out of third place. Most experts think they'll do even better this year.

DIANE PRUITT, Emporia, Kans.

. . . In your list of rookies to watch, you list John Bucha of the Tigers as being from Danielsville, Pa. Johnny is from Allentown, Pa., and we're proud of him!

JOE GOURNIAK, JR., Coplay, Pa.

First Space-Travel Course

EDITOR: I wish to congratulate Collier's on the excellent articles that have been appearing regarding space travel. I believe that they are doing a good job in making us all aware that space travel is much closer to becoming a reality than most people realize.

I feel sure that these articles will do much to promote an interest in space travel among the young men in America today—our future engineers. And creating this interest is the only way this country can lead the way in the development of interplanetary travel in years to come.

We here at Parks College of Saint Louis University realize that much of the immediate work in space travel will be done by engineering students who will graduate in the next few years. You may be interested in knowing that, because of this, we are initiating a course this fall to prepare students to work with the problems of space. So far as we know, we are the first college to offer such a course at the undergraduate level.

GENE KROPF, Assistant to the Dean,
Parks College, Saint Louis University,
East St. Louis, Ill.

Collier's congratulates Saint Louis University, hopes other universities and colleges will follow its progressive leadership.

. . . I thank you for your wonderful articles concerning man and outer space. Ever since I was a child of ten, I have read everything I could about our universe. I think it is one of the most fascinating subjects I know of. Everything in science fascinates me, but the study

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How "young" will they be at 65?

YOUNG PEOPLE today have an excellent chance to live beyond their sixty-fifth birthday. Already there are over 12 million Americans who are past 65. By the end of the century, it is estimated that there will be nearly twice as many.

Most of these millions can look forward to being healthier, happier, and "younger" after 65 than people of that age have ever been. This has been made possible chiefly by medical advances. Most communicable diseases of childhood, for example, have been substantially controlled by immunization. In addition, new drugs, improved surgical techniques, and better methods of diagnosis and treatment have ushered in a new era of health for all ages.

If you are one of those to whom the words "old age" conjure up an unpleasant picture, you are likely to be heartened by the views of authorities. They say that old age need not be *endured;* that it can actually be *enjoyed.* This depends largely, however, on what you do to safeguard your health.

Over the years, adjustments in diet may be desirable. While the *quantity* of food required in later life usually becomes less, the need for the essential proteins, vitamins, and minerals for body upkeep and repair remains unchanged. Moreover, proper diet is a safeguard against *overweight* which burdens the heart and often paves the way for diabetes, arthritis, and high blood pressure.

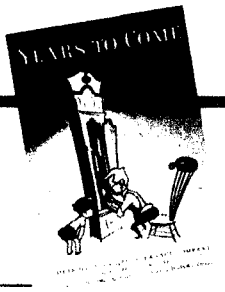
Of course the best way to conserve good health is to place yourself under your doctor's care and go to him for a periodic health examination as often as he recommends it. Through early diagnosis of troubles just starting, he may not only bring you relief, but add years to your life.

By following you through the years, your doctor will also come to know you as an *individual* . . . what your personal problems are, what strains your work places on you, what your reactions are in times of stress. Such information is of great value to the doctor in solving many health problems.

The doctor can also advise you about your daily habits—such as getting plenty of rest and sleep and practicing *moderation* in all activities. With his advice, you may find yourself with renewed mental and physical energy for certain activities that you may have given up because you felt "too tired" or "too old."

Enjoyment in later years—especially those spent in retirement—also rests to a great extent upon one's mental attitude. This is why it is important to keep up your outside interests, including hobbies. Such activities will help keep you young in heart and young in outlook.

Medical science has given us the means to prolong our lives. It is up to us to make the best use of up-to-date medical knowledge. At no time of life should we take good health for granted. Rather, we should plan and work for it, just as we do for the other worthwhile things of life. By doing so, more and more of us can anticipate being "young" at 65 . . . and perhaps even in our seventies, eighties, and nineties.



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Week's Mail CONTINUED

of outer space and man's chances out there rate number one with me.

I consider these articles interesting and educational, and they may also be helpful to humanity by awakening the interest of the public.

MRS. W. C. GREEN, JR., Gulfport, Miss.

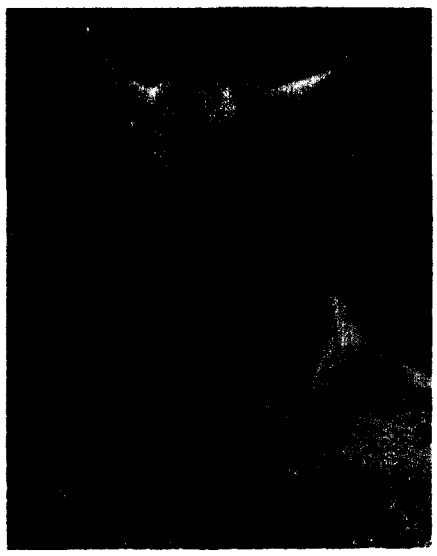
. . . Have just read your latest space travel article (Feb. 28th) and enjoyed it very much. I really appreciated the illustrations by Fred Freeman and Rolf Klep. I think these men and the other magazine illustrators like them are the real artists of this day and age, being able to depict a given situation accurately, and in an interesting manner.

It's time to distinguish between the real artists and the "artecsts."

FRED WILSON, Dallas, Texas

. . . Having read the article, Man's Survival in Space, I fail to find one sane reason for it. He can survive much cheaper here. In fact, he can live like a lord on his old home planet on the $225,000 spent for the suit he would need on that trip. PELHAM BARRETT, Southern Pines, N.C.

Odd Facts about Cows



Fairlawn Actor's Indigo

EDITOR: The first article I read in the March 7th issue was The Life and Good Times of a Guernsey Cow, by Christopher Rand. I think Chris did a grand job in describing Fairlawn Actor's Indigo.

I have just written a trade-journal article on cow culture, and your readers may be interested in some controversial "cowology" items: music has no positive effect on the milk yield—from the cow's viewpoint. As to the workers, that's another story. Cornell University says cows have a higher IQ than horses, and advances the theory that "if cows were smaller, they would make ideal house pets."

A University of California professor is convinced that cows do not sweat. They may perspire through their noses. Tests prove that cows are color-blind. Of all the mammals, only man and monkeys distinguish color. It's the movement, not the red cape, that may infuriate the bull.

IRENE SCOTT, Littleton, Colo.

Blizzard in Colorado

EDITOR: Regarding the article Snowbound (Feb. 28th):

It is realized that an article must be somewhat on the sensational side to be good reading but we think your writer might have given us a bit of bad publicity with the article.

It is true we have typical mountain winters which are comparatively long and hard as compared with the eastern slope of the Rockies. However, my wife drives her car almost weekly to Denver, a two-hour trip, and has not had a pair of chains on the car in over two years.

A check with the government weather bureau in Denver will indicate very little 40-below weather and no 50 below at all. I know of no case where a rancher had to follow his fence to find his way, and a check with all of our doctors fails to get a report of even one case of frosted lungs.

MORRIS M. LONG, Granby, Colo.

Collier's published Snowbound to illustrate what happens when a severe blizzard strikes a Colorado mountain valley. If any exaggerations appeared in the article, we can only suggest that our writer unwittingly fell victim to some of the tall tales, which—as the article mentioned—are told by ranchers as they gather around hot stoves on bitter nights. No sensationalism was intended.

Money from Driftwood

EDITOR: I have lived on the Florida Keys for five years. Not until I read your article on the driftwood business (Driftwood—Latest Treasure of the Seas, Feb. 21st) did I realize its value. People here and in the surrounding area have always made lamps out of it. I guess we all take it as a regular thing around here.

I should like to say that the article was superb. I would like to congratulate Ed Freedman and all other people who have use of the once wasted objects of America's natural beauty.

ALICE ALLEN, Tavernier, Fla.

They Couldn't Wait

EDITOR: We were amused at your February 14th cover. Please tell us where that supermarket is located where you can let your children eat bananas before they are weighed and paid for.

As a mother of two lively youngsters, I know how hard it is to keep them from sampling the appetizing vittles piled high in the basket.

MRS. HUGH ALDRICH, Cottage Grove, Ore.

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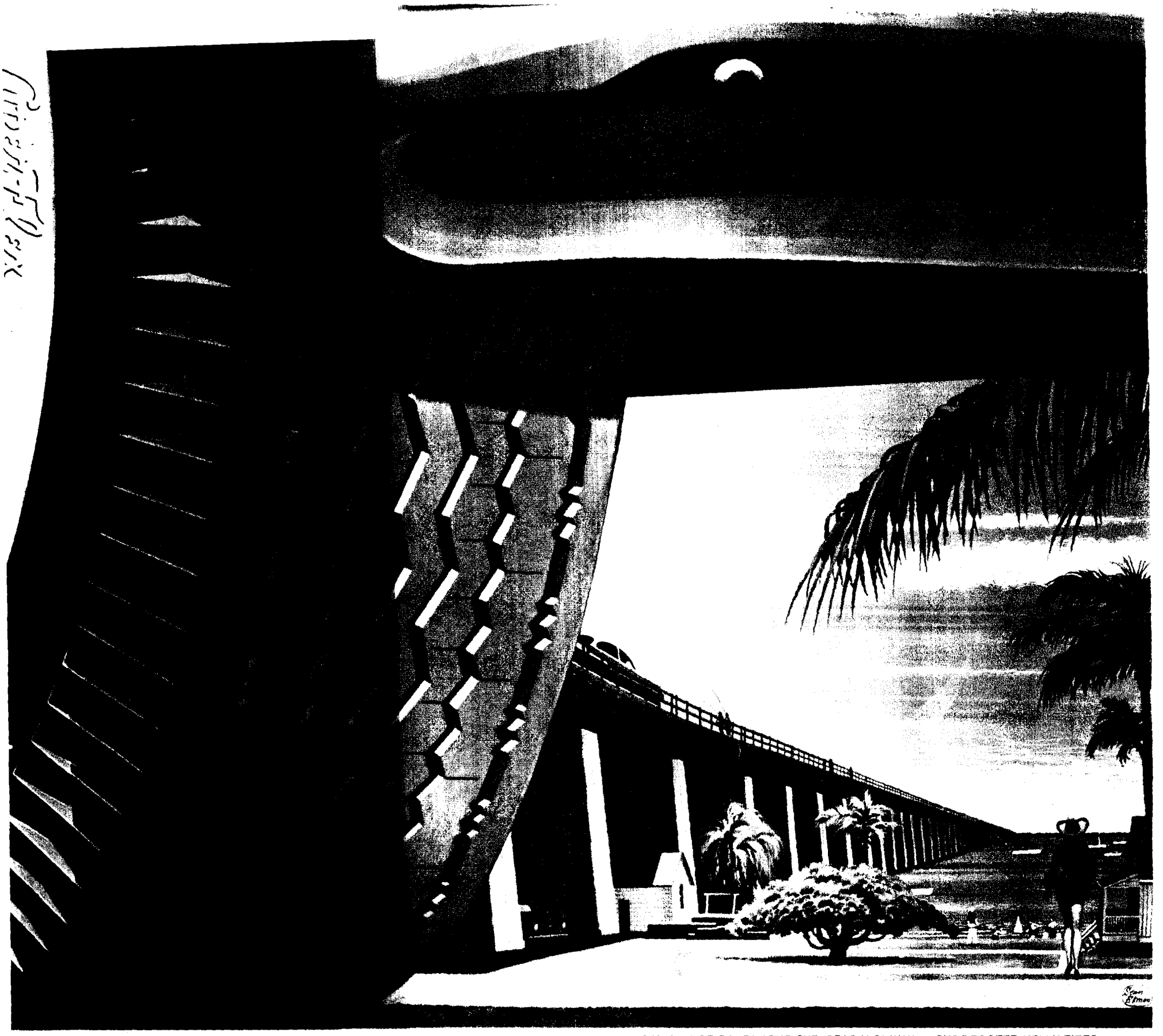

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Wherever you go...GO WORRY-FREE ON KELLYS

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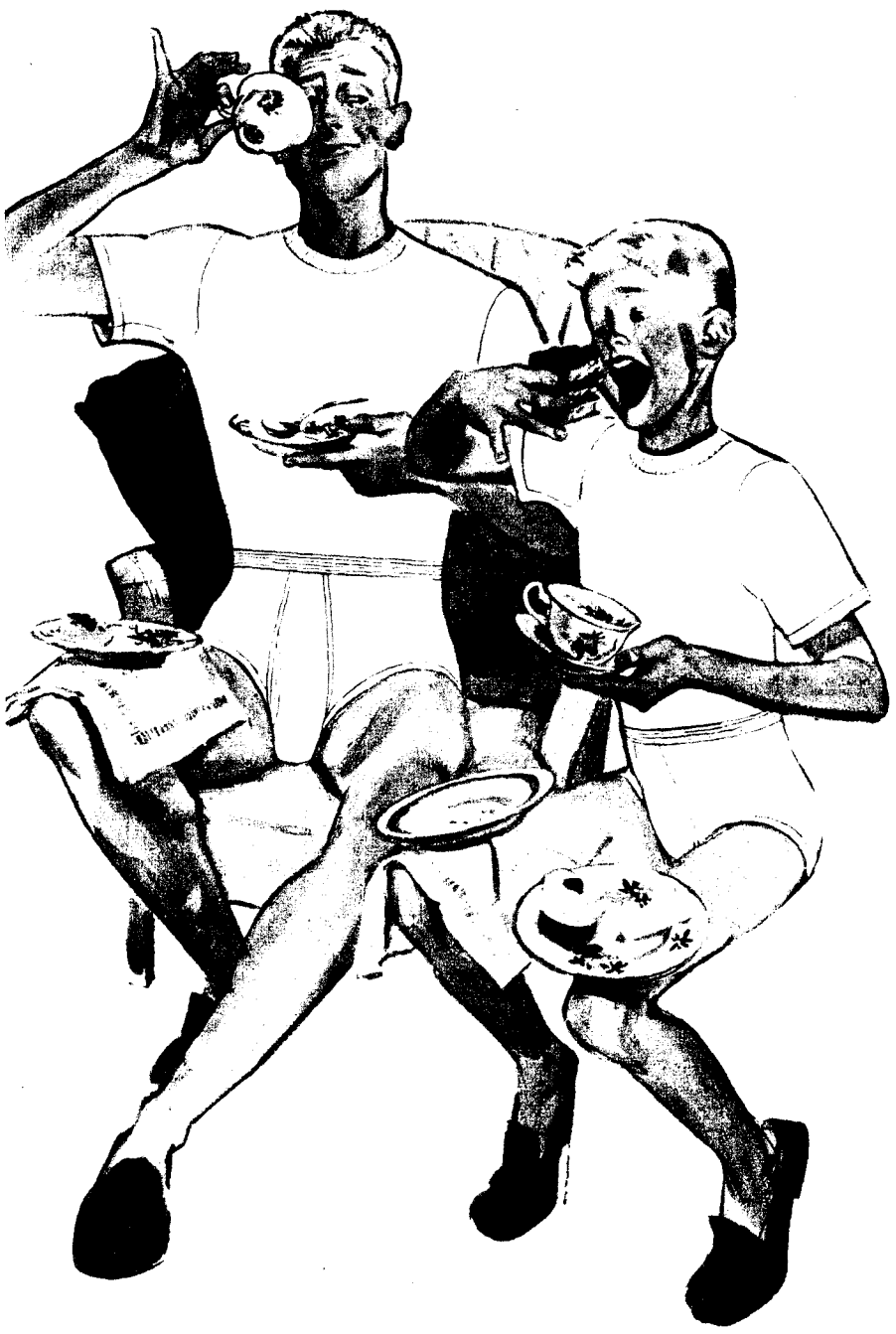

Carter's TRIGS with these exclusive comfort features
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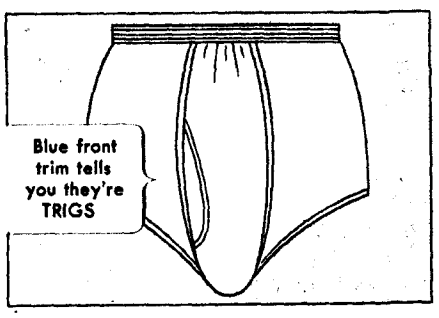

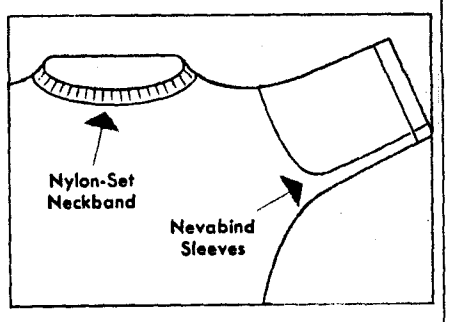

EXCLUSIVE NEVA-VEX* FRONT gives individual male fit. Trigs are the *only* briefs designed to adjust to your body. Never too snug, won't sag or ride up. Seamless seat, long-life heat-resistant elastic in waist and leg bands. *For Dads,* $1.10 — $1.25. *For Lads,* 89¢

EXCLUSIVE NEVABIND® SLEEVE on Trigs Super T-Shirt won't tug, or chafe. Nylon-Set Neckband won't sag. Right-length tails stay put, won't bunch at your belt. *For Dads* $1.50 — *For Lads* $1.25. *Also Trigs Athletic Shirts for Dads* — $1.00. *For Lads,* 69¢ — 85¢

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ALL TRIGS ARE Carter-Set — WON'T SHRINK OUT OF FIT!
FINE COMBED COTTON KNITS NEED NO IRONING

Yes Carter's makes fine underwear for the whole family

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Cultural note from Tenabo, Nevada. At the September Morn Bar and Grill, beer is dispensed in schooners with one-tune music boxes in the base of the schooner. When the empty schooner is set down, the classic strains of How Dry I Am fetch the barkeep running. Mr. W. H. Bradley adds that the modest place is owned by a Miss Poe, and that it is more popularly known as the Poe Lady's Bar.

★ ★ ★

Lady in Los Angeles, suing for temporary alimony, was told by the judge: "I am going to give you a hundred dollars a month." Husband nodded in approval. "Thank you, your honor. I will give her a few bucks myself." In spite of assurances from Mr. Andy Barnwallow, this story is not guaranteed.

★ ★ ★

North Little Rock, Arkansas, wants no truck with municipal budgets. Mayor Ross L. Lawhon says the city can't afford one. Says that budgetless North Little Rock closed its 1952 books with a surplus of more than $50,000. Now his opponents want to use what they saved by not having a budget to set up a budget bureau to relieve the city from the embarrassment of a surplus.

★ ★ ★

A seedy but sprightly character braced Mr. Ted Snowley on Howell Street, Seattle, Washington. "Listen, friend," said the character, "could you spare a buck till payday?" The prosperous-looking Mr. Snowley asked him when was payday. "You ought to know," said the character. "You're the one's working."

★ ★ ★

Gentleman in Omaha bought a property for $30,000 and sold it for $100,000. Income-tax official told him the government would have to take about $15,000, leaving him a mere $55,000 net profit. Gentleman's wife was scornful. "I told you not to sell it," she said.

★ ★ ★

Because his client, accused of robbery, refused to plead guilty in exchange for a 10-year sentence, a St. Louis lawyer withdrew from the case. He stuck around, however, until the jury was about to render its verdict, warning the fellow that he'd get life imprisonment for sure. Verdict: Not guilty. Lawyer said: "Tsk, tsk, tsk"—or however you spell it.

★ ★ ★

That perennial save-our-birds bill is up in the Illinois legislature again. Rewritten and improved. Bill would now make it unlawful for a cat to be out of the house except on leash, with its owner clinging to the other end. Adlai Stevenson, then governor, vetoed the bill last time it got by the legislature, thus, says Mrs. Kenneth Hartman of Freeport, Illinois, losing the bird-lover vote and contributing materially to his own defeat last November. Said Mr. Stevenson in his veto message: "It is in the nature of cats to do a certain amount of unescorted roaming."

★ ★ ★

Lady in Berkeley, California, telephoned a University of California professor at three o'clock in the morning. Told her neighbor furiously that his dog's barking kept her awake. Lady hung up before he could say a word. So next morning at three he called back. "Madam," said he, "I have no dog."

★ ★ ★

We see by the monthly report of the Dallas, Texas, fire department that the laddies pursued and captured a squirrel in an attic, rescued a tomcat caught in an air-conditioning tunnel, freed a dog from a sewer, dragged a kid out of the flue of a barbecue pit and liberated a cat wedged in between two walls of a house. And incidentally, they also put out 123 fires.

★ ★ ★

There's a drugstore in Hillsville, Virginia, which displays a conspicuous

IRWIN CAPLAN

sign in the window. Just two words: Sandwiches—Jewelry.

★ ★ ★

And then there's that office building on New York's Madison Avenue with all red-haired girls at the elevator controls. Building retains a professional beautician to keep their heads blazing.

★ ★ ★

Just received a clipping from an unidentified newspaper. Owner of a car with "reliable motor" offers it for sale for $50. Clipping says: "Car has been used some." ▲▲▲

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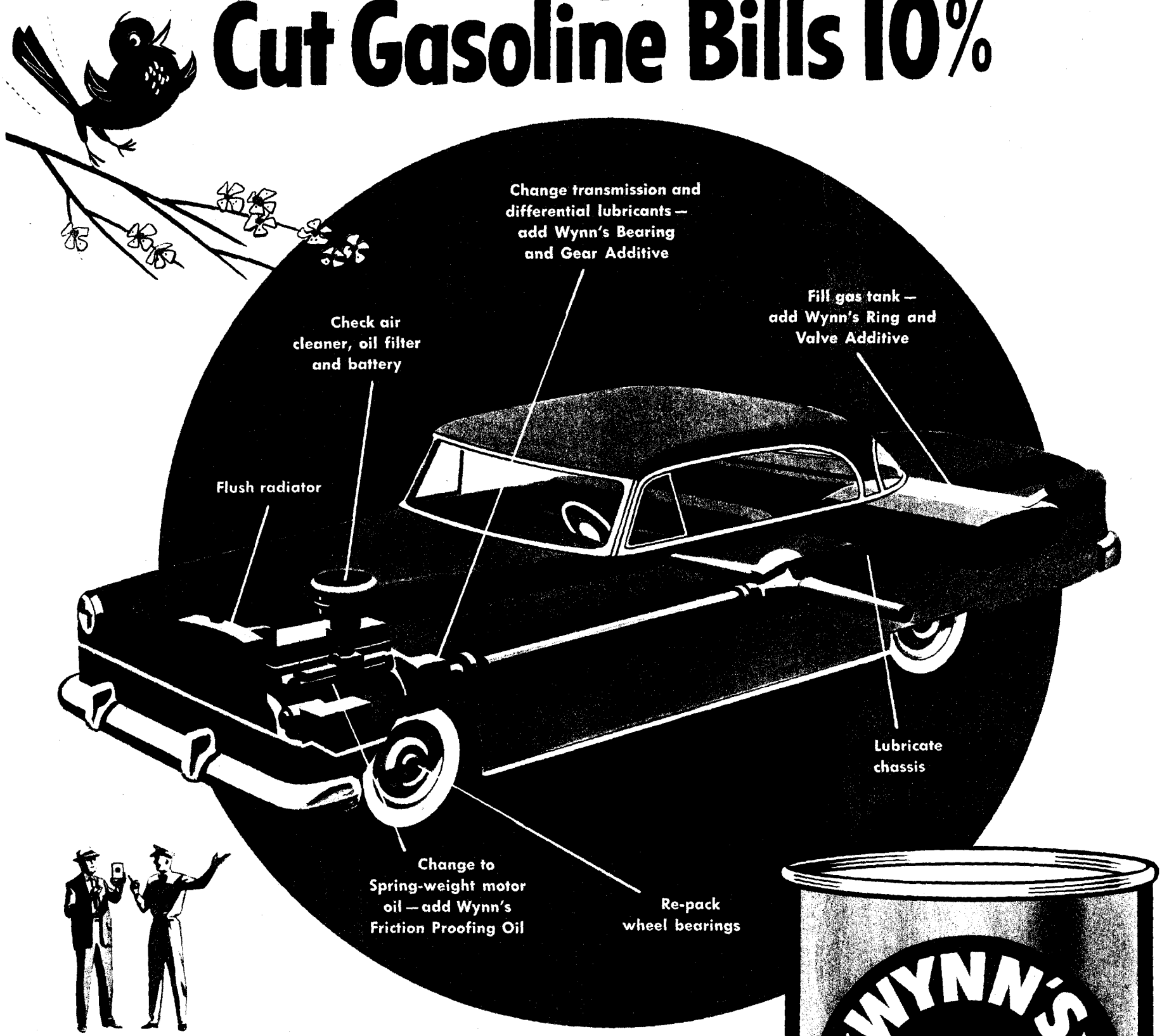
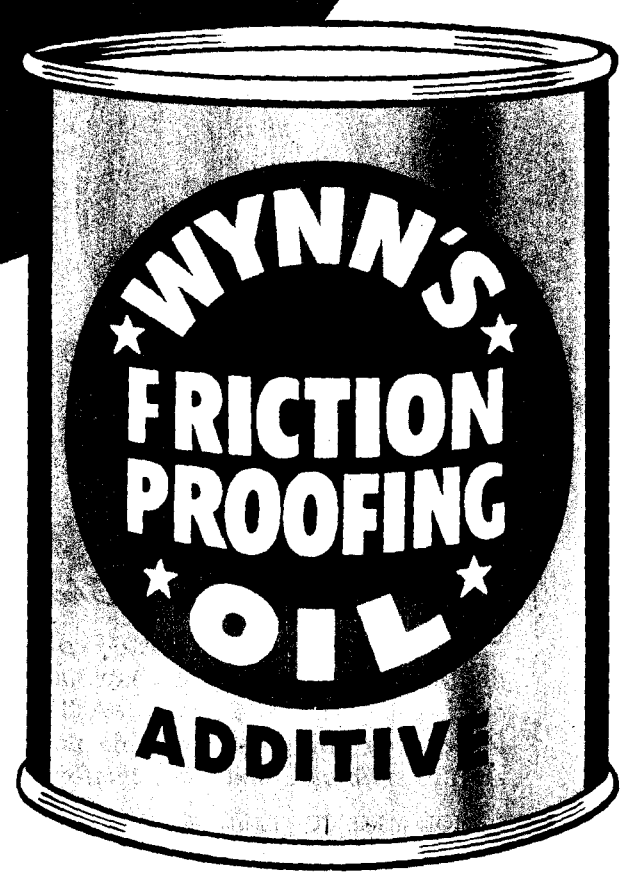
This New Spring Check-up can Cut Gasoline Bills 10%


Change transmission and differential lubricants — add Wynn's Bearing and Gear Additive
Fill gas tank — add Wynn's Ring and Valve Additive
Check air cleaner, oil filter and battery
Flush radiator
Lubricate chassis
Change to Spring-weight motor oil — add Wynn's Friction Proofing Oil
Re-pack wheel bearings



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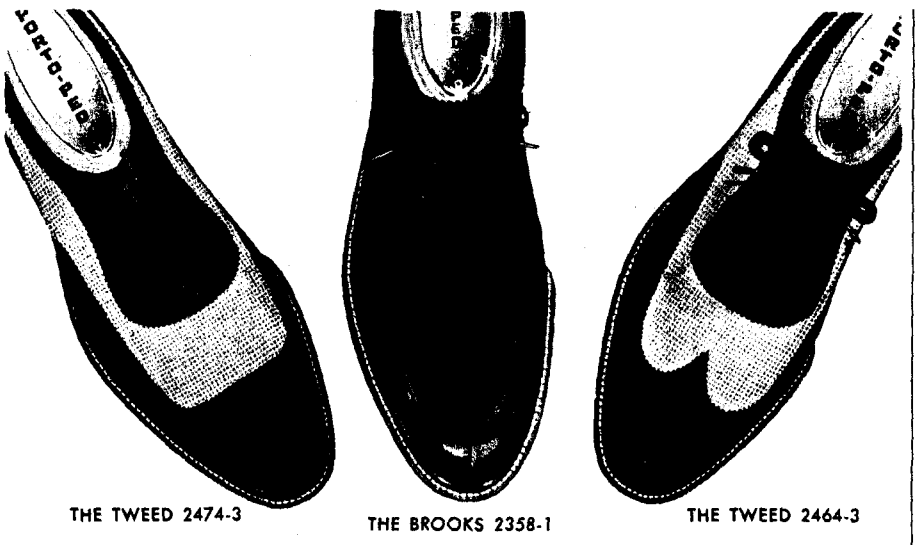
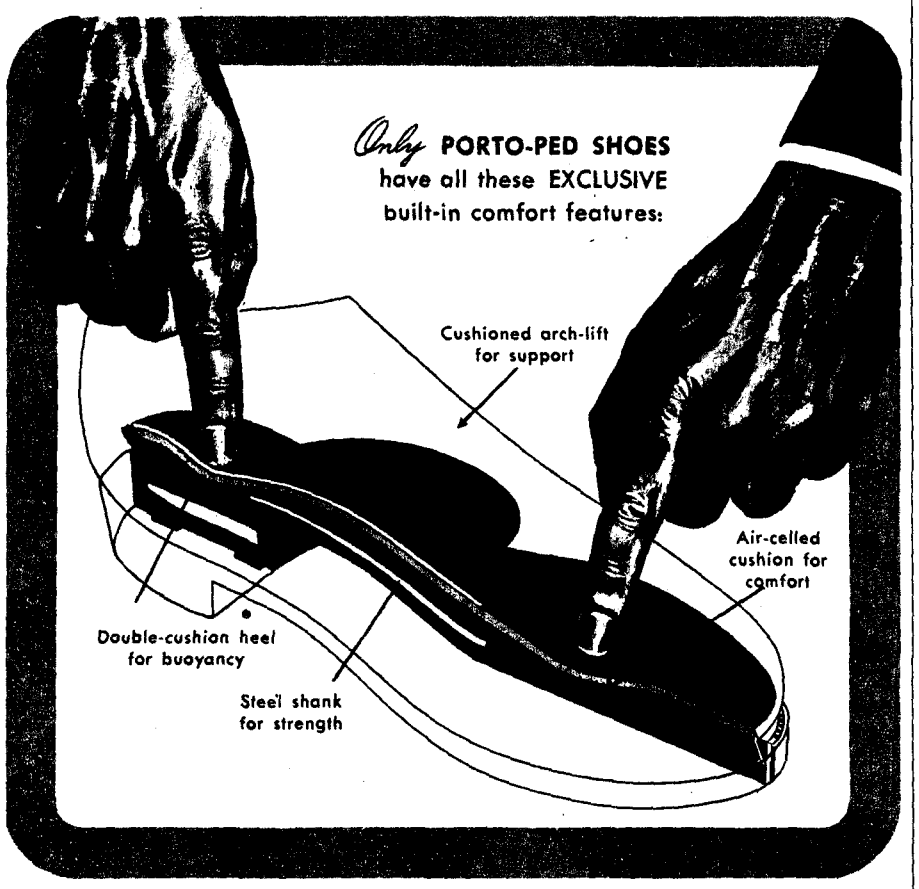
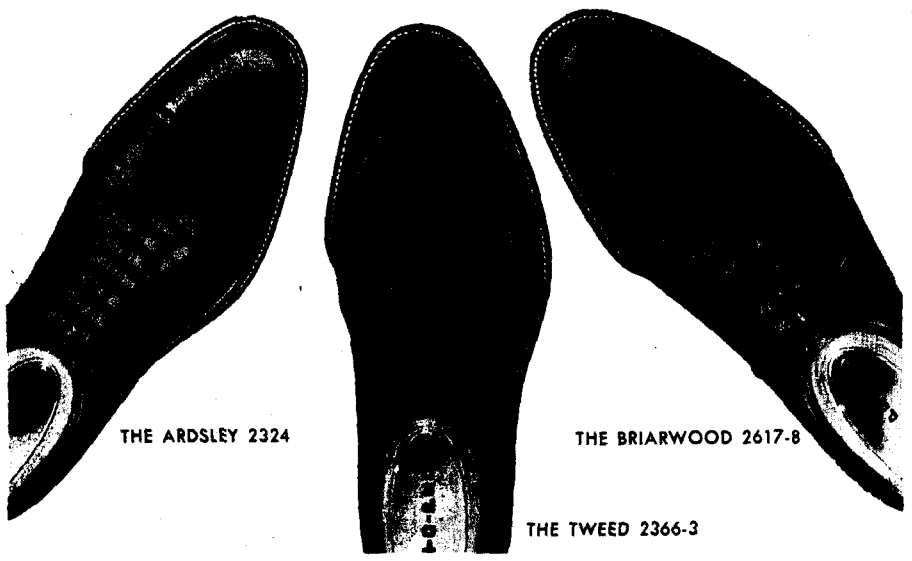


THE TWEED 2474-3 THE BROOKS 2358-1 THE TWEED 2464-3





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CARL ROSE

"At P.T.A. I shouted 'Madam President!' eleven times"

Please Let Me Finish...

By JAMES R. STANFORD

WITH one exception, I have all of the elements necessary to win a local reputation as a conversationalist. I love to talk. I read an occasional book, have twice visited the Museum of Modern Art and once traveled as far south as Tijuana, Mexico. My only difficulty seems to be in getting a word in edgewise.

"I know you must have *something* to say," my wife lectured me the other day. "You were awfully cute in that talk on tuberous begonias at the Garden Club. But lately every time we have company, or go anywhere, you are as silent as a scallop."

"The trouble is—" I began.

"That you are mentally slothful," she said. "It requires a certain expenditure of intellectual energy to keep up with a brilliant conversation. Somehow you have learned that if you contribute an occasional 'Absolutely!' or 'You can say *that* again!' no one will suspect that you are subsisting in a mental vacuum."

"That's hardly fair," I tried to point out, but I was stopped by a shattering blast of gunfire from the television set. I waited patiently while the posse worked its way deeper into the canyon. "That's hardly fair," I repeated. "At P.T.A. last week I shouted 'Madam President!' eleven times. Mental vacuum, indeed! I had some excellent ideas on how to keep those sixth-grade boys from smoking in the boiler room. But nobody paid any attention—"

Bertha hurried to the front door. I hadn't heard the doorbell ring, but there were Herb and Marian Skittle.

"Haven't seen you since you got back from the convention," said Herbert. "Thought we'd drop over and see how it was."

"Fine," I said eagerly. "Swell show. We got into Detroit before noon, and after we registered—"

"Yeah," Herbert cut in. "They're all the same. You see one convention and you've seen 'em all. A man gets older, and he don't put the same importance on things like that. Me, I'll take a quiet evening at home with a good book."

"You can say *that* again," I agreed. Then I caught the quick flick of Bertha's eyebrow and continued. "Ah, books. Peerless entertainment. I read a good one not so long ago. Gone with the Wind. It was about the—"

"Civil War," supplied Herbert. "I saw the movie. Back in Roosevelt's second term."

Marian, who had been holding up her end of a furious feminine dialogue on adolescent psychology, paused for breath long enough to catch the last three words. "Politics," she said disapprovingly. "All you men ever talk about is politics."

"If they talk," sighed Bertha.

"Now that I have your undivided attention," I said loudly, "I am reminded of a story. It seems a man—"

"So am I," Marian put in brightly. "Reminded of a story, that is. Grace Lorimer told it at Mental Hygiene last week. It's not really bad—"

"—turned into a one-way street," I said doggedly, "and this cop—"

"—just a little on the shady side," Marian continued, in an obvious effort to ignore my boorishness. "But I think you people are broad-minded and not really prudish. Grace doesn't usually tell this kind of story, but it's *true*, and that makes it sort of different. When she was baby-sitting for the Vandercooks last week, which she doesn't do regularly, but sometimes in an emergency . . . Anyway, Mr. Vandercook was called suddenly out of town. Something to do with that warehouse fire in West Valley. Insurance. They think it was set. It's scandalous what some people will do for money. Like the Parkers asking twenty-five thousand for that house on Gravelly Lake, when I know they got it for sixty-five hundred in 1941. Did you ever see the drapes in that house? Henrietta handblocked them herself. Used cement-sacking material . . ."

Herbert caught my eye and inclined his chin toward the kitchen. I faded after him. The beer was in the icebox, along with some sharp Cheddar and Roquefort, and three kinds of sausage. Herbert found the crackers and herring kippers with the instinct of a homing pigeon. His mouth full of Swiss on pumpernickel, he generously offered me a bottle of smoked oysters.

"Ump-ff?" he asked.

"M-mmsph!" I assented, suddenly feeling the warm glow of comradeship that only a session of good old man-talk can promote. ▲▲▲

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TOP BRASS

Out of Cairo's bazaars—minor masterpieces

Cairo worker hammers last of scores of silver strips into ash tray

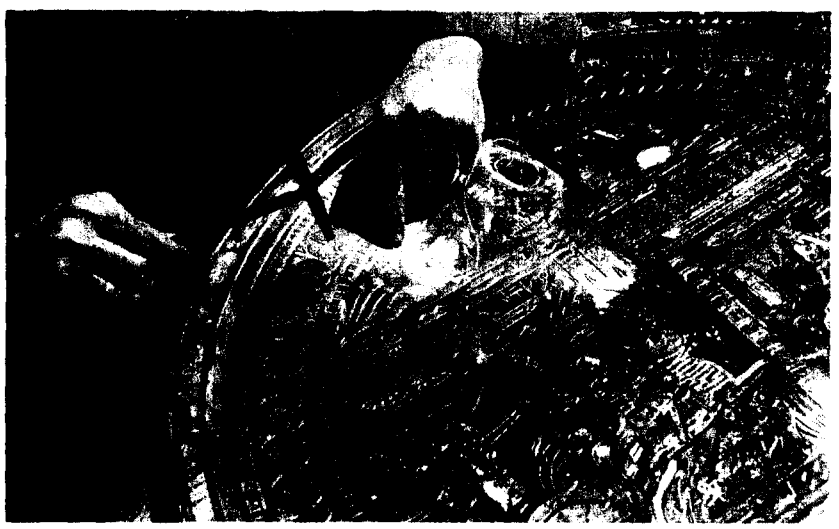
Cairo

IF YOU think threading a needle is difficult, what word would you use for the work of the brassworkers of Cairo's Khan-el-khalily Bazaar?

All their days are spent forcing tiny threads of silver into minute grooves in brass, and by their painstaking endeavors they produce remarkably artful and intricate ash trays, cigarette boxes, cups, vases, candleholders and trays. The designs they cut into heavy brass consist of thousands of delicate lines, curves and curlicues, each one inlaid with silver.

Yet as fine as the work is, the brassmen can finish an ash tray in a day, a large serving tray in about a week. First the general shape is worked out in brass. Then it is scored and gouged with chisels. And finally silver is laid in the grooves and hammered into place.

A finished piece may cost from $1 to more than $75, depending on size and a good deal of haggling. Who usually gets the better of the bargain? Well, working on brass takes endless patience, and "a customer," as they say in the bazaar, "is simply clay." BILL STAPLETON



Typical of brass art is tray inlaid with ancient Egyptian motifs

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON

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No animal, mineral or vegetable oil in new Vitalis! If, like most men, you object to over-oily hair tonics—here's good news. Now you can keep your hair in place and easy to manage—*yet avoid gummy film or "oil-slick" look.*

The secret is a completely new *kind* of grooming agent. Called "V-7," it was developed in the laboratory especially to *overcome* the messiness and other disadvantages of various greasy oils.

That's why we think you'll agree—new Vitalis with "V-7" gives better-looking hair than *any* other hair tonic. Try it!

Kills dandruff germs on contact—feels tingling good!

New Vitalis gives you a combination of *active* ingredients found in no other leading tonic. Massaged onto scalp with the "60-Second Workout," it feels *tingling* good—far more refreshing than thick, heavy tonics! And laboratory tests prove it kills *on contact* germs many doctors associate with infectious dandruff . . . *as no mere oil or cream tonic can.*

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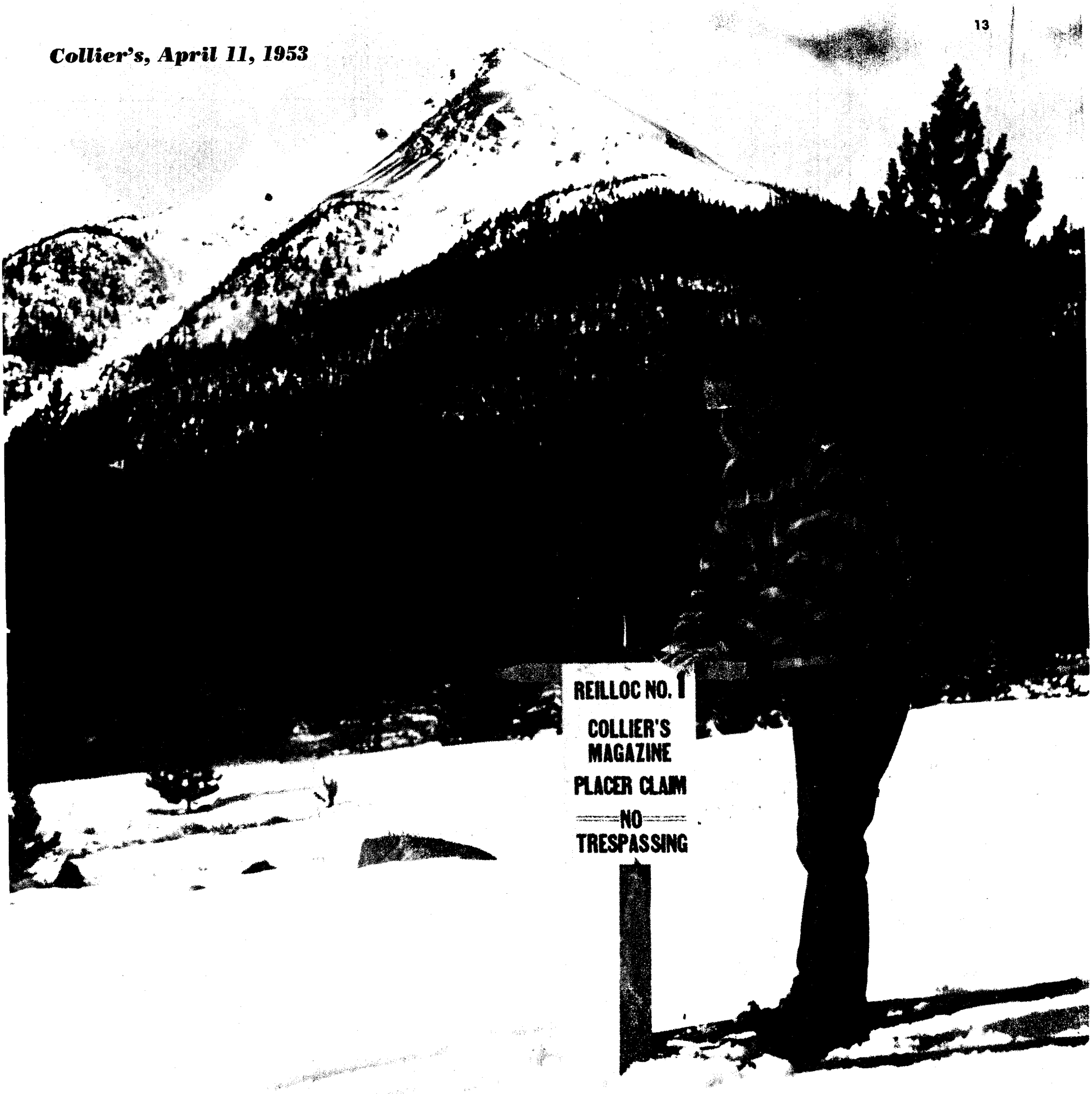

How Collier's Grabbed 20 Acres of Valuable Public Land for $1.25

SEE NEXT PAGE

PAT COFFEY

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Our outdated mine laws let opportunists seize U.S. land

A FEW weeks ago, Collier's stole 20 acres of valuable land from you, the people of the United States. The tract is in Colorado, in one of the most beautiful national forests in the country. It's covered with lodgepole pine and Douglas fir trees; it has its own mountain stream, teeming with trout and beaver—and it lies right across a proposed new route of a heavily traveled transcontinental highway.

Collier's paid $1.25 for the land—that is, I did, acting as Collier's agent. No one can now get at the timber, or fish the stream; I have plastered the area with No Trespassing signs. If I wish, I can fence off the property as a private hunting-and-fishing preserve. Or I can despoil the scenery by building an ugly hot-dog stand, or a souvenir shop or a merry-go-round—anything I want.

I can do more. I can block the highway.

At present, U.S. Highway 6, a key artery between Massachusetts and California, runs right past the property. Farther on, it becomes winding and dangerous, and hard to maintain. The government wants to reroute it, and a new tunnel has been drilled through the Continental Divide, opening into a valley.

Collier's 20 acres block off the valley from ridge to ridge! If the government wants to build the road through that valley, it will have to buy up the land at my price, or spend long, expensive months in court to get me evicted.

How can one man cause so much trouble with a measly dollar and a quarter?

It was easy. I merely drove from Denver to the 12,000-foot-high Loveland Pass in the Arapaho National Forest, hiked off the road into the woods and tacked an empty tobacco can to a tree. I stuffed a handwritten notice into the can, and on another tree I nailed up a sign reading "Corner Number One." Then I drove back to the village of Georgetown, the seat of Clear Creek County, and paid the county clerk my $1.25 to record the notice. That's all there was to it. Under our weak, archaic federal mining laws, my out-and-out steal is a perfectly legal mining claim.

In the eleven Western states and South Dakota, there are 450,000,000 acres of federal lands subject to the mining laws. An estimated 30,164,000 acres—an area greater than that of Pennsylvania—already have been taken over by private citizens just as I seized my choice hunk of Loveland Pass.

Only 3 per cent of this huge area is being used for legitimate mining. Most of the rest has been taken from the people of the United States for other purposes—at the rate of 5,000 new claims every year—in a quiet land-grab unparalleled in our history.

Collier's, of course, filed its claim merely to dramatize the shocking situation and is gladly giving up its 20 vital acres after the publication of this article. But thousands of other Americans had more selfish ends in view.

ARTHUR H. CARHART

Writer Davidson, above, filed Collier's claim in Colorado (aided by J. W. Penfold of Izaak Walton League, p. 13) to show how easy it is to grab public land. The claim will be given up

Mining Claims Put to Various Uses

In the Siskiyou National Forest in Oregon, for example, the late author Zane Grey acquired a 32.5-acre mining tract and used it as a private fishing preserve along the lower Rogue River, one of the finest salmon streams in America. In the Helena National Forest in Montana, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Osborne used *their* mining claim as a mink farm. In the White Sands National Monument in New Mexico, a "miner" erected a home, a filling station and an auto-repair shop on a tract he called the "White Gyp Lode Claim"; and in the Coeur d'Alene National Forest in Idaho, Basil Rizzinelli put up a string of saloons on claims just outside legitimate mining camps on U.S. lands.

One of the most spectacular cases involved a rancher named A. J. Denny, who staked out no less than 579 contiguous mining claims totaling 86,240 acres of fine grazing land (an area as big as the sprawling city of Philadelphia). There are no known worth-while minerals in his section of Emery County, Utah, but Denny posted the vast area with signs reading, "Private Property, No Trespassing," and he used it as a pasture for 13 years—until finally his mining claims were voided by the federal government, and he was separated from his empire.

The U.S. Forest Service estimates that there are 87,838 such invalid or unproducing claims in the national forests. There are probably an additional 1,000,000 in the public-domain lands, which are administered by the Bureau of Land Management of the U.S. Department of the Interior. To this total, add the estimated 5,000 new claims every year, most of which must be regarded as spurious.

Do these figures shock you? They should—since the public lands and national forests are owned by all the citizens, and you, as a taxpayer, are paying for the depredations.

The mining laws that permit such misuse of government land were described by President Truman's Materials Policy Commission last spring as "a survivor of the frontier days." They were passed by Congress in 1872, when it was our national policy to give away land to encourage settlement and development of the West. Conservation and watershed management were almost unknown then, and the 1872 laws merely formalized the vigilante rules set up in the lawless mining camps before the government arrived.

Under those laws, any citizen can file a claim to a 20-acre tract of most public lands in the West. The claim must be based on the discovery of minerals (everything except coal, oil, gas, oil shale, sodium, phosphate, potash, and, in some states, sulphur) "in sufficient quantity to warrant a prudent man in expending his time and money in the development thereof."

U.S. Government at a Disadvantage

But the claimant doesn't have to prove that he has found minerals or even that he is prudent. He merely has to tack up a location notice, as I did, and record the claim with the county clerk. That gives him the use of the land—not only the minerals underneath, but also the timber and soil on the surface. He is prohibited by law from selling the timber—but he can prevent the United States from selling it. What's more, he can keep anyone else from crossing his territory—and that, again, includes the United States government, which sometimes has to resort to long, expensive court proceedings to reach its own installations blocked off by mining claims.

A claim is approximately 20.6 acres—1,500 feet by 600 feet. The 1,500 feet is supposed to run along the axis of the mineral vein, giving the

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at bargain prices

By BILL DAVIDSON

man 300 feet of working room on each side. There is no limit to the number of claims one person can file, and an ingenious man has no trouble putting several of them together to follow the winding course of a fertile valley or a trout stream.

To maintain his hold on the claim, a man must simply do $100 worth of so-called development work each year. Since the law considers such materials as sand, building stone and gravel to be minerals, it is necessary only to run a bulldozer over a few feet of the property or dig a small pit every twelve months. The claim belongs to the original holder and his descendants forever, and he can sell all or part of it at any time.

Acquiring "Patent" to His Land

If the claim holder wants to get even more complete control of his land, he can buy it outright—or "patent" it, in the language of the mining laws. To obtain a patent, he must prove only that he has done $500 worth of development work, and he must have the claim surveyed, which costs roughly another $500. Then, after he demonstrates the presence of minerals on his land (gravel might do) the U.S. Department of the Interior must sell him the tract for $2.50 an acre if the minerals are on the surface, or $5 an acre if they're underground.

Once the claim is patented, the owner can do anything he wants with it. Some people have subdivided the land for homes at a great profit, or built resort hotels. It is not unusual for a "miner" to spend the necessary $1,000 on his 20 acres, patent the tract for $50 and then immediately sell the timber to waiting dealers for $30,000. Fewer than 15 per cent of all patented claims have been mined or are actually used for mining today.

Besides the basic weaknesses which make a farce of the law, it contains loopholes which make it almost impossible to administer.

For example, claims must be filed in county courthouses rather than with the federal government. There are about 350 county courthouses in national-forest territory alone and federal authorities can't even begin to keep an accurate check on how much land they still control and what has slipped away.

If the government protests a claim or a patent on grounds that the land contains insufficient minerals, the burden of proof rests on the federal authorities. Proof is hard to get, since pumice, sand and gravel can be found almost anywhere—and if the government does have proof, the legal costs of a single case run as high as $1,000.

With thousands of new claims every year and nearly a million existing claims suspected of being invalid, the protests could cost well over a billion dollars.

But even *that's* not the final straw. According to the law, after a claim has been declared invalid, the holder can file a new claim, and force the government to kick him out all over again.

A man named Avery C. Moore plastered mining claims on both sides of the scenic Sonora Pass Highway near Yosemite National Park in California, and then sold the claims as real-estate sites for summer homes. To one woman, Mrs. Theresa Furlong, of Modesto, California, he wrote in a sales letter, "The price is $1,000, terms if preferred. The acreage is well-timbered and is quite accessible to community facilities, while affording the degree of seclusion so important for those who desire to escape from city heat, noise and high tempo."

Moore said he was mining for building stone, but in 1950 a government examiner ruled against him, accepting the testimony of expert witnesses that "establishment of a quarry would not be economically feasible because there is no market for stone in the vicinity," and that "tests show that the rock on these claims weathers and decomposes too rapidly." Nevertheless, no sooner is Moore thrown off a claim by the government than he refiles on practically the same area. He has refiled on two canceled claims no less than a dozen times, and his real-estate venture is still going strong.

Another case currently being protested by the government is in the scenic Kaibab National Forest at a main approach to the Grand Canyon National Park in Arizona, where two principal highways intersect. Nearly a million tourists pass the junction every year, and the triangle of land formed by the intersection is one of the most valuable tracts in the neighborhood, estimated by local realtors to be worth $50,000.

The United States Forest Service turned down rental offers from many filling-station operators because it did not want to compete with privately owned filling stations in the town of Williams, two miles away.

Then a group headed by Phillip F. Kenney slapped a mining claim on the valuable triangle. Kenney said he was mining for cinders. The government filed a protest against Kenney's estate (he died a few months ago and his relatives are pushing the claim). At the hearing in Phoenix last December, a government geologist testified that volcanic cinders like those on the Kenney claim are found all over the Williams area and that the claim could not possibly be suitable for a commercial operation. Then it was testified that Kenney and an oil company had discussed the possibility of opening a filling station on the triangle.

In both the Moore and the Kenney cases, the "miners" lived up to the letter of the law, but the government contended that there wasn't enough mineral present to "warrant a prudent man in expending his time and money in the development thereof." When there *is* sufficient mineral present —whether it is worked or not—the government doesn't have a chance.

But what happens when a claim—like mine—can affect thousands of people? Here, too, the answer generally is discouraging.

In Colorado, Forest Ranger W. S. Beckley showed me the Mammoth Basin area which was burned over by a great forest fire and which the Forest Service (helped by the Colorado Mountain Club) now is trying to replant with trees. If the trees are not replanted, the topsoil will erode into Denver's water supply (several inches already have washed away), silting up and possibly destroying one or more of the city's reservoirs. But Beckley and the Colorado Mountain Club are temporarily stymied: more than 400 acres of the basin are clogged up with unworked mining claims.

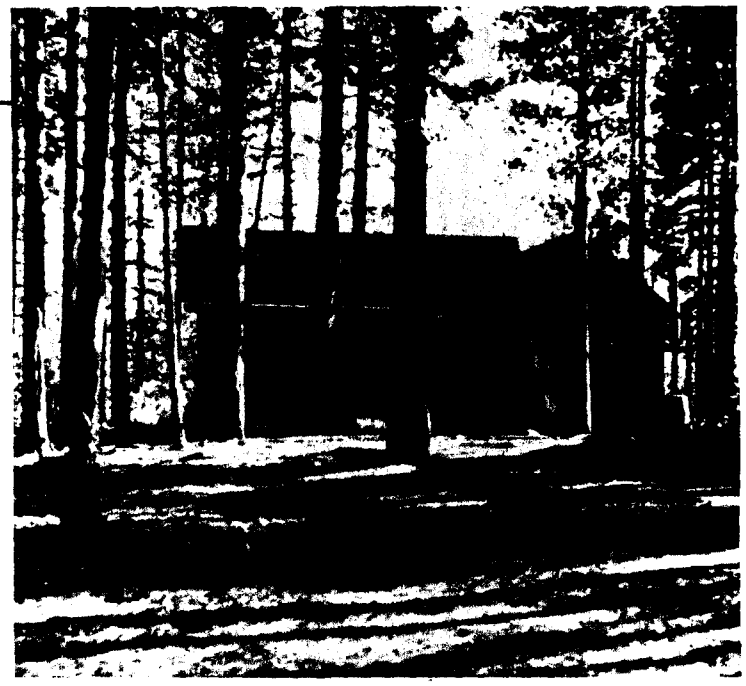
City's Water Supply Was Endangered

In Utah, a man named Wayne E. Watrous obtained some old mining claims along Big Cottonwood Canyon, which is the largest single source of water for Salt Lake City. The government contends that Watrous could sell homesites on his claims, and that raw sewage from the new homes would go directly into the city's water supply. Thousands of Utah citizens would have to face disease or foot a big bill for purification.

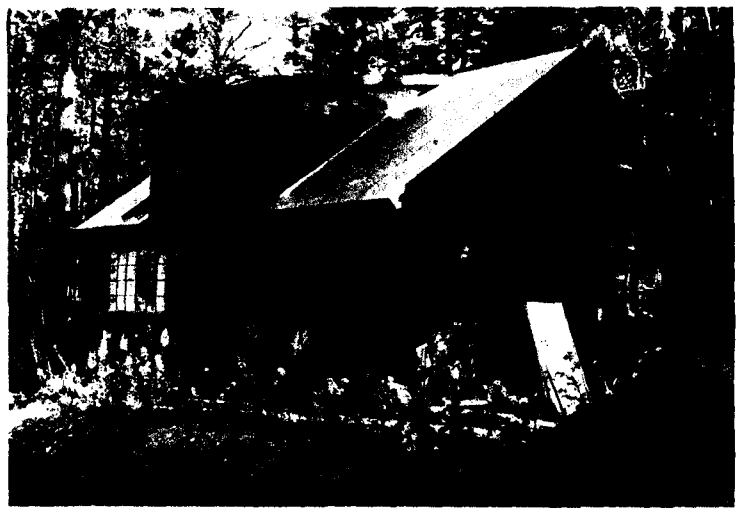
An even more crucial situation was disclosed by a 1952 government report which said that claims have been filed on approximately 50,000 acres in the Rogue River National Forest in Oregon, where "assay reports reveal no valuable minerals in commercial quantity." The report warned: "During World War II, the area now covered by the claims produced as much as 88,000,000 feet of timber annually—a material contribution to the war effort at that time. In the event of another similar emergency, the timber cut would be negligible with the lands in their present status."

Today the emergency has arrived. The govern-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY U.S. FOREST SERVICE



Summer home in the Stanislaus National Forest, Calif., is on land claimed as "placer mine." The U.S. Forest Service provided these photographs at Collier's request



Private cottage on a mining claim near Mount Lemmon, Ariz., resort area. The government says minerals here are not worth much, but the real estate is worth plenty

The U.S. government recovered this valuable tract in Colorado's Roosevelt National Forest by proving that the owner had not discovered any important minerals on it

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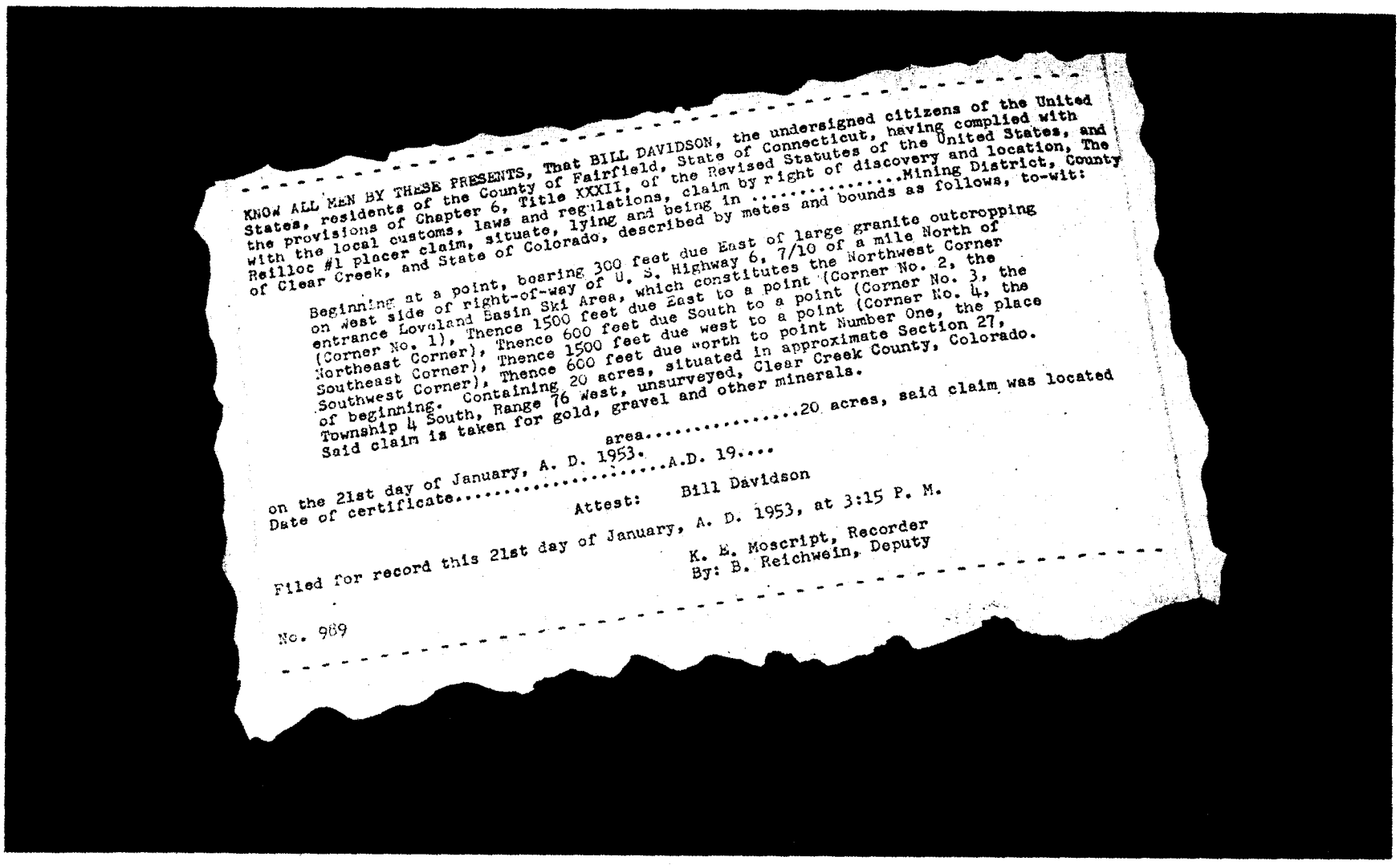

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, That BILL DAVIDSON, the undersigned citizens of the United States, residents of the County of Fairfield, State of Connecticut, having complied with the provisions of Chapter 6, Title XXXII, of the Revised Statutes of the United States, and with the local customs, laws and regulations, claim by right of discovery and location, The Reilloc #1 placer claim, situate, lying and being in .....Mining District, County of Clear Creek, and State of Colorado, described by metes and bounds as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a point, bearing 300 feet due East of large granite outcropping on west side of right-of-way of U. S. Highway 6, 7/10 of a mile North of entrance Loveland Basin Ski Area, which constitutes the Northwest Corner (Corner No. 1), Thence 1500 feet due East to a point (Corner No. 2, the Northeast Corner), Thence 600 feet due South to a point (Corner No. 3, the Southeast Corner), Thence 1500 feet due west to a point (Corner No. 4, the Southwest Corner), Thence 600 feet due north to point Number One, the place of beginning. Containing 20 acres, situated in approximate Section 27, Township 4 South, Range 76 west, unsurveyed, Clear Creek County, Colorado.
Said claim is taken for gold, gravel and other minerals.

area.....20 acres, said claim was located on the 21st day of January, A. D. 1953.
Date of certificate.....A.D. 19....

Attest: Bill Davidson

Filed for record this 21st day of January, A. D. 1953, at 3:15 P. M.

K. E. Moscript, Recorder
By: B. Reichwein, Deputy

No. 989

ment needs the Rogue River timber (worth $30,000,000) for the construction of Army camps, but it can't get it. And, since the law forbids anyone to cross a claim without permission of the miner, the government can't even go after $40,000,000 worth of timber on unencumbered federal property *behind* the claims!

Pool-Hall Miners in Sordid Rackets

Such situations have spawned a host of sordid rackets. When word leaks out that the government is going to cut the timber in a certain area, the local "pool-hall miners," as they are called, rush out and post mining claims on all the approaches. Then they hold up the lumbering contractor for a $500 to $1,000 fee for right-of-way privileges. In the long run, the cost is borne by the government—and that means you.

The American people are victimized even in the vital uranium field. Two years ago, A. B. Stewart, a large legitimate mining operator, began looking for uranium in the Pinos Altos mining district of Grant County, New Mexico. When his activity became known, the pool-hall miners turned out in force and soon nearly every square foot of the area was plastered with mining claims. Then, according to a Bureau of Land Management bulletin, "Stewart had to buy out a considerable number in order to carry out his expanded operations." The result: more expensive uranium.

As Stewart's experience indicates, legitimate mining interests are hard hit by the depredations of the opportunists, and time after time they have to pay heavily to get rid of them. The legitimate miners have used the mining laws with careful regard for the public interest, and neither the Forest Service nor the Bureau of Land Management can recall a single serious instance of abuse on their part. In Colorado, the big Colorado Fuel & Iron Corporation will immediately relinquish a claim, if, after drilling, it does not find minerals in commercial quantities. The New Jersey Zinc Company won't even register a claim until it has made explorations and knows it has found something.

One mining executive told me, "A legitimate mining outfit will never tie up government land it doesn't intend to use. But lately we have been forced to register some claims far in advance—just to protect ourselves from the pool-hall miners."

The mining industry thinks the problem could be solved by stricter enforcement of the law. In addition, some mining-company executives to whom I spoke suggested putting teeth into the present legislation by allowing the Bureau of Land Management to institute criminal proceedings against violators; by limiting the amount of time that a claim can lie dormant; by prohibiting the refiling of a claim once it has been ruled invalid; and by making it easier for the government to get a right of way across a mining claim.

Another solution has been proposed by Representative Ken Regan of Texas. Regan has introduced a bill to eliminate the discovery of sand, stone, gravel, pumice, pumicite and cinders as a basis for filing a mining claim. The bill has a good chance of passage during this session of Congress.

A third solution is a bill introduced last year by Senator Clinton P. Anderson of New Mexico and Representative Harold D. Cooley of North Carolina. The Anderson-Cooley bill provides that all existing claims be forfeited if the owners do not apply for patent within five years; and it calls for all mining claims to be recorded with the nearest U.S. district land office, as well as with the county clerk. But most important, the bill would separate the mineral from the surface rights. A man filing a mining claim would be entitled to use only as much of the surface as he needs for mining operations: space for mine buildings, timber for shoring up tunnels, and so on. The rest of the surface, including the standing timber, would remain in the possession of the United States.

Still another solution received at least the partial approval of the President's commission last June. It would eliminate mining claims altogether; instead, the government would lease public lands for mining operations, as is done on more than 30,000,000 acres of Eastern federal lands, and in the case of all coal, oil, potash and other so-called soft minerals found on public lands.

The original research for this article was done by Cleveland van Dresser, a staff member of the Palm Beach (Fla.) Post-Times. Mr. Van Dresser brought the conditions herein described to the attention of Collier's editors after completing a 20,000-mile survey trip throughout the Western part of the United States

Strong Opposition to Both Solutions

Both the Anderson-Cooley bill and proposals to lease the Western public lands are vigorously opposed by almost the entire hard-mining industry of the West, and there seems little likelihood that either solution will become law soon.

But the various suggestions indicate mounting concern over the problem. What the final solution will be is any man's guess, for both Congress and the new Eisenhower administration vary in shade from ardent federal conservationists to equally ardent State righters, who would like to turn the public lands over to the states. (A middle-ground bill, letting the federal government keep the land, but giving its minerals to the states, has been introduced by Senator Lester C. Hunt, Wyoming Democrat.) There's only one certainty: the present system must be changed.

You have only to think of my mining claim up there in the Loveland Pass, blocking off a national highway. You have only to think of how thousands of such claims could cripple America—in peace and in war. ▲▲▲

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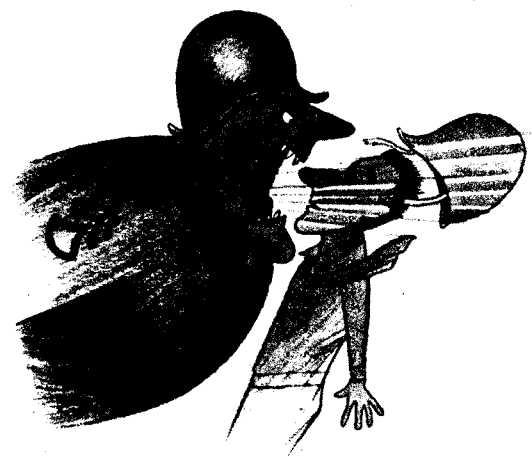
"Shape Up or Ship Out!"

By PRIVATE BILL SAFIRE

So our postwar sergeants are just like big brothers to their men? Don't you believe it. There's plenty of kick left in the top kicks



Today's sarge chews out recruits just like the famed Sergeant Quirt—with some refinements

I ENTERED the Army with an open mind, completely prepared to treat sergeants as equals. But they never met me halfway. As a private, I now feel toward sergeants the way a young mongoose feels about cobras; so part of what is noted here should be taken with a grain of aspirin.

There had been a lot of talk about the new type of Army sergeant, a man deeply versed in psychology and a model of gentility, just the opposite of the raucous, bawling Sergeant Quirt of What Price Glory? in World War I. I had gleefully accepted the news that Quirt and his modern counterparts had faded away forever, replaced by a man the recruit could turn to as a big brother. They said there was no kick left in a top kick.

To bolster this happy thought, I had clipped out of a reliable newspaper a story about 664 recruits at Fort Knox, Kentucky, who had gone through a dreamy basic training in 1947. They ate family-style dinners and had Wednesday afternoons off. This part was in italics: *"Rather than tongue-lashings from tough sergeants, the trainees are given demerits for minor infractions of regulations."*

In my mind's eye, there loomed up the picture of a noncom placing his hand tenderly on a GI's shoulder at dawn, whispering: "Young soldier . . . it's time to get up." The recruit would moan and roll over, and the sergeant would coax, "C'mon. French toast for breakfast—how does that sound?"

Sounds good, huh? But a pipe dream? The strange thing is that this pipe dream was once true; back in the late forties, before the draft began again, the Army was bending over backward to revive recruitment, and sergeants wore halos. Today, however, the Army just shakes the nearest draft board and down the recruits come tumbling. Now all the bending over backward is done by the recruit.

"A little old-fashioned discipline is a damn' good thing for the recruit!" today's sergeants agree. (Sergeants always agree. They may act differently, but they all think alike.) "I once caught a dogface looking down the barrel of a machine gun," a noncom boomed at me. "He could have blown his fool head off. I hollered at him, 'What the hell are you doing?' and he looked up at me, blinked, and said, 'I'm not used to profanity, Sergeant.'

"Back in those days, what could I say? According to Army Regulations, he was right—so I almost chewed up my stripes!"

These days, the sergeant is more likely to vent his spleen by chewing out the recruit. They don't actually sink their GI choppers into us, of course —after all, even a mongoose is highly dangerous when aroused. Not too tough, not too tender, is their motto. After 177 years (or 59 hash marks on his sleeve), the United States Army sergeant has reached The Miserable Medium.

The Morning the Coddling Era Ended

Intensive research shows that the Era of the Great Trainee Coddling ended one morning about a year ago, when a platoon sergeant drilling his men became particularly exasperated at one misfit. Ordinarily, he would have said: "Let's get integrated with the rest of the group, there, lad," but something primitive got the better of him, and he yelled: *"Get in step, knucklehead!"* Immediately recognizing his psychological *faux pas*, the sergeant prepared to apologize and double the man's ice-cream ration. Then he noticed that the man was in step for the first time, head up, shoulders back, eyes front, looking almost like a soldier.

Just a year later, that knuckleheaded recruit became one of my sergeants, a Korean veteran who insists on the value of instant obedience under combat conditions, who roars: "Haul that butt of yours into step, birdbrain, before I boot it clear up past your shoulder blades!" (This is a sort of demerit.)

If you stop to study that particular threat, you can easily see that it's an anatomical impossibility; but if it is put emphatically enough, and directed at you while you are sagging under a full field pack, then it is amazing how quickly you can visualize yourself going through life sitting on your shoulder blades and shrugging your pelvis.

A sergeant's threats, I soon found out, can be developed into a fine art. One of the most vivid threateners who ever leveled a finger at me was Sergeant First Class Thomas Dixon, in Fox Company of the 60th Infantry Regiment, Fort Dix, New Jersey.

Dixon, a short, bright-eyed, twenty-six-year-old Negro, was one of the best noncoms at the camp. One reason he was a standout was that he had invented an ingenious technique for instilling discipline. Dixon spoke perfectly good English when he wanted to, but when drilling his men he would exaggerate his Southern accent, and talk like a character out of Amos 'n' Andy. The idea was to try to elicit an illicit smile.

"Does you wish to march all night," he would inquire of his platoon, "all night in close-order drill, with sweat streamin' down yo' faces, by th' light of th' moon?" Forty men would gulp hard and shake their heads.

"Well, *does* you?" he'd thunder.

"No, Sergeant!" the platoon would sound off.

"Then shape up, young soldiers," he would grin, "shape up or ship out!"

Sergeants Don't Like Night Drills

"Dixie" delights in painting vivid word pictures, but his threats are seldom carried out because they would involve too much work for the sergeant; fortunately for us, if a platoon has to drill at night, a sergeant has to be there to drill them. But we could never tell when Dixie would get ambitious, so we shaped up.

Every man in our platoon became a specialist in keeping a straight face, because nothing gave the little sergeant greater pleasure than catching a man smiling at attention.

"Genmens," Dixie said, pacing thoughtfully in front of his platoon, hands behind his back and head cocked, "that which Ah is about to say retains to you all." He glanced up sharply to see if someone was tittering at his misuse of a word. No luck yet.

"The fo'th platoon is the onliest platoon which has a fire 'stinguisher which ain't been polished. Which means it is dirty. Which means Ah is extremely displeased, which—young soldier, does Ah deteck yo' lips twitchin'?"

He never failed to catch someone, yet his platoon became the best-controlled in the company. I overheard him explaining his philosophy to another sergeant, and his accent this time was disappointingly mild: "If these young soldiers can stop themselves from smilin' in the presence of *me*, then they can stop themselves from sneezin' or coughin'

Never trust a sergeant—especially when he's handing out passes in an O'Grady drill session

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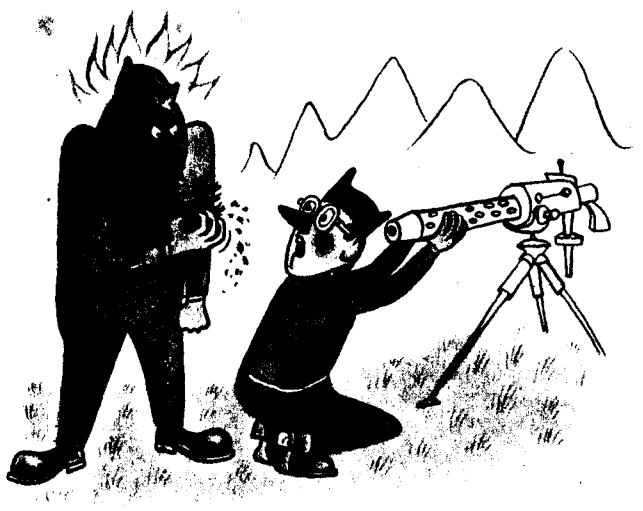


Back in the predraft days: When a sergeant cussed out a recruit, he replied, "Sarge, I'm not used to profanity"—and got away with it

in the presence of the *enemy*. See the picture?"

When Dixon did catch a man's lips forcing themselves back over his teeth, the punishment was far milder than threatened, because the sergeant well knows the Army's restrictions on punishment for minor violations. You often hear a demand for 25 pushups, but a smart sergeant of the dire-threatener type has one weapon far more potent than punishment by pushup: a vitriolic scorn. Hell hath no fury like a scornful sergeant.

A Lesson in Identifying Left Feet

"Either you is all deaf when you is tryin' to drill," Dixon began the exercise in scorn, "or else, genmens, you dunno yo' left foot from yo' right. Everybody take off yo' right shoe. Well, whut you waitin' on!

"Now look down at the foot which remains inside a shoe. That's yo' left foot. That's yo' *onliest* left foot. Anybody which has two left feet see me after formation; Ah will excuse him from marchin'. Otherwise, when Ah says 'Hut!' you huts with yo' *left foot*. Izzat clear? Any questions?"

At this crucial point, some homesick trainee who had been absorbed in his own thoughts throughout Dixon's oration woke up to hear the last two words. His question ran something like this:

"Sarge, how long does it take for a letter to get here from Providence, Rhode Island?"

The look of the satisfied orator disappeared from Dixon's face. That was the wrong time to ask him anything. In his mind, everything was crystal-clear; he was pleased with the flavoring of scorn in his lecture, and was prepared to dismiss the platoon on that high note. But Dixie is not a man to be beaten to the dramatic punch. Not deigning to reply, he put on his Sunday sneer, and the platoon braced itself for the inevitable line:

"Any mo' questions—*stupid or otherwise?*"

Those words were the crusher; we all would have preferred pushups.

A little discussion of pushups seems to be in place here. They are a healthful exercise, and therefore a useful means of coercion—not officially approved, of course, but not too darkly frowned on. I can recall one time when they were given an added refinement, sharply increasing their effectiveness.

On a balmy summer's day, after a satisfying lunch, when you are required to listen to a necessary but technical lecture on the nomenclature of the 60-millimeter mortar, you face the overwhelming temptation to fall asleep. When our lecturing lieutenant saw sleep knitting up the raveled sleeves of half the company, he would threaten fantastic numbers of pushups. If you couldn't do them all at once, he would let you take it out on the installment plan. (I left basic training in debt to him for 175 pushups, not even counting interest.) Still, people kept falling asleep.

It took a sergeant to figure out an improvement on the straight demand for pushups. His was the "co-operative," or dog-eat-dog system.

"Men! So you feel like sleeping while we're trying to teach you to stay alive in combat? Okay, if that's the way you want it—go ahead. Sleep!"

"How many pushups, Sarge," asked a recruit, rubbing his eyes, "if we should just doze off a few seconds?"

"No man will be punished in any way," intoned the sergeant, "for falling asleep." It was as if a mortar shell had exploded in our midst. Then came the hitch. "But when a man dozes off, the two men seated directly on his right and left are going to step out front—very quietly—and begin pushing up. And they'll *keep* at it until the deadhead they were sitting next to wakes up all by himself!"

The sergeant's idea was certainly a tonic to all of us. *Esprit de corps* suffered somewhat, what with every man's hand turned against his brother, but nobody went to sleep that day. The only trouble with the shifting eyes and nudging elbows was that it kept everybody too busy to listen to the lecture.

The sergeant was quite pleased with himself, but the result almost drove the lieutenant crazy. "It's like trying to talk to a crowd at a tennis match, while they're watching a game of doubles," he moaned. To the sergeant's disgust, the "co-operative" system was abolished then and there, but it did instill a "nudge-your buddy" attitude at lectures.

The "Old Woman" Isn't So Motherly

The type of man who thinks up such deep strategy is most often the Company Mother, or first sergeant. It is an old Army saying (whenever you want to peddle a trite chestnut, call it "an old Army saying") that if you call the commanding officer the Old Man, you can call the first sergeant the Old Woman—but never to his face. Actually, the only thing motherly about Fox Company's first sergeant, "Rick" Farnham, is that he intimately knows the whereabouts and goings on of his 200-man brood.

The "top" is the man who physically runs the company for the commanding officer; if the first sergeant is soft, then passes are plentiful, discipline slack and the company generally the way it was in the easy days my clipping described.

But today's top is no longer soft. This particular one is an ex-logger from Vermont, with two battle wounds picked up in Korea's Pusan perimeter. Tough as he is, you never hear him holler. "I stopped hollering the day I became a first sergeant," he says. His silences, however, are thunderous, especially after he has been asked for a pass.

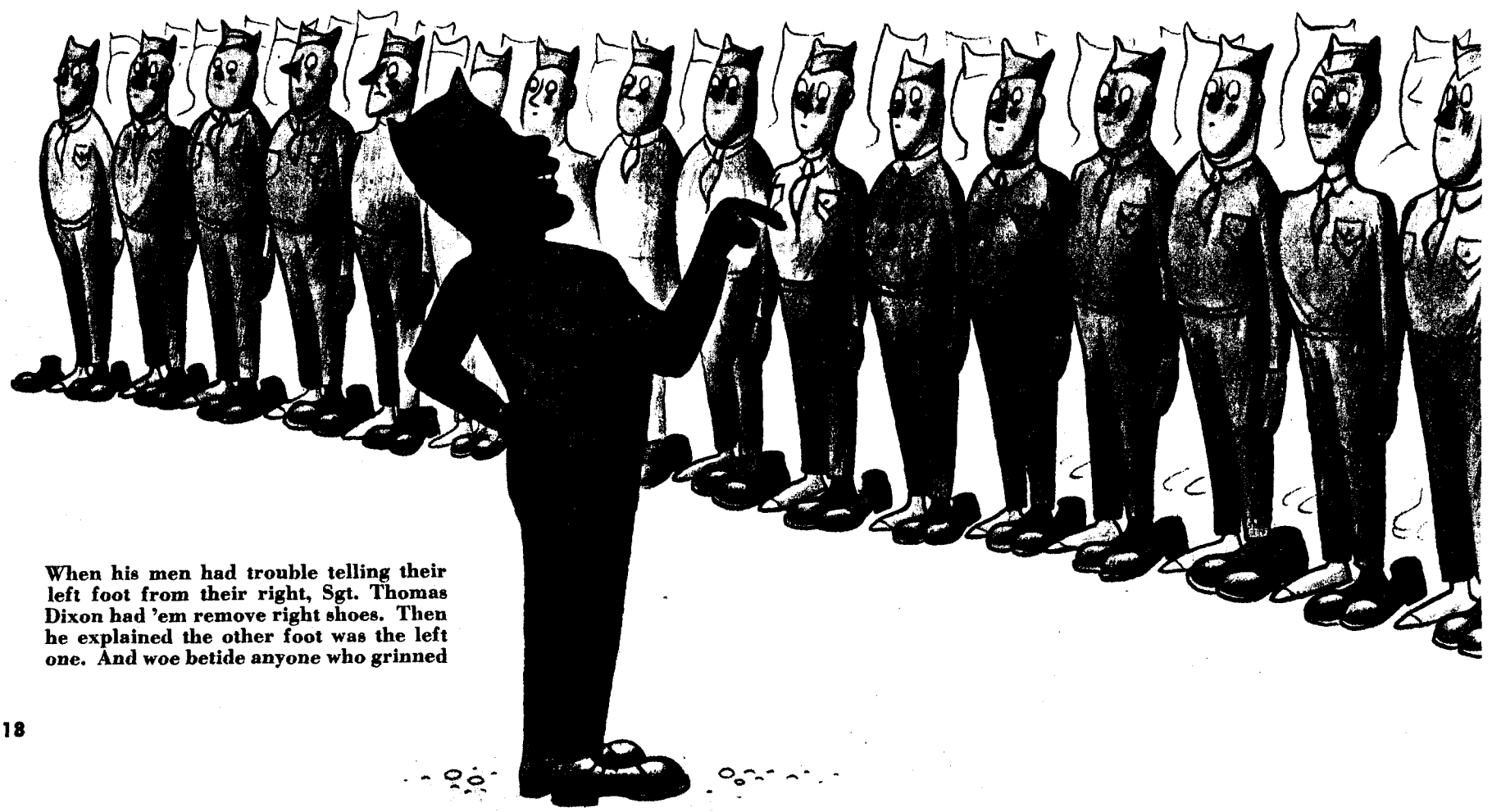
Farnham has more psychological weapons at his disposal than any of the other noncoms in the company. It is not only his decision as to who gets K.P. and guard duty, and who will clean what heavy weapons, but he also wields the power of the pass. So far as the trainee is concerned, in Farnham's large hands rests 36 hours of freedom, and the sergeant sees many ways of prying that liberty loose.

Imagine a Saturday morning in the orderly room, the first sergeant's office, on a week end when all passes are withheld for some obscure security reason. At his desk is a line of men with urgent pleas.

"Sarge, it's my girl. She writes me that this other guy is always calling her, and she's weakening, and all I need is just 36 hours and I could . . . but, Sarge . . . Okay. Okay."

If this type of sergeant had his way, Napoleon would never have been given a pass to go visit Josephine. No love affair, no matter how passionate, is grounds for a pass. On marital problems, however, he is likely to be more considerate.

"Sarge, I need a pass so's I can settle things be-



When his men had trouble telling their left foot from their right, Sgt. Thomas Dixon had 'em remove right shoes. Then he explained the other foot was the left one. And woe betide anyone who grinned

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tween my wives." A lead sentence like that will make even the top sit up and listen.

"Between your *whats,* soldier?"

"My wives, Sarge. I got married once too often."

Without a word, Farnham hands the man his pass, but very few of the other pleas are successful. Seldom does any khaki-colored wool get pulled over the narrowed eyes of this kind of sergeant; he has the uncanny knack of spotting a phony as soon as he opens his mouth. But the pleas persist, and, finally, Farnham relents a little.

"The last man left standing in an O'Grady drill will go home on pass," he decrees.

O'Grady Drill Can Be Funny or Grim

When you are playing it just for laughs, an O'Grady drill can be a lot of fun; but with 36 hours of high living at stake, the game can reach the proportions of Russian roulette. The drill is the identical game children play under the name of Simple Simon Says. Whenever the sergeant barks "O'Grady says" in front of a command, you execute the command; if he omits O'Grady, you ignore the command.

All the pass-pleaders line up and begin the drilling at high tension. "O'Grady says—about face! O'Grady says—right face! Left face! Okay, all you men who made a left face, fall out!" In a short time, Farnham narrows the men left standing to 10. These 10 are really sharp, never moving a muscle until they hear the correct preface, and Farnham cannot shake them. At last, he sighs and seems to give up.

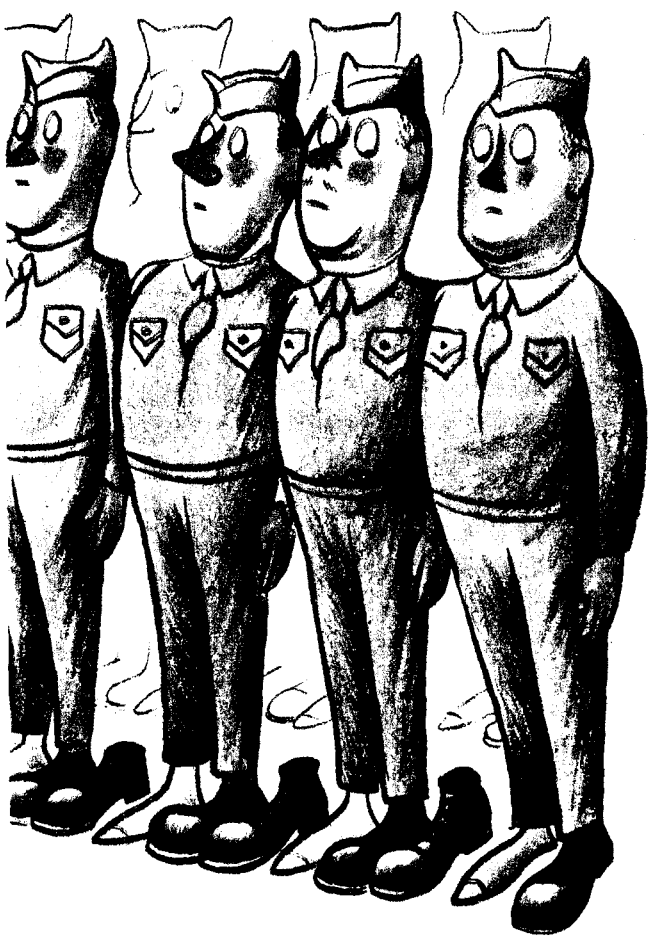
"You men are really good at this. I'm proud of you. So instead of just one pass, I'll give one to each of you 10 men. Okay—line up here in front of me for passes."

With a happy whoop, nine of the men rush toward the sergeant, pounding one another on the back, offering one another rides home, making derisive remarks to the poor fools who fell out earlier in the game. Only one man doesn't move.

The sergeant looks at the nine ecstatic soldiers lined up in front of him, their hands out for passes, and he smiles a sergeant's smile. Then he chuckles openly.

"What do you men want? Did I say *'O'Grady says'* to line up in front of me?"

The smiles freeze into disbelief on the nine faces. Farnham turns to the last man in formation, the one who never moved, and says, "You win. Your pass is in the middle drawer of my desk. If you can dig it out and bring it to me here in 45 seconds, I'll make it a three-day pass. You ready? On the double!"



The last man quivers, but doesn't budge from his spot. Sergeant Farnham smiled again. "All right, 'O'Grady says'—take a three-day pass."

The winner, visibly shaken, staggers away. "And mark my words," Farnham calls after him, "you'll be a sergeant yourself someday!"

He's probably right. The mental pressure of an O'Grady drill toughens up the mind, they say, for greater pressures in combat. Quieter than Quirt, Farnham is far more effective.

A subtle sergeant, however, is a rarity. More often, you come across the type who is a throwback to 5,000 years ago, the direct lineal descendant of the man who stood with a whip in his hand while slaves built pyramids. But today's Army permits the thundering-, booming-type sergeant only one weapon: his whiplash tongue, backed up by an inexhaustible pair of lungs.

In Fox Company, the nearest thing to Quirt is Sergeant Joe Eagan. Nobody ever calls him Joe; to his friends (other sergeants, of course) he is plain Eagan, and to his men, to whom he refers as "you rabbits," he is Papa Rabbit. Only twenty-four years old, Eagan has been in the Army for seven years, four spent overseas in Trieste.

Eagan's variety of moods is like a ballplayer's assortment of pitches. His curve ball is a thick sarcasm, rougher than Dixon's polished scorn; his change of pace is the quiet demeanor of Farnham, used on rare occasions and just prior to his stock in trade, the high, hard fast ball, heaved directly at the head—the shattering, hoarse voice bridging the centuries, bellowing, *"You meatheads!"*

"You might say that Eagan is firm," commented the company commander, Captain Joseph Vego, a senior combat infantryman. At that moment, just out of earshot, Eagan was supervising a detail of men cutting the lawn around his barracks. The recruits were obviously being mildly punished, since they were down on their hands and knees with fingernail nippers, giving each blade of grass individual attention.

"He's firm," continued the captain, "but don't confuse him with the old pre-World War II type of sergeant, even though he seems that way on the surface. When he starts hollering at the top of his lungs, Eagan's not doing it to satisfy his own ego. It takes extra effort to holler, and when Eagan singles out one man and lets him have it with both lungs, he's not picking on him—he's actually showing a special interest in that man's training."

Many's the man who wished Eagan would never take a special interest in him. When Eagan is talking to a trainee, his lean jaw juts out, his Adam's apple bobs defiantly and he goes out of his way not to give anything resembling a courteous answer.

Eagan thrives on close contact with the troops, spends more of his free time with them than any other of the company's cadre. He is the only sergeant to insist that each man in his platoon eat three square meals a day—even if Eagan has to cram it down his throat.

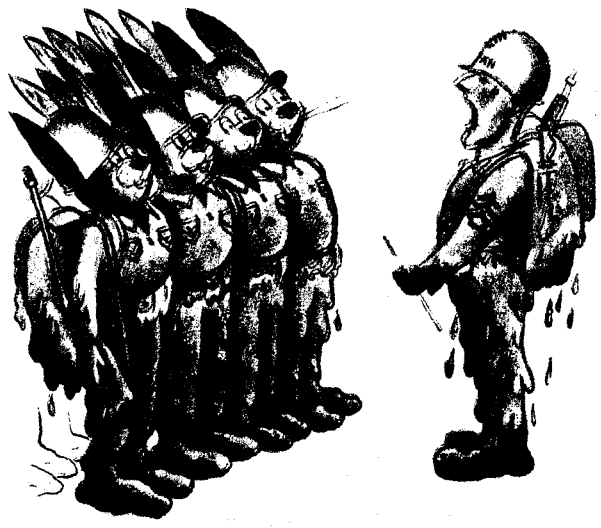
When Papa Rabbit Is Entirely Wrong

But two important differences between Eagan and a Quirt should be brought out. The first is that when he is so thoroughly wrong that to claim to be right would be utterly ridiculous, Eagan will admit he is wrong. Late one moonless night, on a patrol problem, the company began wondering if it was marching down the right road. As the field first sergeant that night, Eagan was in charge, clipping off the miles with his weirdly rhythmic, bent-forward stride.

"If we're headed half-cocked," whispered one GI to the shadowed face next to him, "Papa Rabbit's face is gonna be eight shades of red."

Unfortunately, the face in the shadows belonged to Eagan. "Papa Rabbit's face ain't never been red yet, knothead, but yours'll be *blue* by the time I finish double-timing you home!"

When the lead platoon found itself hip-deep in a swamp with the road vanished, it became obvious that Eagan's position was untenable. The company felt that it was worth the soaking—perhaps even



Sgt. Joe Eagan called his men "you rabbits." He insisted he never made a mistake—until the day he marched the patrol into a swamp

the complete loss—of the lead platoon, if only it would bring an abject confession of error from Eagan. The confession came, not quite abjectly.

"Okay, you rabbits. Eagan's face is red, all eight shades. Now turn the goddam column around and double-time out of here, and the first man to fall behind spends the night out here with just the mosquitoes and me!"

The second difference came as a complete surprise to all of us. Eagan, it turned out, is a flower fancier. "It's like he was Ferdinand the Bull," said one of the astonished members of his platoon. "The other day, he comes stompin' in the barracks with a boxful of marigold plants. We figured maybe he saw some growing wild, and out of sheer spite ripped 'em all out by the roots. But then he told us he bought them weeds with his own good money!"

In One of His More Tender Moods

The paradox that is Eagan was never better revealed than in watching him plant those marigolds. "If any of my rabbits so much as step on one petal of you, ya miserable little posies," mumbled the sergeant as he tenderly placed the shoots in the soft earth, "I'll have the whole blasted platoon chasing around the company area holding machine guns over their heads. *Heavy* machine guns!"

Except for Papa Rabbit's Brier Patch, as it has come to be called, it is easy to understand Eagan's philosophy of turning civilians into soldiers: "Ya gotta let them rabbits know who's boss.

"I came back from Trieste as a squad leader. Them guys in my squad overseas were my buddies. Whenever there was any dirty work to do, like moppin' a floor, you think I wanted to ask them to do it? Do you? Answer me yes or no! Okay, of course not. They all knew I hated to ask 'em, so before I ever had to, one of the guys in the squad would grab a mop and go to work. No fuss, no sweat. When I got back to the States, I tried to be that way with the trainees. I was a nice Nellie for two months, and I found out the hard way that if you give a trainee an inch, he takes a yard. All any of 'em wants to do is goof off and write letters to their seedy-lookin' girls.

"So now when I want something, I just rare back and blast away. Say—you think I *like* ridin' these guys' butts all day, never givin' 'em a moment's peace? You think I *enjoy* hollerin' till my throat is all sore, with the veins in my neck stickin' out?"

Eagan's gaunt face twisted into a wry smile.

"Yer damn' right I enjoy it!"

Dixon, Farnham and Eagan—a whole world of sergeants in one company, and I had to be in that company. A corporal I could talk to told me later that these three men are as fine a cross section of leaders as you'll find in any army, but this guy was bucking for sergeant himself, so you can't be too sure of what he says.

Where is this new type of sergeant leading us? I'm just a private; I don't know. There's one thing I'm sure of, though. The skin of the latest variety of sergeant is once again made of armor plate 11 inches thick, but beneath that rough, bluff surface —there beats a heart of stone. ▲▲▲

ILLUSTRATED BY ERIC GURNEY

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The Girl Who Said YES On a Yacht

By LAURENCE KIRK

Elizabeth's fiancé had a thousand virtues and attractions. It was a wonderful match, and everyone was very pleased. What could be wrong?

THE Millshaw girls were all good-looking, and for three generations they had always been proposed to on yachts. Josephine was the first of them. That was in 1895, at Madeira and she looked adorable in her long bell-shaped skirts and leg-of-mutton sleeves. The yacht was Vandona, owner, P. Leslie Marks; and it was P. Leslie Marks himself who made the proposal. She was only twenty at the time, and he was a good deal older. Nevertheless, she accepted him. She is still going strong, but she has been a widow for the last thirty years.

Anne was Josephine's niece. The year in that case was 1922, the place, Cannes, and the yacht, Valentino, owner, Count Aldo Salutti. The count was only ten years older than Anne and was extremely handsome. Anne was adorable, too, in spite of the cloche hats and the short sacklike skirts which were so fashionable at the time. It took Anne several years to find out how unfaithful the count was to her, but she finally left him and returned to England. Her main interests now are her Pekingese and her migraine headaches.

It might be imagined from the above that the Millshaw girls were just gold diggers or yacht-snatchers. But that is not so. They were in the yacht-owning class themselves, and it was on the Millshaw yacht, Mercator, that Elizabeth, the third of them, was proposed to. That was at Bermuda, only a few months ago, and the man, Waldron B. Small, Jr., was just as good-looking as the count had been, and only five years older than Elizabeth. The proposal might just as easily have taken place on the Small yacht as on the Millshaw yacht, for Waldron B. Small, Sr., was also in the yacht-owning class. But as it happened, it took place on the Millshaw yacht. When Elizabeth accepted him, Waldron said he was the happiest man in the world. She was twenty years old and looked just as adorable in her slacks as Josephine had in her long skirts, or Anne in her cloche hat. . . .

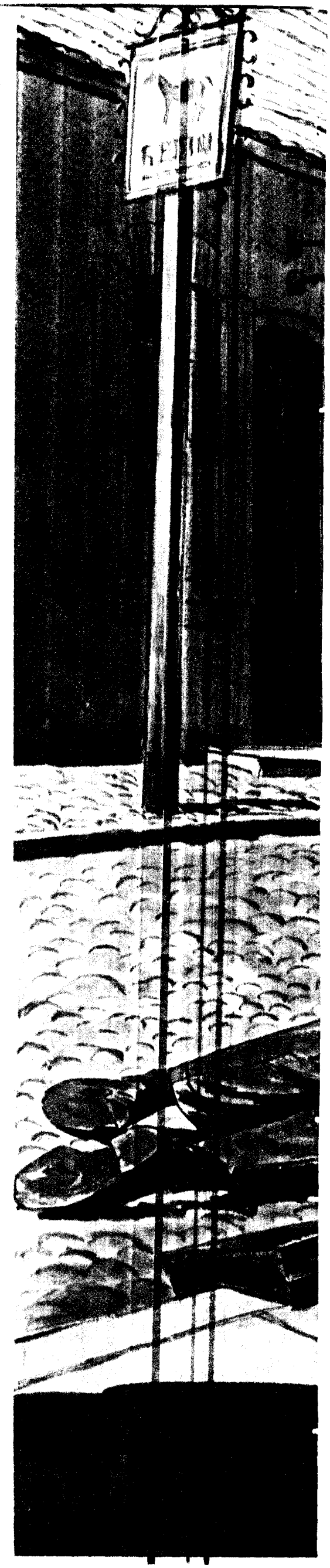
It is a moot point who gets the rawer deal—the children who grow up just in time to take part in a war or those who grow up just in time to miss it. On the whole it is probably the latter. The former have the certainty of both hardship and boredom, as well as the possibility of maiming and death; but they have taken part in it all, and if they survive, the feeling they have, of personal ownership in the future, is an asset. The others have no such feeling of ownership. Neither the past nor the future seems to belong to them. They are apart from the people who have been through it; they are floating in a void, and they generally defend themselves by maintaining that the whole thing was due to gross stupidity on the part of their elders.

Elizabeth had more intelligence than to think that; but she did have an insecure feeling that she had never really known what was terra firma and what was not. That feeling had been considerably lessened when Waldron first kissed her, and it was completely smothered when he proposed to her in such an entirely winning way. But the smothering, she discovered, was not permanent. Waldron had to return to Philadelphia on important business very soon after the engagement had been announced. Elizabeth didn't feel like staying on at Bermuda without him, and she had flown home to England to cope with her relations and to begin thinking about a trousseau.

PERHAPS it was the distance from terra firma that brought it all back. Anyway it was on the Stratocruiser, in the middle of the night, that she found herself adding up all Waldron's good points.

It was a formidable list. He was agreeable to look upon, and had an original way of saying things. Like most Americans and very few Englishmen, he gave you his undivided attention. He had good taste in books, clothes and music, and he didn't incline to those dreadful ties that seemed to be so fashionable in the United States. He was rich. (Why deny that that was important?) And not only was he rich, but he had the right kind of money—the kind which could take you anywhere, with no questions asked. And though he was rich, he wasn't idle, and he didn't intend to *be* idle. (Neither Anne nor Josephine had ever thought of that item when they had done *their* figuring in the middle of the night.) He was kind. He had a sense of humor. His hair grew in a pleasing way. Possibly he pitied her a little for being a European, but marriage, she was certain, would rectify that. And he had nice ears. *(Continued on page 50)*

When Elizabeth looked up from the pavement, one man was flat on his back; the other, a very calm young man, was standing over him



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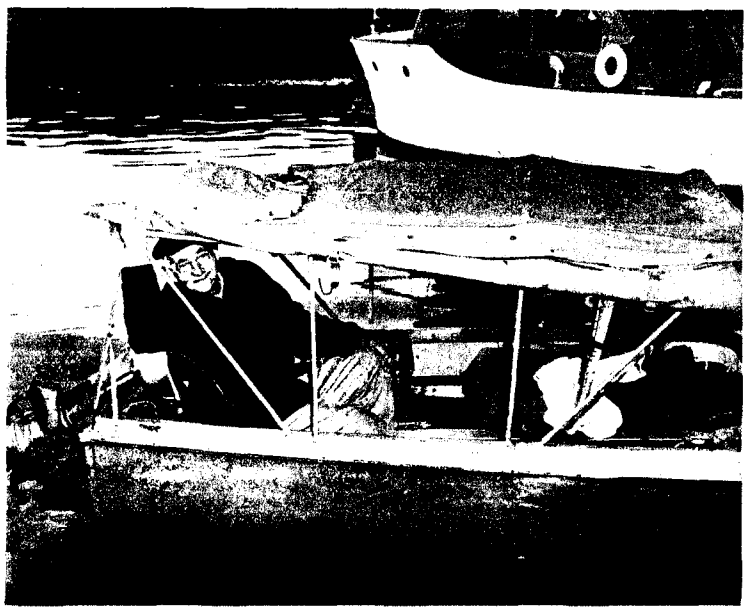
Everybody Wants to Be

By LYDEL SIMS

Sailing the long, twisting Mississippi in a small boat is a risky adventure, but it's romantic too—and hundreds try it each year



RUDOLPH VETTER

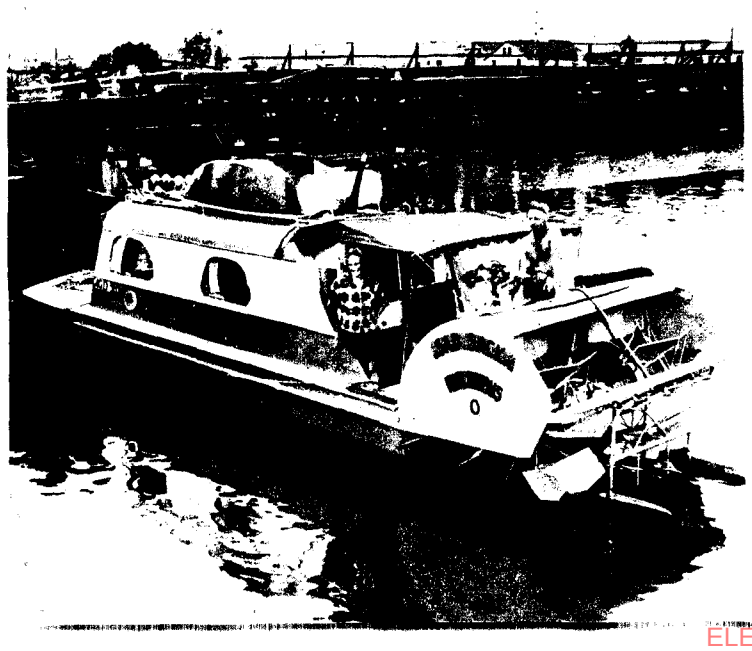
Harvey Hecker, 75, traveled the river route from Ohio to the Gulf, then to Florida, in a motorboat

THE COMMERCIAL APPEAL

Joe Getlin, of St. Louis, and sons Mike and Chip (forward) were swamped by 5-foot waves, but saved

Emerson Renz, an Ohio plumber, put a paddle wheel on a flat-bottomed boat, and went to Florida with wife

TIMES–PICAYUNE PHOTO



ALREADY the feverish, romantic plans are afoot for the annual renewal of one of the country's strangest sports, the great unofficial Mississippi River Marathon.

Soon the adventurers will come, determined to ride the mighty, treacherous, glamorous river to the Gulf. They start from points anywhere along the river—St. Louis, Memphis, even Lake Itasca, Minnesota, which is farther from the Gulf than any other source of the river. Artists, retired businessmen who never could forget Huck Finn, photographers, writers, would-be lecturers, publicity seekers—they're all a part of the parade that will jam the river again this year, as every year. The Father of Waters is also the father of dreams—and of not a few nightmares as well.

A few come in yachts and cabin cruisers, or now and then in schooners, but most have found far different craft—homemade skiffs and canoes and tattered rowboats, rafts and floats held up by fuel drums, strange contraptions of rubber and tar paper and odd bits of lumber.

There was Emerson Renz, a plumber from Zanesville, Ohio, who dreamed up a flat-bottomed boat with a paddle wheel on the stern and piloted it all the way to Florida; and John Stemle, a pipefitter and welder from Jasper, Indiana, who put together something like a kayak, with side wheels geared to a bicycle sprocket and pedals operated by hand.

There were the three soldiers from Columbus, Ohio, with rowboats made of airplane gasoline tanks . . . the English couple with the collapsible canoe . . . the four lads from Bowling Green, Kentucky, who scraped up $75 and built a houseboat . . . the two girls from Chicago, Mary Kuhn and Margaret Carpenter, who paddled alone to New Orleans in 1948 . . . the retired FBI agent, Ray Sullivan, of Chicago, who made the trip with his wife Madeline late in 1947 . . . and all the others who, year after year, have dared the river's hazards—and often, through unexpected skills or the sheer luck of enthusiastic ignorance, survived risks that veteran rivermen would cringe to contemplate.

They think of themselves as pathfinders and trail blazers, often as not, even though all the paths are charted and the trails blazed.

Leonard Rodowicz, a little blue-eyed artist from Chicago—a native of Poland—had dreamed for years of traveling down the Mississippi in his own boat. Had he ever been on a canoe trip before? Not a blessed time in his fifty-two years. But he had read books, and he knew what he wanted, and one day in July, 1950, he locked his studio and set out with an 18-foot aluminum canoe.

He wanted to do it right, he explained to a reporter along the way—to do it in a way it hadn't been done before—so he began his trip at Lake Itasca, Minnesota. Now, it is granted that Lake Itasca is the farthermost source of the Mississippi River (as distinguished from the Missouri-Mississippi), but it is also a fact that even a canoe cannot navigate the tortuous trickles where the river is yet a baby. But what are facts to a Mississippi voyager?

The very first night, after bumping and portaging most of the day, he got stuck in a narrow spot between 20-foot bluffs, with a log jam in front of him and the water rising dangerously behind. So he simply emptied his canoe, stood it on end like a ladder, climbed up with his duffel and dragged the canoe up on the logs behind him.

After that, of course, nothing could stop him. He got through swamplands and rapids and portages, and onto the great river itself at last, and on past St. Louis, taking it easy and stopping to paint or photograph scenes along the way. He had planned to be in the South for the winter, and he was—he was just above Memphis, in fact, when he nearly froze to death in a temperature of 11 degrees below zero.

On he went—a little, smiling man, heavily wrapped, with a rolled-up red sail frozen to the side of his canoe and nothing for power but a paddle—down into warmer weather and out at last to the Gulf. He had begun in July and finished in May, making more than 200 oil sketches along the way, and when he said he had done what had not been done before, no one argued with him.

River Casts Spell on Aged Veteran

Then there was Harvey H. Hecker, a seventy-five-year-old veteran of the Spanish-American War and World War I, who also did something nobody had ever done before.

He was living at the Old Soldiers Home in Sandusky, Ohio, when the river's spell got into his bones and warmed his blood. He built a 16-foot skiff from a kit bought from a mail-order firm, told the other old soldiers good-by, and set out for Florida.

That was only a few months ago, and the Coast Guard is still shaking, for he disappeared from sight a few days after getting into the Mississippi River, and was believed to be lost. Then he turned up, stiffly cold in his little blue skiff with the outboard motor, the two-burner stove, the oars and sleeping bag and other gear, and announced glumly that he was behind schedule.

He had had trouble, he admitted, between New Madrid and Caruthersville, Missouri—one of the most treacherous stretches. Buffeted by high waves and a wind that blew spray into everything, he somehow made it around four racking bends and safely to Caruthersville, so cold and exhausted he couldn't even unbutton his coat when he climbed shakily ashore.

But the white-haired old warrior kept right on, down into the Gulf and along the shore line to New Port Richey, Florida—some 1,600 miles alone in a homemade skiff. A comment he made about midway during the trip should rank with the classic understatements of the centuries. "This trip," he told a reporter in what might have been mild surprise, "has been rougher than I thought it would be."

A honeymoon couple from Chicago, back in 1948, found it rougher than they had expected, too. Mr. and Mrs. Mel Woods had planned the jaunt on the spur of the moment, canceling their plans for a conventional honeymoon trip after the prospective groom—a thirty-three-year-old accountant—came across a beautifully illustrated magazine article on the joys of a Mississippi River voyage. Mary Drury, his fiancée, was in Detroit at the time, assembling her trousseau. Mel called her and suggested the river trip, more or less for laughs. She agreed. Three days after their marriage they were launching their 14-foot motorboat

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HUCK FINN

LEW MERRIM

Two boys and two girls excited the admiration of rivermen when they set out from New Kensington, Pa., for New Orleans on a raft. They made it

in the Fox River at Appleton, Wisconsin—destination, New Orleans.

Five weeks later, at Memphis, they decided they had had enough. Not that it hadn't been fun. It was "the perfect honeymoon," they insisted stoutly. Oh, there had been difficulties. Mary couldn't cook very well, so they'd eaten eggs most of the time, and the tail end of a tornado nearly took their pup tent off their heads one night, and once the bride had almost been lost in quicksand. But they had come through unscathed except for mosquito bites. And as Mel put it: "On a trip like that, you get down to basic essentials and really learn what makes one another tick."

All the trips are not as joyously successful, and some are even more sketchily planned. Last year a truly original dreamer tried briefly to navigate the river in a washtub. Once a man tried it in a packing crate. For both, the finale was simple: Oops! There he goes! Lend a hand, boys, and fish him out! Sometimes, though, a finale is far more hair-raising.

Rivermen still shake their heads incredulously over the 1951 adventure of a modern-day Huck Finn, a fourteen-year-old lad from Colorado who, like so many of the other Mississippi adventurers, couldn't swim a stroke.

After a misunderstanding with his father, he ran away from home, and bought a bus ticket to Memphis. Wandering about the water front, he happened upon a rowboat, and temptation overcame him. Why did he take it? "I just wanted to get down that river," he later told reporters. "It was just getting light and was real peaceful."

Peaceful it was when he set out, early in the morning of a September day, with two suitcases, a sleeping bag, a box of crackers and 35 cents left from the money he'd started out with . . . peaceful as some of the days when Huck Finn drifted along the muddy waters.

"I'd row some, then rest, eat some crackers and let the current take me," he said later. "Whenever I'd hear a boat, I'd look out for it."

Could any existence be pleasanter? No wonder that when a passing towboat skipper shouted a warning late that afternoon, he only waved. He'd been on the river all day—he was a veteran.

Mooring Barge Looms out of Darkness

It was just after midnight that a U.S. Corps of Engineers mooring barge, 45 feet wide and jutting 400 feet out into the river, loomed up out of the thick darkness. He dropped his crackers and fell to the oars, but the current was too swift. The 14-foot rowboat smashed into the barge and splintered. He was trying to climb onto the barge when the boat sank under him and he was sucked down, into the gurgling blackness and under the barge.

By all the laws of probability, that should have been the end of the story. But it wasn't. He held his breath, was somehow swept completely under the barge, and came up kicking and screaming in the midnight calm near a desolate stretch of Arkansas shore 35 miles below Memphis, Tennessee.

The crew of the mooring barge had knocked off for their midnight lunch—one of the fateful chances that saved his life. No equipment was running. A tractor driver heard the screams from the shore. Men jumped into a tender, located the boy with a spotlight, and pulled him in, vomiting and half-drowned, a full 500 feet downstream from the barge.

Did it cure him of river fever? Hardly. He had scarcely regained his breath before he was begging the Engineers' employees to help him get a job on the river.

But the runaway boys who find their ways unerringly to the river are not the only ones who have trouble, and even inexperience is no prerequisite for danger. A thirty-nine-year-old father and his two young sons gave lasting evidence of that fact in one of the prize river fiascos of 1950.

Joe Getlin, a St. Louis sales executive, had promised his boys a real river trip during their spring holiday. They had all boated in other waters. When they arrived in Memphis, ready to launch their 18-foot aluminum canoe for a trip down to New Orleans, they had their entire schedule worked out in advance. "We plan to average about 75 miles a day," the father told the interested crowd that gathered to see them off. "After leaving Memphis, our first night's stop will be somewhere below Presidents Island."

There was more, but in the light of later events he could have stopped there. They left in the

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Famous in Mississippi lore is a man who walked down the river on pontoon boots

afternoon, loaded to the gunwales with camping equipment, an outboard motor, fuel cans, river maps, canned food and two books about the river for reading along the way. There was so much duffel that there wasn't room for life preservers.

"We'll make it all right," Getlin assured the doubters. "This canoe can't sink, and if it did turn over, all we'd have to do is hang on to it. But it's not going to turn over. Life preservers? Heck no, we haven't got room aboard for those things."

They paddled five miles downstream to Presidents Island and camped for the first night. About 10 in the morning they broke camp, loaded the canoe, and headed out into midstream—where they were swamped by waves five feet high.

So they hung on to the canoe—Joe Getlin and ten-year-old Mike and twelve-year-old Chip—for nearly an hour, almost knocked clear of it time after time by the wind-whipped waves, until two rivermen happened along and pulled them out. The father's comment after a period of rest and hot food had a familiar ring. He didn't realize when they took off in quiet water at Memphis, he said, that they could encounter such big waves.

Did their ducking cure *them* of the fever? Hardly. Getlin had bought new outfits all around and they were ready to start again when a telephone conversation with Mrs. Getlin brought about an abrupt change of plans.

A Philosopher Gets the Wanderlust

Another who found it hard to satisfy his wanderlust was a serious young philosopher from Chicago, Gerald Newman, just twenty-two, who grew tired of "learning phrases out of a book," as he put it to an interviewer, and determined to see the world firsthand. In June, 1951, after reading the phrases in 18 river books and 75 books on boating, he and a companion, twenty-three-year-old Harold Jacobson, set out. They paddled down the Illinois inland waterways system to the Mississippi River in a homemade canoe, and did well enough until they reached St. Louis.

There an unexpected eddy swamped the canoe and carried both voyagers (*they* couldn't swim either) under three lined-up barges before bystanders pulled them out. Jacobson, after brief hospital treatment in St. Louis, decided to return to Chicago and get a job. But Newman was not so easily discouraged. He returned to Chicago long enough to earn some money, then hitchhiked back to St. Louis, recovered his canoe and bought a secondhand motor for it.

The motor would have been fine except that its gears were stripped, it had a nail in lieu of a shear pin, and the gas tank had a habit of vibrating off into the river. At last it gave up entirely, and another halt was called for fund raising.

The odyssey, resumed a second time, ended in November when the weary little boat broke her moorings near Angola, Louisiana, and floated away. Still undismayed, the young adventurer sought vainly for ocean-going employment in New Orleans before surrendering to drab fate and messaging his family for bus fare home.

How many such trips go unrecorded each year no one knows. River wanderers are too common to rate newspaper space unless there is something unusual about their setup. It was the social situation—the unmarried crew of two girls and two boys—that helped make the journey of the raft Lethargia from New Kensington, Pennsylvania, to New Orleans two years ago one of the most famous of them all. (Collier's, Dec. 8-15, 1951.) Mary Ellin McCrady, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, and her companions, Don Brown, of Detroit, Milton Borden, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, and Gerry Garcia, of Boston, caught the imagination or shocked the sensitivities of enough newspaper readers to win banner headlines all along the way —especially after their raft was practically destroyed in a near tragedy before they even reached the Mississippi.

But for real novelty, the Lethargia and its crew were not in a class with Professor Charles W. Oldrieve, who set a mark shortly after the turn of the century that doubtless will remain unmatched until someone makes the trip in a pair of secondhand water wings.

Professor Oldrieve—some accounts call him "Captain" Oldrieve—made a $5,000 bet with a Boston sporting man that he could *walk* the Ohio and Mississippi rivers from Cincinnati to New Orleans. He did it, too, in the dead of winter, and in less than 40 days, the story goes.

The professor simply rigged up a pair of pontoonlike "boots" made of cedar blocks, a bit over four feet long, five or six inches wide and about seven inches high. These he attached to his feet with an elastic web. And the boots, plus his incredible facility at balancing, did the trick.

Down the rivers strode the professor, his faithful wife rowing a skiff by his side, a gasoline launch filled with "official" observers just ahead of him, and wildly cheering spectators clustering the shore at every inhabited point.

Old newspaper files tell of the sensation he created in Memphis—a city that gave him such a tumultuous ovation that he returned there to live after successfully completing his trip.

As Professor Oldrieve approached Memphis on the morning of January 23, 1907, the ferry steamer Charles Organ, crowded with passengers in holiday mood, steamed upstream to meet him. And when the professor, his wife's skiff, the gasoline launch and the steamer all appeared a short while later, moving majestically downstream around the Old Hopefield Bend, whistles, shouts and screams from those on shore greeted the little fleet. Two small cannon fired a salute, and it is recorded that the professor responded gracefully by waving a small American flag he was carrying for such occasions.

The Professor Explains His "Art"

Only once in his entire trip downriver did he encounter trouble. That was when his shoes slipped off his feet and toppled him backward into the river. His wife pulled him out, the shoes were recovered and the journey was continued. As the professor told newsmen, the whole art of the thing was in keeping his balance—and in never permitting the ends of his shoes to go underwater.

His is the strangest of all the river-travel stories the old-timers remember, but apparently there were others almost as outlandish that had been forgotten. At the height of the Lethargia excitement two years ago, an old settler in a Kentucky town recalled with some impatience that, in days past, a man had floated down the river in a rubber suit, all alone, pulling a small skiff behind him. Not only that, he said, but on another occasion a blind man traveled by rowboat, also alone, from Columbus, Kentucky, to New Orleans. That story is one that will have to be documented before any of the river experts believe it.

But there is no doubt that many an unbelievably weird contraption has somehow made the journey in safety. Ever since that doughty Jesuit, Père Jacques Marquette, and his friend Louis Jolliet reached the Mississippi in 1673 from the Wisconsin River, and descended it to the mouth of the Arkansas, it has borne wanderers the like of whom no other stream has seen.

The flatboats, keelboats and other vessels—largely homemade—which carried produce down to New Orleans in the nation's early days must surely have included some craft that would have made even the ramshackle Lethargia look seaworthy. Many capsized or were beaten to pieces against snags and sand bars. But if old prints and river legends are any indication, hundreds of Mike Fink's companions among the rivermen of the day

John Stemle, of Jasper, Ind., put side wheels on his odd craft. He geared wheels to a bicycle sprocket. Hand-operated pedals gave power

BOB WILLIAMS

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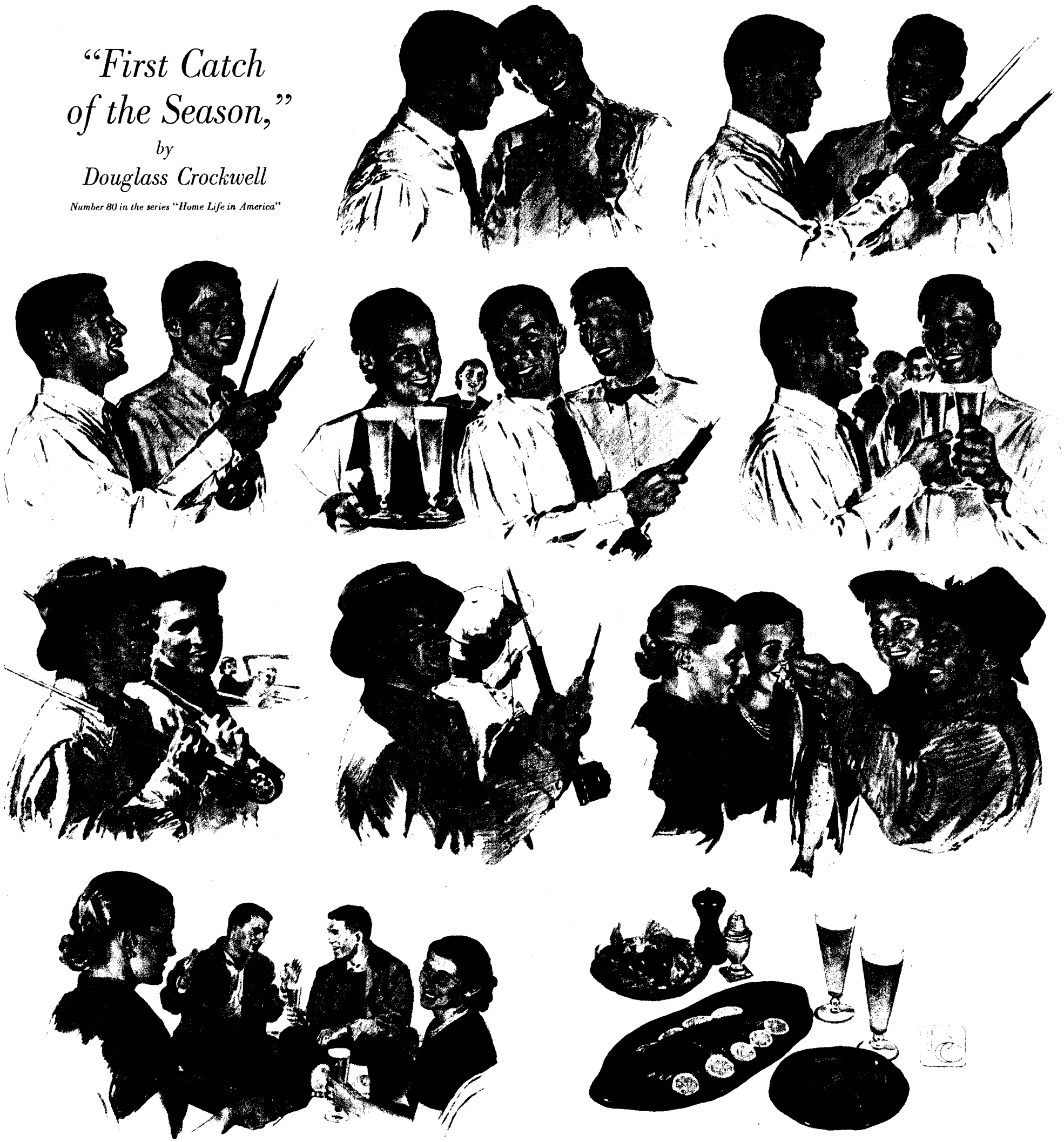
"First Catch of the Season,"

by

Douglass Crockwell

Number 80 in the series "Home Life in America"

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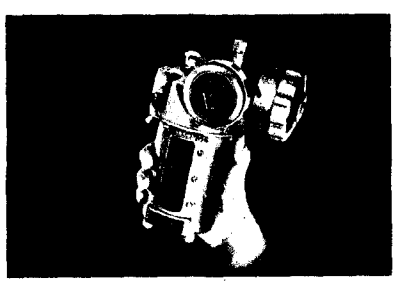

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Legend says a blind man rowed the river

survived journeys that logically had as much chance of success as a present-day flight to Mars.

But these men, while they loved their callings, fought the river for their livelihood. Why should so many today, with less strength, less knowledge and equipment often no better, if as good, as that of the flatboat days, risk life and limb simply for the sake of the journey?

In the American Tradition

There are some who believe that eccentricity or a craving for notoriety is the key to the annual parade of strange craft along the river. Often there is something in this. But the real truth in the overwhelming number of cases is much more pleasant to consider. The impulse to travel the Mississippi is rooted in the dreams and traditions of America—the dreams of adventure, the traditions of hardy courage and laughing defiance to the forces of nature which are the nation's heritage.

The river experts grow indignant, and with cause, at the cavalier attitude some amateurs assume toward the great Father of Waters and its many hazards. They fume and grow red-faced at the conception of a river as a safe, placid body of water moving gently toward the sea. Maybe some rivers, they say—but not this one.

And of course they are right, for the Mississippi is dangerous at all times.

Normally, during the first half of the year, the river is high. That means high-current velocities, becoming fearfully swift and practically irresistible at certain hazardous spots. It means that small craft without adequate power can get into serious trouble, especially in eddies in the bends of the river.

With the high water go high winds. Those who think a river is not broad enough for wind to make a difference might well talk to the St. Louis father mentioned already, who saw for himself how waves five feet high can be whipped up in a few minutes in midstream.

During the latter half of the year, normal river stages on the Mississippi are fairly low and the current is quieter. But other dangers lurk for the inexperienced traveler. For one thing, equipment of the Corps of Engineers, U.S. Army, is busy all up and down the river, dredging the main channel, working on banks, sinking flexible wire and concrete mattresses to prevent washing and cave-ins. These vast buttressing mattresses may go as far as 400 to 600 feet out into the river. Dredges clearing the channel work with floating pipe lines, 600 feet or more in length, that convey the dredged-up matter to areas outside the channel itself. A small boat that encounters a floating pipe line, the edge of a mattress, or even a barge protruding into the river, such as that which wrecked the Denver lad's craft, will be in bad trouble in a hurry.

Caving banks are another serious hazard for beginners. They always occur in the convex part of the river's curve—just where the current will normally carry a small boat. Craft without adequate power are easily swept under such banks, where the possibility of a cave-in is great enough to make experienced rivermen shudder. Those who know can recognize a "bluff bank"—straight up and down, ready for breaking off in great chunks or in a sudden vertical plunge—but to the beginner it is just another bluff. He may even tie up at its base to spend the night—an act more dangerous than camping on the rim of a volcano.

Another hazard of late summer and

COLLIER'S "The low price, the beautiful material, the fine tailoring—are you going to overlook all that just because the suit doesn't *fit*?" GUSTAV LUNDBERG

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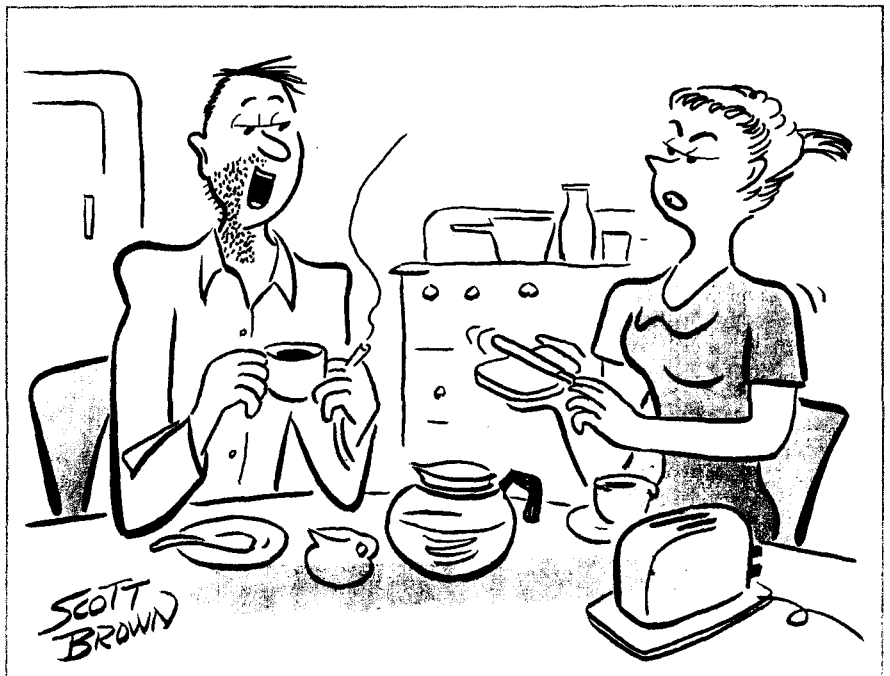
early fall is the danger of snags and floating or partly submerged debris, which can leave a small boat stove-in or capsized in the wink of an eye. And low water means going aground on sand bars—and sand bars mean the possibility of unstable sand, popularly known as quicksand. Loosely organized sand, not well packed by nature or man, and holding large quantities of water within it, can open up and suck in an unwary boatman within seconds after he has vaulted out of his skiff to "push off."

In addition the river is considered by rivermen in much the way you consider a highway. It is no place for toys and homemade kiddy cars—not only because they are a nuisance to the professional travelers, but also because of the great traffic hazards they create. Tows operating on the Mississippi may be as long as 1,000 feet or more—vast, integrated floats pushed by a towboat from the rear, and carrying thousands of tons of cargo. Obviously, such vessels cannot make sharp turns or quick stops when a homemade raft or houseboat suddenly appears around a bend.



COLLIER'S "I was just about half shaved when it dawned on me this is Saturday" SCOTT BROWN

Why Rivermen Are Sympathetic

So it is natural that, from the riverman's eyes, the popularity of the river with amateurs is hardly a blessing. But even so, the pilots and deck hands and beacon tenders and commercial fishermen and dredge operators—all the regular users of the river, in fact—cannot resist friendly assistance and good wishes to the small craft that happen along. Time after time, the adventurers in small boats are heard praising the hearty helpfulness of the rivermen. After all, these professionals have a feeling for "their" river more emotional than many a landlubber dreams; they can understand the urge to wander downstream, even while they deplore it.

So the warnings are repeated, and ignored. And in the river towns all up and down the Mississippi, the folks never tire of reading and talking and laughing, with a combination of envy and tolerant contempt, about the crazy people who show up on their picturesque journeys.

The homefolk speak knowingly of the river's hazards and they make cutting comments about ignoramuses who tempt Providence. But all the same, they look eagerly in their newspapers for pictures and stories of the wanderers. And on good days they stand at wharfs and along riverside parks peering out almost wistfully for the sight of a canoe or a raft or some other overloaded floating curiosity. And there is something in their eyes and the way they watch that gives the whole secret away—their own secret and the secret behind the urge that sends out the adventurers themselves.

For to all who see it, the great, romantic, deadly river still bears the challenge of the unexplored. It may be charted every foot of its winding way down to the Gulf; there may be towns and settlements all along its path; but in a land that remembers its shining days of exploration and pioneering, the sight of the river disappearing around a bend is a stirring thing.

Looking at it, the landsmen suddenly find that security and neatly cut front yards and weekly pay checks leave an insipid taste in the mouth. For a few moments they forget themselves, and roam out on the water in their imaginations. For a while they are not clerks and salesmen and claims adjusters, but adventurers in a new land, following the trail of the greatest of rivers down to unknown wonders.

So when the inevitable small craft appear, bearing dirty, mosquito-bitten, sunburned wanderers, they are not strangers to those who stand along the banks or read the newspaper stories.

They are a part of the onlookers' own selves, a part triumphantly broken free from the rules and restrictions and obligations that pen them in. And the queer little homemade boats are no longer ridiculous but brave and romantic, bound on trips no longer foolish but of the greatest importance, driven by the very heart of an adventurous people whose dreams, at least, have not yet learned to lie down and rest. ▲▲▲

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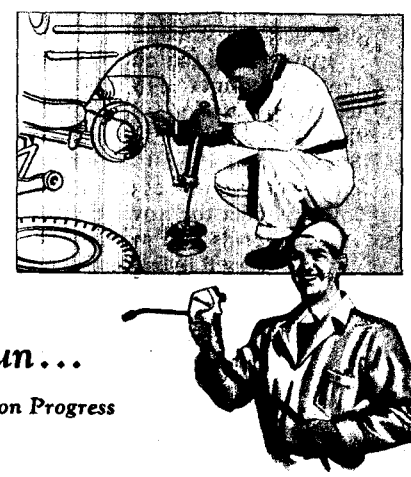

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The Whole Blooming Valley

In Puyallup Valley, Washington, daffodil time is holiday time. It means that one of the prettiest crops grown is coming along fine

IN THE narrow, winding 25 miles of lush Puyallup Valley of western Washington, there is a morning, every April, when the farmers awake to find their earth alive with flowers as far as the eye can see. The flowers are no surprise to the people of Puyallup; the whole valley blooming is what they wait for all winter. It signifies that their crop—daffodil, tulip and iris bulbs—is coming along just fine. And to celebrate, they stage a giant Daffodil Festival in civic tribute to their big, beautiful, million-dollar industry.

Puyallup Valley calls itself the bulb capital of the U.S., and last year shipped out a harvest of over 20,000,000 bulbs. Valley farmers cultivate daffodil, tulip and iris bulbs not for their flowers but for the "forcing trade," or greenhouse growers who sell to florists. The festival, therefore, is only the beginning of Puyallup's business year.

The beauty in the fields begins to fade even while Puyallup's annual week-long Daffodil Festival is going on. Soon after, the farmers go to work. For the next three-odd months, they are busy cultivating and irrigating and weeding the fields of fattening bulbs. Then at harvesttime, in late July and August, they reap their reward: a valleyful of strong, hardy, life-containing bulbs which are shipped to brokers across the country.

This April, the valley marks its 20th annual festival, and civic boosters have been blueprinting it with special care. In addition to welcoming in its crop, the valley will also be celebrating Washington's Territorial Centennial. The festival is set for April 6th through 12th. As it always does, the celebration will include a Daffodil Ball, a yacht race in Puget Sound and a colossal flower show. But the high point of the holiday will be the Daffodil Queen's parade.

Every year, the queen (chosen from the Puyallup and Sumner high schools in alternating years) leads a procession of marchers, bands and over 40 flower-studded floats through the streets of Tacoma, Sumner and Puyallup. The paraders travel from city to city in busses and trucks, with the floats following under their own power. At each city the parade re-forms and marches down the main street.

It takes well over a million daffodils to decorate the floats, and many bulbgrowers regard the festival as an expensive waste of time. But they're coaxed into co-operating by exuberant businessmen and chambers of commerce, who are apt to remind them that once Puyallup Valley had no crop to celebrate.

At one time, the valley's chief industry was growing hops for brewers. Then the prohibition era came in and Puyallup's meal ticket went out. When the U.S. Department of Agriculture, seeking a way to save the hop farmers from bankruptcy, recommended bulbs as a substitute crop, the first move was made by Charles Orton, of Sumner. He imported 3,600 bulbs from Holland in 1923, and other farmers followed.

An embargo the department slapped on foreign bulbs, allegedly to keep out insects and disease, helped the Puyallup growers get started; but some destructive pests slipped past the embargo and almost ruined their infant industry. To beat the problem, they evolved a gas chamber containing fumigants, which not only killed the pests but paid off in another, unexpected way. The fumigating process heated the bulbs, which then had to be cooled. The heating and chilling in turn quickened the natural growing cycle of the bulbs and made them more valuable to greenhouse flowergrowers.

Soon greenhouses all over the country were demanding Puyallup Valley bulbs, and the onetime hopgrowers were again in the money.

Machines Speed Up Bulb Processing

Today, Charles Orton is producing over 4,000,000 bulbs a year and his neighbors have comparable crops. All the bulb farms are highly mechanized, with machines to do the planting, modified potato harvesters for digging and movable belts to speed up grading and packing.

After harvesting, the daffodil bulbs are worth anywhere from seven to ten cents; tulip and iris, four cents. From the exchange, which grades and pools the bulbs for 40 large growers, the shipments go to brokers who distribute them to several thousand greenhouse growers across the nation. The greenhouse men plant them in temporary, outside pots, but as soon as cold weather comes along the flower pots are moved inside for forcing with heat and light. Soon comes a dreary February day when some housewife, yearning for spring, will pay up to $2.50 for the golden blossoms which started life in Washington as drab brown bulbs worth little more than nine cents apiece.

That's about the time Puyallup Valley is getting ready for another festival. Puyallup farmers could raise hops again if they wanted to; but they'd rather stick to bulbs. The monetary profits might be the same either way, they say, but when spring comes and the valley lights up with flowers, it isn't hard to make a choice.

FRANK J. TAYLOR

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LEE MERRILL

Rainbow rows of tulips on Mrs. Karl Kohler's

Joan Dennis, 17-year-old Puyallup high-school senior, is Daffodil Queen of the 1953 Festival

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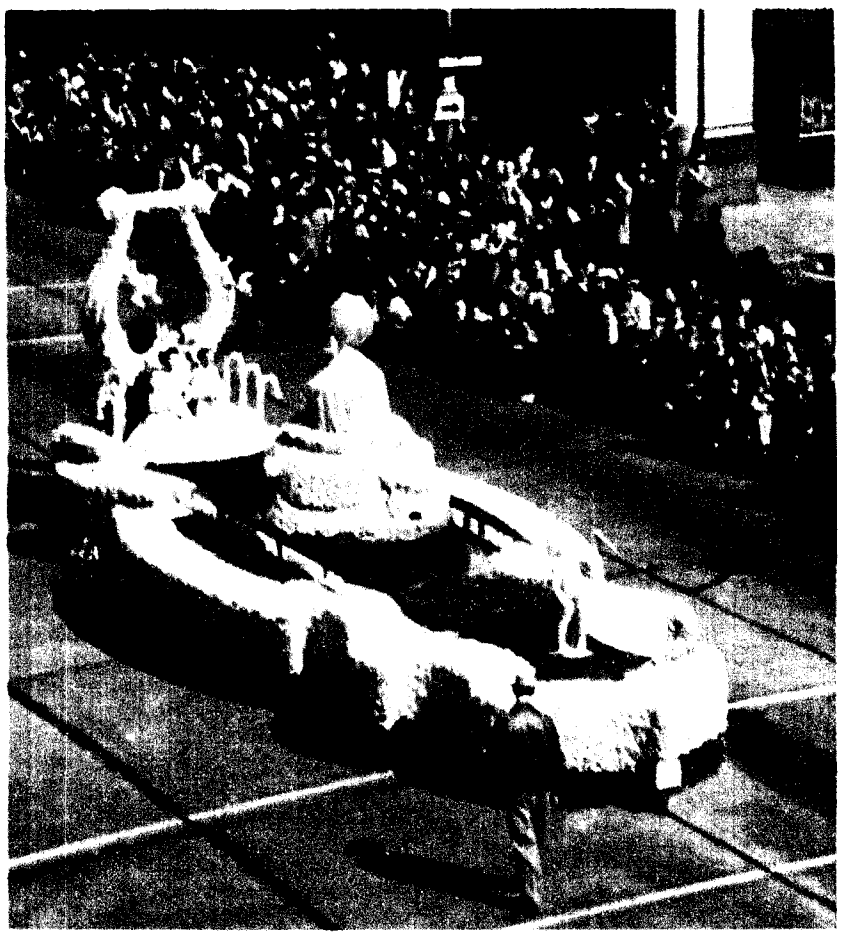
farm in Orting, Washington, surround a picturesque hop barn left over from hopgrowing days in Puyallup Valley. Mount Rainier looms in background



Rolling in the colorful Daffodil Festival parade, float entered by a Tacoma businessman is decorated with over 50,000 daffodil blossoms

Charles Orton talks tulips with guests on his 180-acre bulb farm in Sumner. Valley's top grower, he was first to import bulbs, in 1923

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Three days later, April Bear Claw again visited the house of Charlie Yellowfoot. The spirit of the stars was in her eyes

The Bargain Wife

By RICHARD B. ERNO

April Bear Claw had hands like the wings of a bird, the step of a deer, a voice like the brook. But what need had the son of a chief for a squaw?

THE first night that Charlie Yellowfoot heard the lynx's cry in the marsh along Deer Creek, it was late spring and he was coming from the one-room barn behind his house after milking his cow. He told himself that it was a good sign, for the lynx was his brother, as bears and wolves and wolverines had been brothers to other braves long ago. And when he heard the lynx scream as it did that night, he felt fine because it meant good luck was coming his way.

So Charlie Yellowfoot, last son of the last chief of the Ojibways on the edge of the cutover, was surprised and chagrined when the evil spirit came down the valley on the breath of the lynx and left Charlie Yellowfoot's cow flat on her back with all four hoofs in the air and a purple tongue hanging out of her mouth like an oriole's nest.

Charlie Yellowfoot walked around his cow three times, still carrying the milk pail. Then he went back to the house and sat on a chair in the kitchen. His mother chewed her gums for a long time in the silence. Through the broken pane of the kitchen window, with its brown gunny sack plugging the hole that Charlie had shot through it with his rifle, came the spring sunshine, strong and promising, yellow as wild mustard. After a long time, because a squaw did not speak until spoken to, though you could excuse someone so old, she asked, "Is there no milk for my toothless gums?"

"The cow is dead," Charlie told her. "The medicine of the lynx is gone. He screamed last night, and I heard him with my own keen ears that can hear an enemy warrior thirty miles away. Now my cow is dead."

"Listen to an old woman who has seen more summers than there are leaves on the trees," she said. "I tell you that the lynx has not lost his medicine. Buy another cow."

Charlie Yellowfoot was a wise warrior, the son of his father. He knew that the fourteen dollars under his bed, which he had saved from snaking out logs for Cyrus Lumbert in the autumn, would not buy a cow. He went to his bedroom, pushing the hanging strings of dried corn and peppers out of his way, and, kneeling by the bed on the warped floor, he took the coffee can and went back to the kitchen and stretched the fourteen one-dollar bills out in a row on the table.

"This will buy no cow," he said, and he rustled the paper money so his mother could hear. He looked at her with piercing eagle eyes, the same kind of eyes his father and his grandfather and his great-grandfather had had, and he remembered the sound of the lynx's cry and the good feeling that had gone through him when he heard it. "No good can come of the lynx's cry for Charlie Yellowfoot any more," he said.

"Good will come of it yet," his mother said.

But Charlie Yellowfoot, who was twenty-eight, had been through the eighth grade in the school beyond the cutover. "Two plus two equals four," Charlie told his mother.

His mother chewed her gums. The sun came

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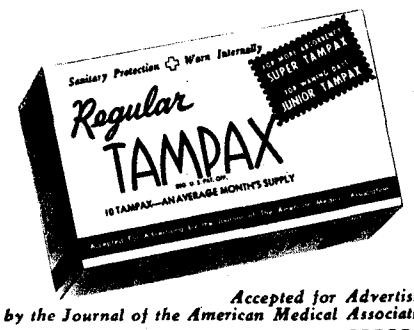

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through the broken window and fell on her withered face and over the nearly sightless eyes. "Take the money to Bear Claw," she told him.

"Two plus two equals four," Charlie repeated. Surely his mother could see that fourteen dollars would buy no cow.

"Bear Claw has many cows," his mother mumbled, "and Bear Claw is mighty."

"Bear Claw is a woman," Charlie answered. "Bear Claw is a woman, an old woman, and all he can produce are squaws."

HE WENT out to the barn to look at his dead cow. The man who bought dead animals would pay him two dollars for it. He looked at the cow's tongue. It was beautiful, of a rare and fine color, and he felt that it was of that color because he was the son of a chief. He should ask three dollars instead of two. Didn't the cow have a purple tongue?

At noon Charlie watched the dead-animal man dump the cow in the back of his Ford pickup truck. She was a yellow cow with a purple tongue and had been owned by the son of a chief. And so Charlie said, "You should give me more than this," and he waved the two one-dollar bills in the air.

"Why?"

"Because my cow was struck by the spirit of the lynx!"

The man was short and wiry and about forty, with a hard businesslike face full of suspicion. He looked at Charlie standing tall and broad before him. He looked up at the noble brow and at the scar on it that had been made by a branch one day when Charlie was running from the spirit of his enemy. Charlie stood with his arms crossed but with the two dollars still in sight in his hand, as if he were reluctant to take them. The man was incredulous. "Spirit of the lynx?" he echoed.

Charlie pointed. "See the purple tongue. It is the sign of the lynx spirit."

"Bah," the man said. "Your cow died of poisoning."

"Three dollars," Charlie said.

"Two dollars and five cents." The man was edging toward the cab of his truck.

"Two eighty," Charlie said.

"Two ten," the man said. He had reached the cab and climbed inside behind the wheel.

"Two seventy-five," Charlie said.

The old truck started with a roar, and Charlie stepped back from the running board and shouted, "I'm the son of a chief."

"Two fifteen," the man shouted back, and his hand shot out as the truck lurched forward. Two bright coins came spinning through the air.

Charlie Yellowfoot's right hand flicked out with the speed of a rattler, but though he caught the nickel, the dime fell on the hard ground at his feet. "The son of a chief cannot pick up money from the ground," he told himself, and he turned with his sixteen dollars and five cents and went down the road in the opposite direction.

Many summer rains and autumn washouts had removed all the gravel from the road, and now it was sand, packed hard as the muscles of the wolf. It twisted and turned like the body of the weasel, and was flat as the tail of the industrious beaver. Charlie thought of his illustrious ancestors and straightened his shoulders and almost turned back, but he swallowed his pride and remembered his mother who was toothless and wise. He turned off the road and cut across the fields toward the forest and Bear Claw's home.

He did not like to go to Bear Claw's house because Bear Claw was the father of six young squaws. Charlie did not like the squaws. What need, at twenty-eight, had the son of a chief for a squaw? Charlie Yellowfoot was not a fool. And when Bear Claw's six daughters watched Charlie Yellowfoot, he knew they were remembering that he was the son of a chief, that he was brave as the mightiest of warriors, sly as the fox, strong as the bear, swift as the deer.

When he climbed over the fence back of Bear Claw's house, he could see two of the daughters bent over tubs under the maple tree by the yellow woodpile. He could hear the distant hum of a washing machine and the sound of voices. He looked all around the house for Bear Claw and could not find him. It was beneath him to ask one of the squaws, who watched with curious eyes when he came back into the yard again.

"Father is coming now, Mr. Yellowfoot," a voice said. Charlie turned to find a young girl pointing toward the forest at the edge of a field.

"You don't know how much I dread his grouchy interlude between Christmases!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

WHEN Bear Claw arrived they stood in the yard and looked at each other. Bear Claw was an oldish man with black hair, a loose, imperturbable face, and the eyes of an adder. He seemed never to blink his lids, even when the sun was in his eyes. Charlie took off his hat and stood with the sun in his eyes too, so Bear Claw could see that he too needed no shelter from the glare.

"I will buy a cow," Charlie said.

"How much?" Bear Claw asked. His eyes did not blink.

"Twelve dollars," Charlie said.

"Twenty-five," Bear Claw said.

"Thirteen."

Two of the squaws came over but sat down to wait until the men had stopped bargaining. It rattled Charlie, having them there. He could feel their eyes on him.

"Twenty-four dollar," Bear Claw insisted. "No lower."

"Sixteen dollars and five cents," Charlie answered. "All I have." He thought of his father—last of the chiefs—and of his grandfather and of his great-grandfather, and he was ashamed.

"One condition," Bear Claw said.

"What?"

"You take my fourth daughter with the cow." Bear Claw did not look at Charlie.

Charlie put on his hat. The fourth daughter turned her face away, as befitted a woman. At the corner of her red lips Charlie could see the beginnings of a smile. Charlie took off his hat again and felt uncomfortable because the lynx was no longer his brother.

"April Bear Claw is the daughter of a mighty man," Bear Claw announced. And he smiled.

Charlie said, "Charlie Yellowfoot is the son of a chief." He put on his hat and went past the squaws and back through the forest to his home.

HIS mother was still sitting in the chair by the window. She felt of the arms of the chair that Charlie had built for her; she chewed her gums and turned her eyes toward him. After a long time, she asked a question: "What has happened, Charlie Yellowfoot, last of a line of chiefs?"

Charlie pulled down a string of dried corn and put a few kernels in his mouth to soak until they had become tender and delicious. The spirit of the sun came low through the door and fell over the table. The spirit of the sun came to sit with Charlie Yellowfoot.

"Bear Claw sells me his cow only if I take a daughter."

"Which?"

"Which cow?" he asked.

"Which daughter?"

"The fourth." He could not bring himself to say the girl's name. It would be like conjuring up her spirit; he wanted no squaws to eat up his birthright. Squaws were for men like Bear Claw, who had so many that they were like worthless pets. "Two plus two equals four," Charlie told his mother. "Another mouth to feed."

His mother chewed her gums and felt of the blanket over her knees with bony hands. When she spoke, her voice was strangely harsh and cold. "A cow is a cow. Tell Bear Claw to send his fourth daughter for two days to live with us. Let her work and prove her worthiness to live in the house of the son of a chief."

"Another mouth to feed," Charlie reminded her.

"A cow is a cow," his mother said. And Charlie Yellowfoot looked at his mother and knew her wisdom.

So, on the second day after the death of his cow and the third day after the cry of the lynx, Charlie went down the dry gravel road and made his bargain with Bear Claw, the father of innumerable daughters. He thrust out his right hand, from which two fingers were missing after being crushed by a log when the spirit of the forest had punished him for cutting trees, and they sealed the pact with the white man's sign, the shaking of hands.

Charlie Yellowfoot went back home with the fourth daughter following him, and he spoke no word and neither did she. Then he went to his trap line and took in his traps and watched the beavers work near the pond in the river. He thought of his mother with her toothless gums and Bear Claw's cow which would give good milk, and he thought of the squaw, fourth daughter of Bear Claw, and of another mouth to feed when winter came. And the spirits de-

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serted him so he became as befuddled as a dog with the fits.

When he arrived at the house, it was late already, and the fourth daughter of Bear Claw had gone. The kitchen was clean, and the gunny sack was gone from the window to make way for a piece of flat cardboard. The supper was warm, and the spirits of the food came to Charlie's nostrils, rich and savory. The beds had been made; the floors had been scrubbed, and a new broom had been made and was hanging from a nail on the wall.

Charlie ate his supper, and when he was done he said, "Another mouth to feed in the cold months of winter, when there is no work and the hunter kills no deer."

His mother grunted. "A great hunter always kills deer."

"Another mouth," Charlie said.

His mother pointed with a clawed hand toward the cupboard. "The squaw, fourth daughter of Bear Claw, saved your pride, Charlie Yellowfoot. She picked up the dime and put it on the shelf, Son of a Chief." And the old woman mumbled and smiled a secret smile. "She has tender hands like the wings of a bird and a voice like the brook and the step of a deer. The voice of the thrush is in her throat."

"Another mouth," Charlie insisted, but his mother's words disturbed him.

THREE days after the death of his cow, Charlie Yellowfoot's house was again visited by April Bear Claw. This time she brought the new cow, and Charlie's mother had milk for her breakfast, warm milk with the spirit of life in it. When Charlie came home from work, it was late. But the fourth daughter of Bear Claw was still at the house, and Charlie watched her movements as she prepared his supper. His mother had spoken the truth, for the deer was in her step. She hummed as she cooked, very low, very quietly; and the voice of the thrush was in her throat. But because his mother was nearly blind, she had not seen, as Charlie did now, that the spirit of the stars was in April Bear Claw's eyes and the ripeness of summer was on her skin and her lips wore the spirit of the wild cherries in the forest.

"Did you go to the school?" Charlie asked her.

"I went to school," lied the fourth daughter of Bear Claw, and she looked him in the eye and stood like a warrior.

"What do they teach in the school?" Charlie asked her.

And the daughter of Bear Claw remembered the old woman's words and said, "Two plus two equals—" She stopped and let Charlie Yellowfoot say, "Four."

She was wiser than any of the daughters of Bear Claw, and besides she felt strange tremblings when she looked at the tall, strong son of the last of the chiefs.

When the dishes were washed and the floor had been swept once more, Charlie went ahead of April Bear Claw to the road and then through the darkness of the woods toward her home. He would never have admitted that he took her home because he felt she would be afraid of the spirits of the dark. He simply walked in front of her toward her home, and the woods rustled in the breeze that had sprung up in the evening. Behind him, her feet made no sound. Then in the darkness he heard her cry out behind him, heard the sound of her falling. He turned and went back to her but she had risen already. She looked at him, and the spirit of the moonlight came through the trees and touched her face and her eyes with beauty.

Charlie clamped his jaws tight together, and then he said, "The squaw of the son of a chief should not pick up money from the ground." But when he saw the pleasure in her eyes, he was sorry he had said it because he knew she was thinking that it meant he would accept her. So he turned, and they went on until the yellow lights of Bear Claw's house were in sight.

"Another mouth to feed," Charlie said, and he saw her eyes lose the spirit of the sun and cry like the rain. He turned away feeling worse than before and went back through the woods.

To his mother he said, "A great warrior like Charlie Yellowfoot does not need a squaw."

HIS mother made a sound in her throat. She pulled the blanket up tighter, where the girl had straightened and smoothed it for her, and said, "Are you greater than your father, Charlie Yellowfoot? Are you greater than the hunter of bears and killer of moose and the leader of war parties? The last chief of the people—your father—was greater than any, yet he took a wife. Are you the son of your father? Are you great enough to take mouths to feed?"

Never had his mother spoken so sharply to him. "Bear Claw is the man to have squaws," he said.

"No," she answered. "Bear Claw is the man who is afraid to have them. He is the one who would rid himself of them. Great chiefs can take them."

Charlie went out to the barn where the cow was still in the stall. She was a good cow, of a yellow-red color like the autumn leaves, and she chewed her cud with a healthy motion. Then he stood and looked out of the door at the moonlight over the ground and at the light in the window of the house. "April Yellowfoot," Charlie said aloud, for that would be the girl's name when they were married by the minister. Another mouth to feed—but a pretty mouth with the ripeness of wild cherries in it. She had a step of a deer and the voice of a thrush.

He swung out of the barn and started toward the house and suddenly he heard the scream of the lynx in the marsh by the river. His face darkened with foreboding. He thought of what had happened before and wondered if it wasn't perhaps bad even now to bring April Bear Claw to his home. But he remembered the color of her lips and that his mother needed the cow and that he had been through the eighth grade in the school. So he turned his head toward the voice of the lynx and said, "Two plus two equals four." He went to the house and took the sixteen dollars and five cents and went to Bear Claw's.

"Good," Bear Claw said, when he took the money. And his eyes did not blink.

Charlie put his hat back on, and as he turned there was April Bear Claw standing near the door, with her belongings in a bag at her side. Her lips were like cherries and the spirit of the lynx moved in Charlie's heart, and he wondered if she had had her bag packed before he came.

When they went through the woods again, Charlie fell over the root that had tripped April Bear Claw earlier in the evening. On his feet again, shamefaced, he turned to look at her, and the spirit of the lynx came back to him and they smiled at each other. Then the son of the last chief of the tribe took the bag from his wife-to-be and said, "Two plus two equals four." They went out to the road and turned right toward the minister's house; and the spirit of the lynx went with them through the ripe, ripe moonlight. ▲▲▲

"Now remember, men, the first rule in camouflage is you got to blend perfectly with the immediate surroundings . . ."

COLLIER'S — DICK CAVALLI

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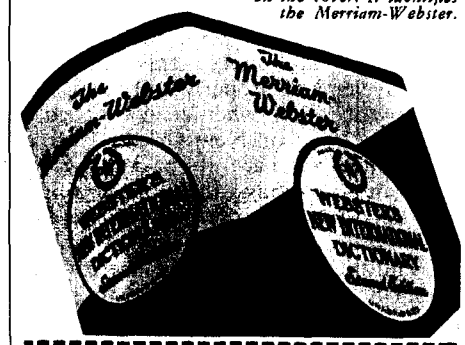

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Ever wonder what clothes to take on a long plane trip? This traveler not only kept his bag under the weight allowance, but had the correct outfit for every occasion

FLY LIGHT

Paul Ehrlich picks up his tickets for a round-trip flight from New York to Paris and Rome. He took enough clothes with him for nine different outfits; and yet his bag weighed less than 40 pounds

In Hotel George V in Paris, managing director Max Blouet looks at entire wardrobe unpacked. Shirts, socks, underwear and robe, containing synthetic fibers, can be washed and dried each night

By BERT BACHARACH

HERE'S the story of a travel test. We wanted to find out how few clothes a man can take with him on a trip to a distant city and still be well dressed. There was no guesswork, no theorizing. We assembled a "Fly Light" wardrobe for a typical air traveler and he took it on actual plane trips to see how it would work out.

The results were eminently satisfactory. Our traveler was properly and handsomely dressed for any occasion, whether in Chicago, San Francisco, New York or New Orleans. Or even Paris and Rome. Yet his fully packed kit bag weighed less than 40 pounds—the luggage weight allowance on domestic air routes. And it was far under the 44-pound allowance for tourist air travel to Europe and the 66-pound allowance for standard overseas flights.

Our test traveler was Paul Ehrlich, a young New York business executive. For the test trips, we outfitted him from head to foot in clothing that can be found in most men's stores. Nothing had to be specially ordered or made.

Here's what we selected:

A charcoal-gray suit, blue suit, sport jacket, pair of shepherd-check slacks, tuxedo, black shoes, brown casual slip-ons, three shirts, sport shirt, two shorts, two undershirts, three pairs of socks, pajamas, robe, slippers, accessories (ties, jewelry and the like), sweater, hat and topcoat.

He wore the gray suit, brown casual slip-ons, topcoat, hat and proper accessories for traveling. The rest—plus toilet kit—he carried in his lightweight kit bag with room to spare.

The secret of the "Fly Light" wardrobe was that the clothes all matched and mixed. In fact, Paul devised nine separate and distinctive outfits with them. And wherever he went he was as well dressed as anyone in sight.

He wore the gray suit for informal daytime occasions, the blue suit for informal dress-up, and the tuxedo for formal dates. At other times he mixed the blue jacket with the gray pants, the blue jacket with the checked slacks, the gray suit jacket with the slacks, the sport jacket with the blue suit pants, the sport jacket with the slacks and the sport shirt with the slacks.

But the clothes were chosen for more than just their versatility. They were selected because they would travel well and could be kept in shape with minimum care. The topcoat was weatherproofed and served well as a raincoat when needed. With its Milium-insulated lining, it was equally comfortable on mild days and cold nights.

The suits, sport jacket and slacks were of man-made fibers mixed with wool—light in weight and so wrinkle-resistant that none required pressing during the trips. Spots could be removed easily and the suits stayed crisp and clean.

The shirts, sport shirt, underwear, hose, pajamas and robe also were made of manufactured fibers and could be washed out in a bathroom basin at night. They dried in three to five hours and needed no ironing.

Paul's wardrobe met all sartorial demands both on flights within the United States and a longer jaunt to Rome and Paris on Pan American Airways' "Rainbow" flight, which has a 44-pound luggage allowance. Not once was he at a loss for the proper clothes.

The "Fly Light" wardrobe also had a couple of other advantages. The extra space in the kit bag came in handy for packing Paul's purchases during his trips. And Paul could still easily carry his own bag in places where porters were not too readily available.

Fly light and you lighten your travel problems, too. ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS WILD AND FREDERICO GAROLLA

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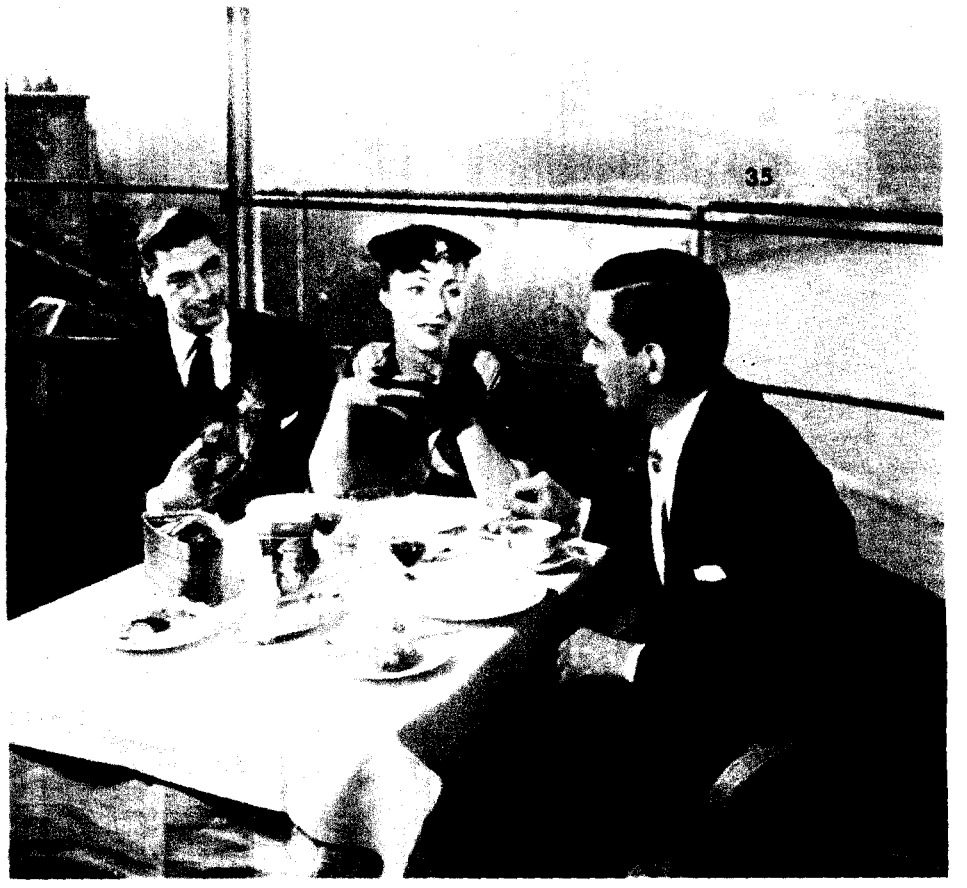
Patricia, a Jacques Fath model, shows Paul the Arc de Triomphe. He wears coat from charcoal-gray suit with shepherd-check slacks



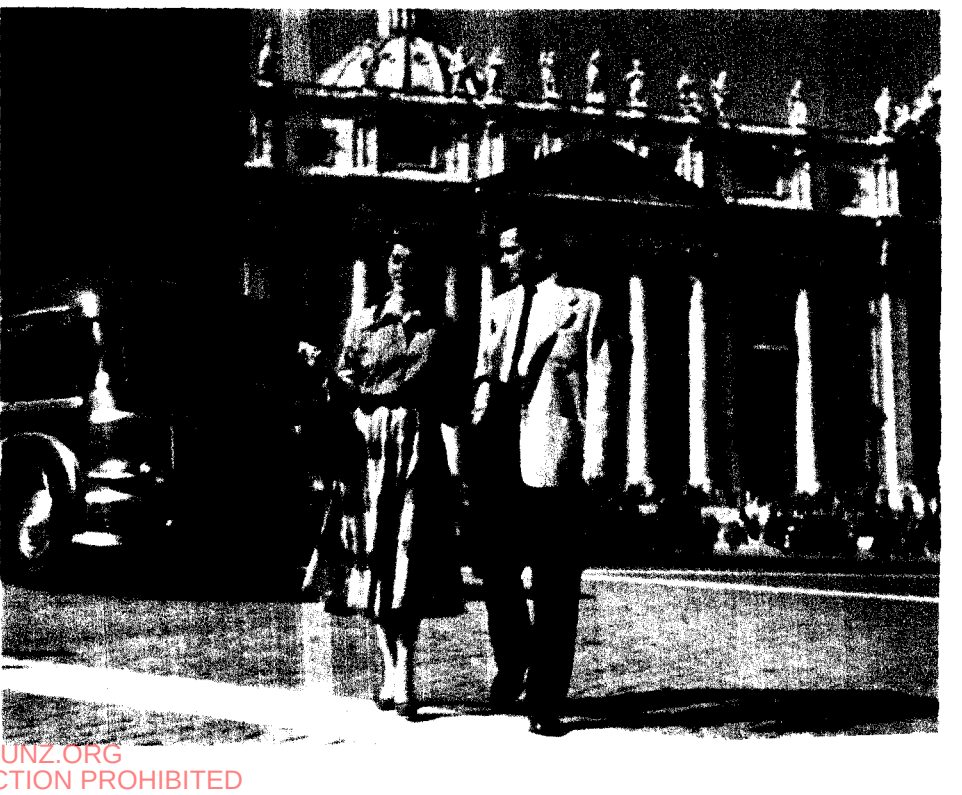
Paul, in blue suit, lunches at Paris's Tour d'Argent with model Marie Eve, proprietor Claude Terail. Notre Dame Cathedral in background

Blue suit coat comes in handy as blazer with the slacks when Paul goes shopping in Place Vendome with Schiaparelli model Ghiglaine

Paul takes American Joan Whalen, a model for Hubert de Givenchy, on formal date to Elephant Blanc, Paris night club. He wears tuxedo

Legend says that dropping a coin in Rome's Fountain of Trevi will assure visitor's return to city. Paul wears sport shirt with his slacks

Wearing sport jacket with pants from blue suit, Paul strolls through the Piazzo San Pietro in Vatican City with top Italian model Loridana



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THE WRONG WAY TO WIN A WAR

There is a moment when even the most reluctant civilian becomes a soldier, and gives everything he has to be a good one. . . . A story of combat in Korea

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They were all running wildly. Aylward wondered why the men in the woods were not firing. His feet hit hard on the beginning of the upward slope, and he heard the first shots

By JOHN GODEY

EXCEPT for the loss of Sergeant Piccone, the lieutenant reflected, the mission of the patrol, such as it was, had been accomplished without serious mishap. And he was no more than grudgingly thankful that "loss" did not carry its usual tragic connotation. It meant simply that the sergeant had been misplaced and must be found before they could return to base.

Personally, Lieutenant Aylward didn't give a damn if the sergeant was never found. Nor, for that matter, did he care if his searchers, who were starting to fan out into the woods, beating the brush noisily like so many Boy Scouts hunting for a strayed child, all managed to get lost too. Indeed, it could only benefit mankind in general, the Army specifically, and Lieutenant Aylward in bright particular, if the entire patrol, together with Sergeant Piccone, should fall into some convenient hole and vanish forever. He shrugged his carbine from his shoulder, cradled it in the crook of his arm, and watched in silent rage as his little squad clumped heavily into the dappled foliage. It occurred to him, with that feeling of helpless exasperation which the past weeks had hardened into a permanent mood, that his men would doubtless balance the finding of the sergeant by losing some major item of government issue; probably, if they ran true to form, the most expensive and critical.

He regretted not having ordered Ostermuller to leave the BAR behind when he went off.

They were out of sight now in the brush, but not out of earshot. The woods resounded with the clamor of laughter and curses and an occasional loud shout.

"Piccone! Hey, Mario, where the hell you at!"

"Sarge! Hey, Sarge!"

"Come out, jerk, come out, come out, wherever you are. . . ."

Aylward winced, as much for the unsoldierly nature of the sounds as for the utter disregard of the ordinary discipline of silence, and thought: If there is a Red formation anywhere within a ten-mile radius, they'll think they've trapped an entire company. The notion was suddenly startling, and it alerted him to a troubled awareness of his responsibilities. He brushed aside his irritation and gazed about him at the brutal Korean terrain, studying it with professional attention to detail.

To the left, wearyingly familiar, were the inevitable rice paddies. His mind automatically registered the fact that they were reasonably protected from a surprise attack in that quarter. Directly behind him was a culvert, now dry, which must once have served as a drainage ditch for the rice paddies. Beyond the culvert, continuing southward, were the miles of dusty, sparse farmland they had traversed earlier to reach this point. His mind veered away abruptly from the possibility that an enemy patrol might have managed to circle and slip behind them.

TO HIS right, perhaps a hundred yards off, was a high, freakish bluff. Its face was perpendicular and unbroken except for a broad, rock-strewn cleft in the center, which ran up at a twenty-degree gradient for a distance of about two hundred feet before it ended raggedly against the sheer continuation of the wall. The cut obviously represented an attempt, which had been abandoned, to quarry the bluff. Aylward noted a breastwork of boulders two thirds of the way up, marked it automatically as a beautiful defensive position, and turned again toward the wood. There was no longer any sound to be heard within it.

He shifted his carbine and fretted and felt sorry for himself. Although he was hardened in the ways of the Army and knew that the shuffle of the cards was sometimes of necessity bizarre, he resented being dealt from the bottom of a marked deck. The fact that he might have avoided the role did not lessen his indignation at finding himself the chaperon of the lousiest six in the lousiest squad in the lousiest platoon, in the lousiest company. . . .

If he experienced an inward twinge at this inversion of the familiar litany of service *esprit de corps*, he could vindicate himself with the reminder that it was an invention of the men themselves, who exploited it constantly with a kind of sour, defiant masochism. That they actually took pride in their own ineptitude seemed to Aylward the most conclusively revolting fact of all.

He had probed himself repeatedly, searchingly, to determine whether he must accept some part of the failure as his own. It was difficult to be objective, but he knew he could say of himself fairly that at least he was not a martinet, not a snob, not an idolator of the military mind. At twenty-four he was a year or two older than his men. Like them, he was a reluctantly transplanted civilian; the ROTC training which had started him on the way up to his commission was, in his university, compulsory. But he believed in facing necessity squarely, and he had made of himself as capable a soldier as it was within his power to be.

The Army had tried to do as much for the men, but they had deliberately refused the gambit. They defied all attempts to do so, derided them, and took pleasure in their ignorance and incompetence. The lousiest six in the lousiest squad, in the lousiest platoon. . . . They had begun by bewildering him and ended by defeating him. He believed now that they were a different breed from anything he had ever known.

He stiffened as a bright, moving patch flashed behind the greenery. It grew larger and became a figure pushing aside the boughs of a scrubby

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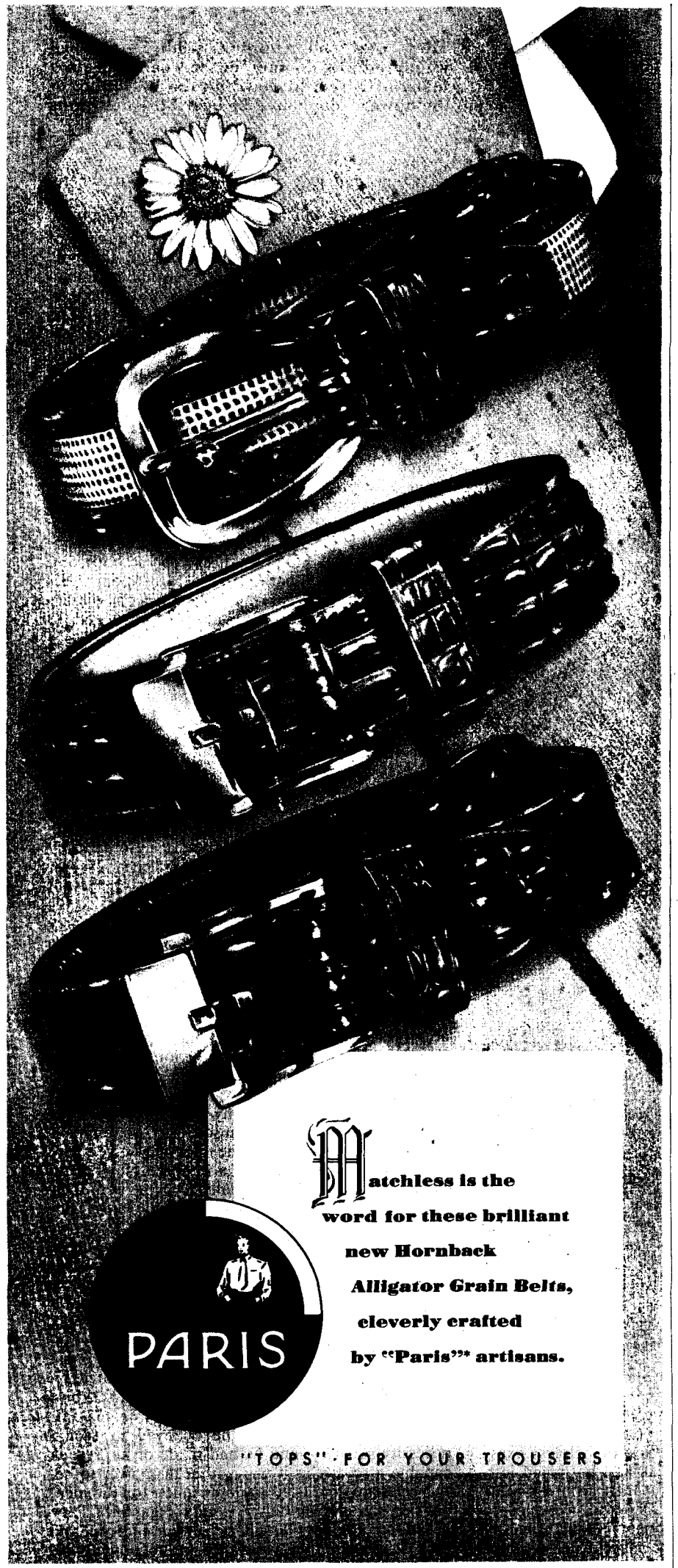

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tree and stepping out into the open. He recognized Sergeant Piccone.

The sergeant blinked in the bright, cold sunlight, then lifted his hand in a sign of recognition and started forward at a dogtrot, his raincoat, looped loosely through his cartridge belt, flapping against his rump at each step.

He was dark and wiry, with an air of fierce but meaningless intensity, and he had the wrinkled, starved face of a jockey. He looked at Aylward with sulky accusation. "What's the idea going and getting lost on me?" he said.

Aylward was not in the least surprised that Piccone—who owed his rating not to any superiority over the others, but to an inflexible Table of Organization, which insisted that so many sergeancies *must* be distributed—had decided everybody had gotten lost but him. It was the way they were. Nothing was ever their fault; it was the fault of someone else, of secret enemies, of a discriminatory fate. He was silent, because he knew there was no use in trying to change the sergeant's mind.

"We must have been three miles deep in them woods," Sergeant Piccone said, aggrieved. "I had a hell of a time finding my way out. I had to shoot an azimuth." He pronounced it "azmut."

Aylward said in surprise, without intent to be ironic, "You really did? And it got you here?"

"It sure didn't get me to Michigan Avenue," the sergeant said. "Where's the rest of the gang?"

"Where are the *men*," Aylward corrected him. And then he thought: I'm just being technical; the sergeant is right—gang. "I sent them into the woods to look for you," he said.

The sergeant groaned. "You want I should go back after them?"

"My God, no!" Aylward said.

"I know them guys. They'll get lost again. There ain't one of them clowns knows how to shoot . . . an azimuth."

LATER Aylward was to remember, with something like childish wonder, that the rifleshot rang out precisely at the instant that the sergeant pronounced the word "shoot," and that he had paused momentarily, less in surprise than in annoyance at the interruption, before going on to finish his sentence. Now there was another shot, two, three—and the sergeant turned pale in belated comprehension. Aylward pushed the safety of his carbine on "fire" and started forward. Three men erupted from the woods on a dead run. Lieutenant Aylward ran toward them. "Where's Ostermuller? Where's Gillis?" he shouted.

They flung out their hands in the direction of the woods, without slackening their pace, and dodged around him. As Aylward ran on, there were more shots, and then he saw Gillis burst out of the woods. Behind him came Ostermuller laboring under the heavy and awkward burden of the BAR. Aylward saw them lower their heads in redoubled effort. Gillis drew ahead, and went by Aylward in the direction taken by Wilson, Marchese and Szymanowski. Aylward ran forward to meet Ostermuller, then reversed, and, running abreast of him with the tentative step of a relay runner awaiting the passing of the baton, swooped down for the muzzle of the BAR. Instinctively, using his hold on the BAR as a lever, he bore to the left, in the direction of the bluff. But the others were tumbling into the culvert straight ahead, and he veered back into line.

They were within five yards of the culvert when the first rifleshots rang out, and on its lip when a machine gun began its ferocious stutter. Aylward fell forward, dragging Ostermuller after him, and they sprawled joltingly on top of the others, the BAR wrenched from their grasp. Aylward rolled over on his knees, and cautiously peeked at the woods, over the wall of the culvert.

The culvert erupted with the sound of voices. They were all talking at once, angry and frightened. "Reds . . . We come up on their bivouac . . . Must be a hundred . . . Lucky we seen them . . . Sentry fired and we ran."

Aylward stared at the dark line of the woods for what seemed a long time before he detected any movement. A bush swayed gently, imperceptibly, but its movement was against the wind. He nestled his cheek against the stock of the carbine. Suddenly the culvert exploded in a thunderous fury. It took Aylward a stunned five seconds to realize that the squad was letting go with everything they had, five M-1s and the BAR pouring out fire, empty cartridge cases flipping out into the trench.

"Cease fire!" he bellowed. "Damn you, cease fire!"

HIS rage stopped them. The storm of fire ended with the same abruptness with which it had begun. Glaring, Aylward turned, and at that instant Wilson stood upright. Aylward hurled himself forward, the helmet on his lowered head taking Wilson viciously at the knees and bringing him down. From the woods, the machine gun, too late, ripped off a short, ugly burst.

Lying sprawled across Wilson's legs, Aylward shouted, "You crazy idiot!"

Wilson pointed a shaking finger at him. "You assaulted me. I got witnesses. Striking an enlisted man. Wait'll the inspector general hears about this."

Aylward's indignation choked in him and became a wild strangulated laugh. He checked it abruptly and rolled over to the forward wall of the culvert. He studied the woods. The foliage was bright green in the sun, and the floor dappled, before it gave way to dark, motionless shadows. He turned away from it and looked at the men.

His voice was quiet, calm, but he could not quite filter out the overtone of grim satisfaction: "They're shooting live rounds at us, you know."

Gillis reeled off a string of obscene and meaningless epithets, then subsided. In the silence that followed, the sound of breathing was like that of a cageful of cornered animals. They stared at him numbly, their faces blank.

"We're going to do our best to make a fight of it," Aylward continued. "What you should have learned in basic training, and didn't, you're going to have to learn now, under fire. And if you don't, I'll kill you myself. Any questions?"

There was a stirring of comprehension—nods, one or two "yeahs" and even a frightened "yes, sir."

After a moment he went on crisply. "First, we're going to try to set up some sort of effective firing line. Before long, we should be able to establish their number."

"At least two platoons, Lieutenant," Szymanowski said earnestly.

Ostermuller snorted. "I seen them. It's a whole company."

The discussion became general, and the ante was raised with each new estimate. Aylward silenced them with a curt command and gave brisk orders for the disposal of his little force. He set up the BAR in the center of the line, with Szymanowski, as assistant, to Ostermuller's left. Wilson and Gillis were

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also stationed at the left, Piccone and Marchese to the right of the BAR.

"Okay," Aylward said. "Keep under cover and *don't fire* until I give the command. When you get the order to fire, pick an individual target. And remember, hold your breath and squeeze the trigger, don't pull or jerk on it."

These were the elementary things, he thought, that they should have known at the end of their first month of basic training. It was doubtful that they had learned them or, in the short span left to them, ever would. It occurred to him, as he squinted up at the cool blue of the sky, that he would probably be dead before the day was over. It was not a prospect he could contemplate with equanimity. As a line officer of company grade, he was accustomed to admit to himself the eventuality—if not, normally, the inevitability—of dying in battle. But it seemed too bad a man couldn't choose the company in which to die; and it seemed a useless waste to die because a sergeant had got lost. But then, if the sergeant hadn't got lost, some other misfortune would have occurred.

Many months ago, when he had joined his new outfit, almost from his very first week as leader of the second platoon of Able Company, he had never doubted the association would end in disaster.

Lieutenant Aylward had seen combat within two months of the commitment of American field forces to action in Korea. He had fought hard on both sides of the 38th parallel and in the drab, ruined streets of Seoul, and had been a mile or two from the Yalu River when he was wounded. A shell fragment had hit him in the back and lodged close to one of the lumbar vertebrae. He had been flown back to Tokyo. After the operation, which successfully removed the fragment; after his convalescence; after the vexing and anomalous period of rehabilitation—which combined the most tedious aspects of both hospitalization and active duty—he had been sifted into the replacement pipe line and assigned to his present outfit. It had already been alerted for Korea.

Other than a nagging premonition which he had set down to nerves, Aylward had had no real reason for misgivings. Outside of marching from one end of Camp Drake to the other at the head of the second platoon of Able Company on its dreary pre-embarkation rounds of medics, finance, orientation and supply—and observing that its members rated low from the standpoint of housekeeping and military courtesy—he wasn't able to take their measure in any important respect. But full knowledge was not long in coming, after they moved into their new base in a reserve area south of the then static front. It was the period of endless but still hopeful negotiation at Panmunjom. To keep the men occupied, the battalion S-3 had organized a month-long program reviewing the basic infantry training. For Aylward, this was a staggering experience.

AFTER a week, and at the end of a hideous day in which the platoon had committed every conceivable error—and a few that were quite inconceivable—in the execution of a simple problem in extended-order drill, Aylward threw in the sponge. The moment the platoon fell out, he hunted up the company commander.

"You're out of a National Guard outfit, Lieutenant?" the Old Man asked.

"Sir," Aylward said forcefully, "it's like living a nightmare. They can't drill, they can't march and they can't shoot. They don't try, don't care—"

"—and they don't even speak a language you can understand?"

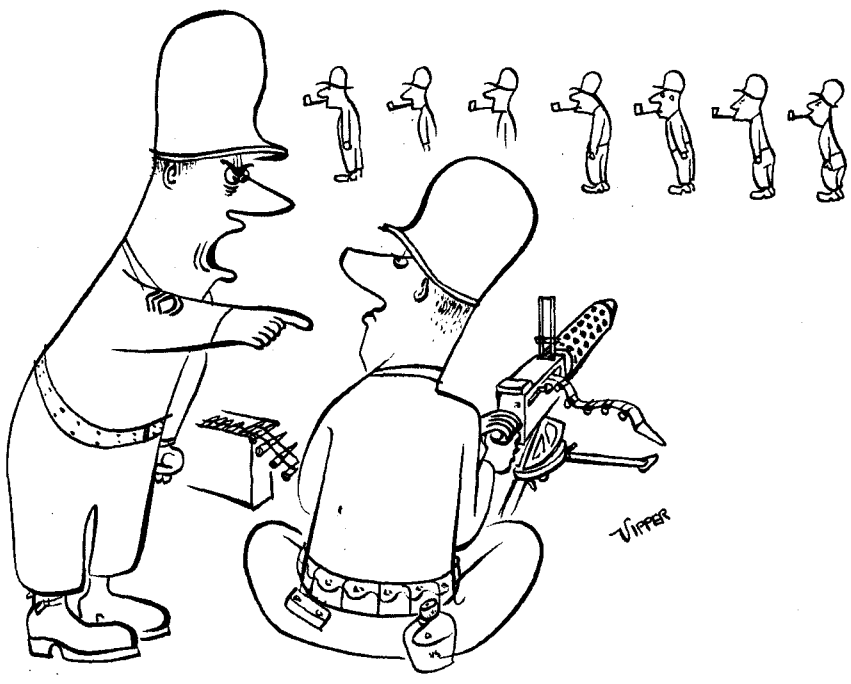
"What are they?" Aylward asked in genuine perplexity. "Imbeciles?"

"They're troops," the Old Man said somewhat sharply. "They're the citizens army. And they're our responsibility, Lieutenant."

Aylward said, "Sir, I'd like to request a transfer."

The Old Man said slowly, "They're out of the big cities, the slums. They've been aware of enemies ever since they were old enough to walk. The cop on the beat, the schoolteacher, the priest—they regard anyone with authority as an antagonist. Now they've got a new enemy, the Army. They're fighting it in the best way they know, denying it, re-

VIP'S WAR



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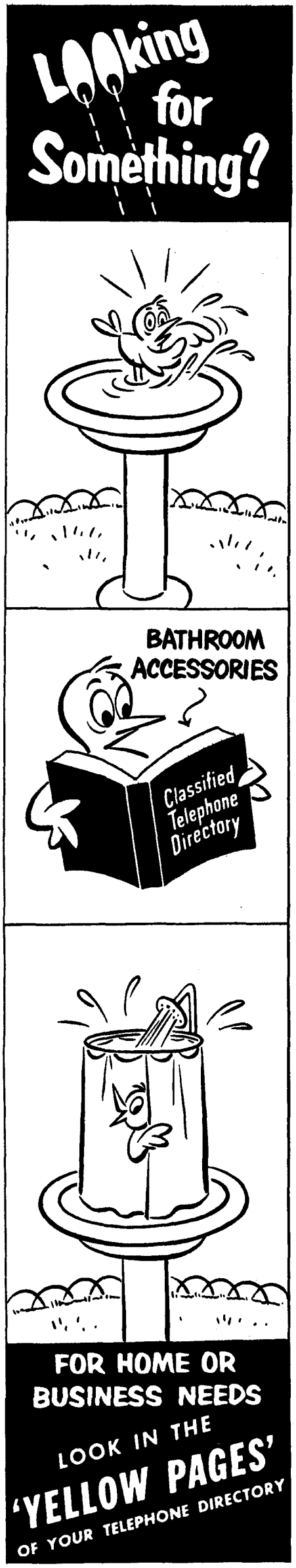

sisting it, refusing to become a part of it. They won't learn to shoot or drill or march, simply because the enemy, authority, wants them to. We have to show them the Army isn't their enemy."

Aylward said doggedly, "Captain, I'm sorry, I'd like to request a transfer out."

"I won't endorse it, Lieutenant," the Old Man said. "I can't spare you."

Aylward shook his head hopelessly. "I can't fathom what makes them tick, and I never will. They're approximately my own age, they're my own generation, but they come from another planet. There's no way I can get through to them."

The Old Man picked up a batch of morning reports from the field desk and shuffled them aimlessly. "All right. I'll tell you what I'll do for you. You've had a pretty bad wound, I understand. They're looking for an adjutant over at regiment. I'll endorse a request for—"

"No, thank you," Alyward said grimly. "I'm a field soldier."

The Old Man grinned. "Do your best, Lieutenant. You have my sympathy. Make soldiers out of them"—he looked up and met Aylward's eye—"or something," he concluded lamely.

AYLWARD saluted and went away. In a daze, he wandered back to the second platoon area. There was a crap game in progress, noisy with bickering, with the loud, intense, hard-bitten cries of the bettors. Beside the road, in a cluster, lay the Lousiest Six, their heads pillowed on their clumsy packs, their lips curled in permanent sneers as they gazed up at the unoffending sky in quintessential disgust.

One of them sat up, and Aylward recognized Private Marchese. He had the smooth olive skin, the round face and the narrow, clever eyes of a Renaissance intriguer. "Got a military-type argument for you to settle, Lieutenant," he said.

Aylward stopped. He said warily, "What's the problem?"

"It's a little discussion between me and the Brain." The nickname was their sardonic tribute to the ponderous, slow-thinking Ostermuller. "You know in military hygiene where it tells what steps should be taken when you close up a bivouac?"

"Yes?"

"Ostermuller don't believe me."

Aylward looked at Marchese's earnest face, and he bit. "Well, what steps do you—"

"Why, thirty-inch steps, Lieutenant," Marchese said innocently.

The men on the ground burst into laughter, harsh and derisive, a laughter, Aylward thought bitterly, that was meant to sting, to wound its object. Marchese did not abandon his solemnity. He continued to regard Aylward blandly, but his eyes were mocking.

Standing at the end of the mess line in the fading twilight, Aylward questioned himself at length. Where had he failed? Why had he been unable to win their trust and affection? How had he earned their abiding scorn? He had tried to be a good officer, to impart to them his knowledge and experience, to share their hardships, to be just, to be friendly, to be kindly or paternally severe as the occasion demanded. But he had been unable to penetrate their tough, city-bred defenses. They regarded him as their enemy, as their prey. Their private name for him was "Cornball." For all his pains, he was a cornball, a square, a yokel from some tiny burg out in California.

Marchese, going by him, carrying his laden mess kit, said softly, "Thirty-inch steps," and behind him, the others —Wilson, Gillis, Szymanowski, Piccone, Ostermuller—laughed raucously, woundingly.

In the culvert, Aylward, peering steadily at the green curtain of the woods, thought he detected a flutter in the branches of a stunted tree. The flutter spread, like a ripple on water, and beside him a constricted voice rose in a frantic scream: "Here they *come!*"

The brownish uniforms sprouted like strange blossoms in the green of the foliage, then broke clear, already on the run. Aylward reckoned their number at thirty. They came in two wings, leaving the center vacant for their machine-gun and rifle fire. They ran bent at the waist, heads lowered, yelling shrilly, their bayonets fixed.

Aylward, tracking a running figure with his carbine, shouted hoarsely, *"Fire!"* and the sound was wrenched from his throat and drowned in the roar of gunfire. He heard the steady ripping sound of the BAR, and he thought: The damn' fool should be firing in short bursts; he'll use up all the ammo, or cause a stoppage. He concentrated on his own shooting, working the carbine coolly, seeing each successive target loom up larger in the sights.

They had covered slightly more than half the distance to the culvert when they wavered, suddenly reversed their field, and raced back toward the woods in a frantic retreat. A wild, triumphant shout rose from the culvert. Aylward calmly sighted on a fleeing Red, and the man fell forward at the edge of the woods. Then they were all gone, and there was nothing to be seen but the still-quivering foliage.

"Cease fire!"

The patrol was shooting with unabated fury at nothing. He shouted again and again, and at last was forced to crawl the length of the culvert on his hands and knees, screaming at each one individually, tugging at their clothing, before they would stop. They slumped back from the wall and stared at one another in a daze. The machine gun in the woods fired a series of frenzied bursts, as though in frustrated rage, and then ceased.

Aylward counted six bodies lying in the dust. The attack had begun and ended in less than a minute.

In the culvert, the squad was celebrating a victory bigger than Waterloo, bigger than Agincourt or Gettysburg. When they had finished shouting and laughing and pummeling one another, they began to sound off individually.

Wilson said, "So this is combat. It's easier than shooting on the transition range. And you don't even have to police up your brass."

Gillis scoffed at him. "Listen to old Maggie's drawers. We got them all, between me and the lieutenant."

Ostermuller said, "You guys give me a pain. Me and Shimmy knocked them off with the Browning."

"Right," Szymanowski said. "We mowed them down." He was a heavy-set Pole, with a thatch of thick blond hair that was his especial pride.

Marchese sneered. "Nobody hit nothing. They all died from the measles."

"Hey, Lieutenant," Gillis said, "lend me your knife so's I can notch my gun. I mean"—his sharp Celtic features became mock-penitent—"I mean my rifle, or piece. Never call it a gun."

OSTERMULLER said in his slow, rumbling voice, "I don't get a Silver Star out of this, I quit."

"Sure, you quit," Wilson said. "With a Section Eight you quit."

"Section Four," Marchese said. "Section Eight is for whole wits."

Sergeant Piccone screwed his gnomish face around to Aylward. "Why'n't you tell us it was this easy, Loot? Up to now you had us real worried."

Aylward did not bother to disillusion them. But he knew how lucky they had been. If the Reds had not turned back, they could not have failed to overrun the culvert. He thought it possible that they might have lost heart because the leader of the charge might have fallen. Or, more likely, they had not counted on facing a BAR, and the unexpected firepower had panicked them. In either case, they would not again risk a frontal attack.

"Do be more aggressive. Don't back away so fast"

COLLIER'S KIRK

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What came next would not be so easy. He had a fair notion of what it would be.

It was nearly an hour since the enemy attack had been repulsed, and Aylward's nerves were jumping. To be sure, time—up to a certain point—was in their favor. But they had to stay alive to profit by it, hoping that the Old Man might eventually send out a searching party for them. Damn the Old Man anyway, he thought, recalling his own misgivings about the patrol and the Old Man's assurance that, in such a quiet sector, their chances of encountering any Reds were negligible. It had been the Old Man's notion that a recon mission in a "safe" area might have a bracing effect on half a dozen or so of the poorest soldiers in the platoon. As a theory, it had sounded fine. Too bad the Reds hadn't co-operated. And Aylward regretted the simple honesty which had led him to choose the lousiest six. The presence of even one competent rifleman would have been a comfort.

HE COULDN'T understand what was taking the enemy so long. It was too much to hope that they would overlook so obvious a move. They had only to send half their force to their right, under cover of the woods, emerge in the rice paddies, and then advance cautiously into range and enfilade the culvert. The force in the woods would keep the men in the culvert pinned in place, and they would be sitting ducks for the enfilading fire.

Wilson addressed him: "Hey, Lieutenant, we going to stay in this smelly hole all day?"

"You have a suggestion for getting out of it?" he asked mildly.

"Me? I'm just a cog in the machine. You're the big leader. You make the suggestions."

They let loose their coarse, wounding laughter.

Szymanowski said, "Better hurry, Lieutenant, or we'll be late for mail call."

Marchese laughed. "You're a dumbbell, Shimmy. Today's the day you get a Dear John letter from your girl."

Szymanowski took offense. Marchese, his slanted eyes half closed in contempt, goaded him. The argument rose in pitch, and Aylward turned in exasperation to silence them. But his glance went by them, above them, and he saw a group of Reds running out into the farthest of the rice paddies. There were between fifteen and twenty of them. The mud of the paddy slowed them down, but their advance was steady, and they did not take cover because they were out of effective rifle range. There was a yell from behind him; he turned to see Gillis put his rifle to his shoulder and squeeze off three shots. The line of Reds disappeared.

Gillis was ecstatic. "I knocked down the whole blanking line of them!"

"They're too far away," Aylward said wearily. "Hold your fire."

The Reds rose up in the paddy and came on again, treading on the green rice shoots, lifting their feet heavily out of the suction of water and mud.

Marchese, breathing hard, said, "They can shoot right down the alley."

There was no sound now in the culvert as the squad crowded forward, fascinated by the slow, deliberate advance across the paddies. As they watched, one of the brown figures gave a signal, and the Reds dropped suddenly out of sight. They were approaching effective range now.

Aylward threw a brooding look at the high bluff to his right and made his decision. They would have to try to make a run for it. They would be sitting ducks for the machine gun and rifles concealed behind the foliage, but anything was better than remaining where they were, trapped in a ditch.

Piccone let out a sudden exclamation. "I got an idea, Lieutenant!"

"Yes?" Aylward said absently.

"We can't get away because them guys in the woods got us pinned down. So why don't I toss a grenade—"

"Too far." Aylward shook his head. "If we had a grenade launcher— But you can't *throw* a grenade that far."

"Maybe *you* can't," Piccone said pointedly. "Because you toss them according to the book." He aped the shot-put-like lob that was standard procedure for throwing a grenade. "Who the hell could throw anything like that? But if I haul off—"

"Don't throw it like a baseball," Aylward said, mechanically echoing the phrase used in training. He shook his head again. "You can't throw a grenade that distance. Even if you could, it would go off in midair."

"You never been in a rock fight," Piccone said earnestly. "When I was a kid, I was always in rock fights, and I got a great reputation for an arm. Maybe it goes off in the air if you throw it on a fly—"

"Parabola," Aylward corrected.

"But you let go a clothesline peg—"

Aylward started to say no, but didn't. Instead, he said, "Okay, Sergeant, let's give it a try. All of you, pay attention." They were to wait for the grenade to go off, whether in the woods or in the air (he did not trouble to reassert the certainty that it would be in the air), and at the instant of burst they were to leave the culvert and make for the cleft in the bluff, not stopping until they reached the breastwork of boulders. He pointed it out to them, tracing with his finger its oblique slant, which brought it in a line roughly parallel to the culvert. They were then, he went on—those of them, if any, who were still alive, he added parenthetically to himself—to hit the ground and stay there. Szymanowski and Ostermuller would carry the BAR. Gillis would carry the BAR bipod. Wilson would carry Szymanowski's rifle.

PICCONE unhooked a grenade and pulled the pin, keeping his fingers tightly curled around the lever. He squirmed his shoulders like a pitcher loosening up, spat on the grenade, and rubbed it up between his hands. Then he shot upright in the culvert, his arm already cocked back, and let loose. From the woods, the machine gun began again. Aylward dragged Piccone down from the forward wall of the culvert, where the momentum of his throw had sent him sprawling.

They did not watch the flight of the grenade, and the burst seemed an incredibly long time in coming. They were out of the ditch before the detonation had ceased, scrambling on hands and knees over the lip of the culvert. Then they were all running, wildly, stumblingly, and Aylward wondered why they were not already dead, why the men in the woods were not firing.

It was not until his feet hit hard on the beginning of the upward slope that he heard the first shots. Beside him, in front of him, the straining efforts of the others seemed agonizingly slow and labored, a losing battle against the pull of gravity. He pounded on doggedly, veered sharply to skirt around a curi-

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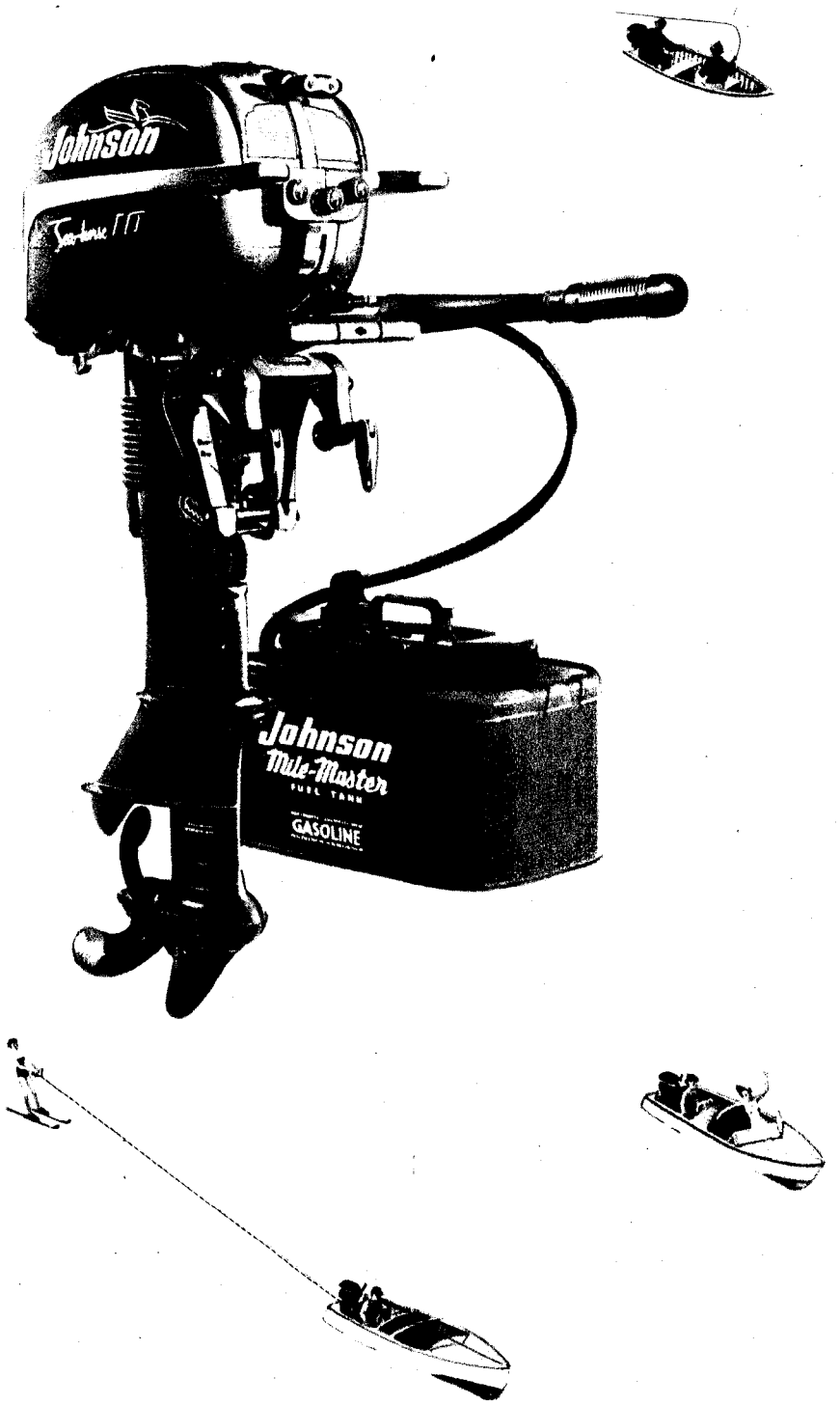

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ous outcropping of rock that formed a shallow cave, and then he was flinging himself at the barrier of rock. He wriggled over it and fell flat, his chest heaving, sucking the air in great gulps. All around him were sounds similar to those he himself was making, the wheezing and squealing of lungs starved for air. He became aware that the machine gun had suddenly started to fire. Bullets were spattering against the protective boulders.

He rolled to his knees and crawled from one to the other of the recumbent, writhing figures. All were present. All were unhurt. He dragged himself to an embrasure in the barrier and peered down. From a flash of movement in the culvert, he realized that it had been taken over by the Reds who had come across the rice paddies. Then he looked at the woods, and he understood why the enemy concealed there had been silent until now. A great ragged gap had been torn in the foliage. The grenade, incredibly, had reached its target.

BEHIND him, Sergeant Piccone's voice, gasping, said: "It ain't for nothing I'm the sergeant in this crummy outfit."

They began to sound off as soon as they had recovered their breath.

"You don't comprehend, Mario," Marchese said. "You got a thick head on you. In training, you would get chewed out for throwing that grenade like a baseball."

"I didn't. I threw it like a rock."

"Like a rock is wrong too. Right, Lieutenant Aylward?"

Aylward flushed, meeting the bland mockery of Marchese's dark eyes. He said stiffly, "I've never felt happier at being proved wrong."

"See?" Marchese said. "You made the lieutenant happy, Mario."

Wilson said admiringly, "How's the old soupbone feel, Mario?"

"Could use a little linnamin for a rubdown. Any you guys got a little linnamin on you?"

"I got some neat's-foot oil," Gillis said. "It works great on rifle slings and rubber arms."

"Wise guy," Piccone said. "It don't pay to be no hero in this smelly outfit."

Szymanowski said, "Don't throw it like a baseball," and emitted a loud guffaw. The others joined in, as though at a signal, and the wild laughter reverberated against the bluff.

There was to be no quarter given, Aylward thought, and perhaps he deserved none. He had cited Scripture, and Piccone had proved that Scripture was wrong. But did this one success wipe out all the previous failures? Wasn't their predicament itself due to a flouting of that same Scripture? He shook his head angrily, as if to dislodge the futile inner argument that engaged him, and, peeking through the barrier, took stock of their new position.

It was evident enough that they were well protected from any but a direct frontal assault. With trained, seasoned troops—he thought wistfully of his old outfit—the position could be defended indefinitely. The many boulders scattered about on the slope of the cleft, potential cover for an attacking force, had to be listed as a debit. But this worried him less than the shallow cave twenty feet below them, which he had noticed on his upward dash. It was spacious enough for three or four men, and they would be protected from fire above.

A patch of brown moved along the culvert, but he did not fire. It was too difficult a target to warrant expending even a single round of their dwindling ammunition. He glanced at his watch. Now time had changed sides; it was their deadly enemy. There was perhaps an hour and a half left before darkness. Under cover of night, there was no way of holding the Reds off. Piccone squeezed in beside him. "What you looking at, Loot?"

Aylward indicated the shelf and pointed out its invulnerability to fire from the angle of their position.

"Stop worrying," Piccone said confidently. "Any Reds get up in there, I bomb them with a grenade. We're saved. Piccone does it again."

Aylward did not bother to disillusion him. He knew that the horizontal slope of the shelf extended far enough outward to afford ample protection from a grenade burst.

Ostermuller, his brow furrowed in concentration, said, "I got a better idea. We plant the BAR a little below the cave, behind a rock. Then it don't do them no good to get in there, because the BAR got it covered."

Gillis snorted. "How do you get the BAR down there alive?"

"He asks time out," Wilson said. "No shooting until the BAR is in position."

"This is war," Ostermuller said with dignity. "You want to live forever?"

"The Brain is right," Marchese said solemnly. "He's a military genius." He put out his hand. "Good luck, Brain. I'll put a flower on your grave in Arlington Cemetery."

Ostermuller pondered for a moment, then flung Marchese's hand away from him. "Listen, I ain't the only guy who can fire the BAR. I didn't mean—" He stared in appeal at the circle of somber pitying faces, then turned to Aylward. "What the hell do I know about military tactics? There's a thousand things wrong with the idea. Right, Lieutenant? Tell them it stinks."

Aylward shook his head. "It won't work," he said. Ostermuller let out a great, sighing breath of relief.

Marchese grinned. "Okay, Brain. You just passed up a chance to be a national hero."

WHEN the Reds came, Aylward grudgingly granted them credit for a good measure of intelligent preparation. They had apparently studied the terrain minutely, perhaps even assigned specific points of cover to specific men.

Six or seven of them jumped out of the culvert and raced at top speed across the flat. Meanwhile, every rifle in the culvert, as well as the machine gunner and other survivors of the grenade burst in the woods, directed a withering fire at the breastwork of boulders. The squad fired excitedly and erratically, Aylward included, and the attackers made the base of the slope without a casualty, losing themselves behind the rocks that strewed the cleft.

Aylward ordered cease fire. They had missed their opportunity to stop the sortie in its tracks. The next phase would be critical. He had not failed to note that the attacking Reds carried grenades at their belts, and he had little doubt that their objective was to gain the shelter of the rock overhang.

He felt a tap on his shoulder. "I can get one of them down there, Loot." It was Wilson.

Aylward shook his head. "A waste of ammo. They're too well covered."

Wilson pointed out a formation of rocks in the shape of a rough parallelogram. "I can get the guy in there."

"A bullet travels in a straight line.

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You can't hit him if you can't see him."

Wilson tilted his head to one side. "You ever play pool, Loot?"

Aylward was inclined to wonder if Wilson had ever done anything else, but he simply repeated, "If you can't see him, you can't hit him."

"Like I say," Wilson said serenely, "if you ever played pool, you know how to play a bank shot. Instead of you shoot the ball straight into the hole, you bank it off the cushion."

"I get it," Piccone said. "Ricochet. He's going to ricochet a bullet in a bank shot off the rock."

They were challenging Scripture again. But hadn't they earned that right? Aylward nodded, as much in affirmative reply to his own question as to Wilson, and said, "Okay. Three tries."

"You got a bet," Wilson said gaily. "Eight ball in the side pocket."

Wilson sighted, and the squad clustered around him, shouting encouragement. He fired, and Aylward heard the shell ricochet. He thought he detected a flash of brown behind the rock.

Wilson was shaking his head. "Figured the angle a little wrong." He fired again and was still for a moment, watching his target. "A shade too much English on that one."

"Your last shot," Aylward said.

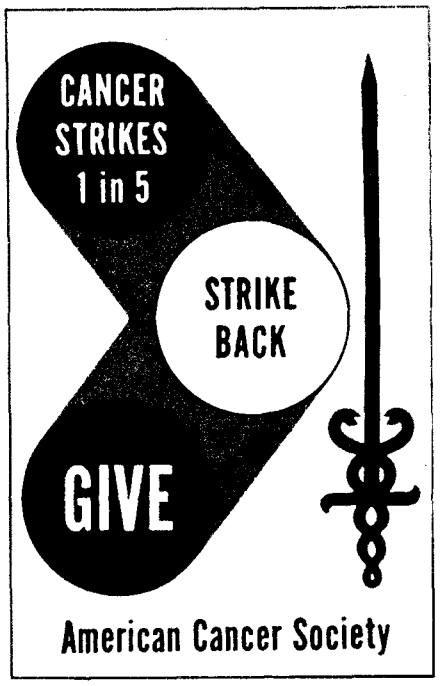
Marchese said coldly, "Don't disturb the shooter, please."

Wilson sighted carefully and squeezed the trigger. There was a sudden scream, and after a moment an arm appeared, palm up, as if flung out in some final spasm from the shelter of the rock.

Wilson rolled over on his back. "Eight ball in the side pocket," he said, grinning. "Made the shot."

AYLWARD did not expect the Reds' maneuver: it took him by surprise. As the six men on the slope abandoned concealment and started their dash upward, another wave leaped out of the culvert and ran forward. The maneuver was nicely designed to divert and scatter the concentration of the defenders, and by the time he had fathomed its intention, he knew with dismay that it would succeed. He sensed the squad's confusion. He screamed an order to concentrate on the first wave, pumping his own carbine furiously, but he knew it was too late. He saw three of the brown-clad figures hurl themselves forward into the shelter of the overhang.

At the moment that he gave the command to cease fire, he heard, close beside him, the thump of a bullet into



flesh, followed by a gasp and the heavy sound of a falling body. He turned away from the barrier.

Their luck, which had been very good thus far, had evened out now, Aylward thought. Gillis was lying doubled up, his knees drawn in to his stomach, his fingers clawing at his side. Ostermuller was sitting down, his big hands clasped over one knee. Beyond him, Wilson was slowly folding a handkerchief to his bleeding face. The others seemed to be unhurt. The Reds had made amends, Aylward thought, not only for their previous stupidity, but for their bad shooting as well.

He knelt beside Gillis, tearing at his first-aid pack. He pried gently at Gillis' fingers, not looking at the sharp, pale face twisted with pain, and pulled up his fatigue shirt. He found the wound, an ugly hole between the ribs. As he was fixing the compress in place, Gillis gave a long, weary sigh, and his eyes rolled upward into his head. Aylward picked up his wrist and felt the pulse. Satisfied, he quickly completed his bandage and covered it with Gillis' shirt. He crept over to Ostermuller, who sat with his head down, his eyes leaden with pain as Szymanowski worked on his wound. His kneecap had been smashed. Wilson had been creased just below the ear, and there had been a good deal of blood, but he was not badly hurt.

Marchese, working over Wilson, said in a finicky voice, "If there's anything I can't stand, it's the sight of an enlisted man's blood. Officers' stuff is nice and blue, and it don't smell. Right, Lieutenant? Your blood stinks, Wilson!"

In his mind's eye, Aylward could visualize the three Red soldiers in the shallow cave beneath the ledge. He saw them flattened against the wall, unhooking the grenades from their cartridge belts, peering toward the culvert, where their commander, like an artillery observer, would signal "overs" and "unders" and nurse them in on their target. He knew exactly the motion they would make when they were ready, extending an arm out at full length, crooking it sharply at the elbow as they lobbed the grenade back and up on a high looping arc—unless he could stop them.

AND so his decision was taken calmly, and without hesitation, because that was the only way such a decision could be taken. There was no reasonable hope of success. He did not expect success. It was simply something that had to be done, because in his life he had somehow absorbed the lesson that dying was less important than *how* you died.

He heard Gillis moan. He crept quickly to him, raised his head, and tilted his canteen to his lips. Gillis drank thirstily, then clutched at his sleeve. "Tell me the truth, Loot," Gillis said hoarsely. "Am I dying?"

Aylward shook his head firmly. "It's a nasty one, but you'll be okay."

"Will I be evacuated back to Japan?"

Szymanowski snorted. "A flesh wound. They'll vulcanize it and have you back in the line in a week."

Piccone said, "Where's the justice? He'll get three months in Japan out of it. Because he's too stupid to duck a bullet."

Ostermuller groaned loudly. "He ain't the only guy wounded. My knee is shot off. I'll never dance again."

Marchese said, "Wilson here is the luckiest of all. So they shot his ear off. So what? Every time he loses a piece of that face, his looks get improved."

Aylward said casually, "I'm going to want a big demonstration of firepower in a couple of minutes. I want it really poured on. Ostermuller, do you think you can work the BAR?"

"I can't rest no weight on the knee. I may wobble a little bit, but I guess I can handle it."

"Wilson?" Aylward said. "You okay?"

Wilson nodded, then grumbled, "You don't even get no relief in this Army when you're wounded."

"Gillis. You stay put. Keep out of the way—"

"The only good shot in the crowd?" Gillis said. Wincing, white-faced, he dragged himself to the barrier. "No hands I can shoot a gun better than these blankers."

"Rifle," Aylward said automatically.

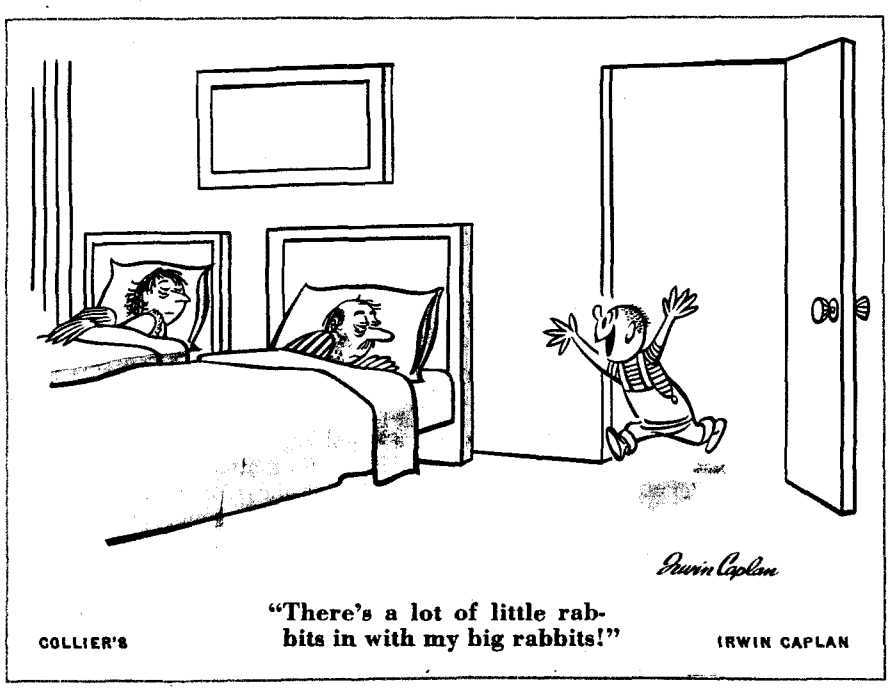
"Rifle," Marchese said, mimicking his tone. "Don't you know, you poor shot-up blanker, the damn' thing don't shoot straight if you call it a gun?"

Aylward ignored Marchese. He checked the magazine of his carbine, then exchanged it for Gillis' rifle. He withdrew Gillis' bayonet from its scabbard, slid the ring over the muzzle of the rifle and made sure the stud was firmly engaged. The men watched him curiously.

"What you got in mind, Lieutenant?" Piccone asked.

Szymanowski said in a confidential whisper, "He's going to get a half a dozen Reds on the sticker and make *shashlik*."

Marchese, his narrow eyes glittering,



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said, "You got something heroic planned, Lieutenant?"

Aylward did not reply. He was crouched tensely against the barrier, trying not to think, to empty out his mind. He was still calm, still not afraid, but he knew he could only remain that way by not allowing his mind to work.

Marchese said, "Forgive me, Your Excellency. Don't waste your valuable breath answering the foolish questions of enlisted men."

What was preventing him from telling them, Aylward wondered? Was it because they would consider it a corn-ball gesture, scoff at him? "Okay," he said, and shrugged. "The Reds down under that ledge intend to start lobbing grenades up here. I'm going down and see if I can stop them."

A ponderous silence followed. Finally Piccone said, "It's crazy. You'll get killed for sure. But if you're going —I mean, while we're talking—"

Aylward explained tiredly. He had to take the calculated risk that the first grenade would be inaccurate. This was less daring or quixotic than it might seem. The Reds in the cave would have to work blind and take guidance from an observer in the culvert. There would of necessity be an interval between grenades while they received corrections. He would take advantage of this interval to make his move, in order to lessen the chance that a grenade burst would catch him exposed on the slope.

Ostermuller said judiciously, "That makes sense."

Marchese laughed. "The Brain is with it. That proves it stinks."

"You have a better plan?" Aylward's lips were white, bloodless. "If not, keep your damn' mouth shut!"

Marchese looked at him in surprise, then sneered. "It's your funeral."

Aylward's temper snapped. He broke toward Marchese, scrambling, his fists clenched, and Marchese squared away to meet him. They came together, clutching clumsily for each other, and then a grenade exploded below them.

AYLWARD pushed himself free of Marchese and crawled frantically back to his rifle. He braced himself tensely, with one hand on top of the barrier, and screamed: *"Now! Everything you've got!"*

He vaulted the barrier, and then he was rolling, sliding, skidding down the rocky slope. He lost his balance momentarily, thrashed about wildly to regain control of his fall, and was hit just as he righted himself. He felt the burning impact of the slug in his shoulder, and then he had reached the hard, flat surface of the shelf that formed the roof of the cave. He hugged it for a moment, wincing at the sound of bullets passing overhead, and then he rolled over the edge, holding the rifle far out from his body to avoid spitting himself on his own bayonet.

He landed heavily, jarringly, catching a fleeting glimpse of dark, astonished faces, and he knew that he had surprised them. He pushed upward to his knees, and thrust the bayonet in a short jab at the groin of the Red nearest to him. There was a piercing cry, and the man fell away. He saw the other two turn toward him, bewilderment still lingering on their faces, as though they did not yet quite connect him with the frantic signals of warning that must have been flashing from the culvert.

He flailed crazily with his bayonet at the man nearest him, and missed. But the Red soldier, backing away, lost his balance. The third man broke for his rifle, stacked with the rifles of the other two against the inner wall of the cave. Aylward shot him in the back at point-blank range and saw him convulse and then drop like a stone. He whirled to face the remaining man, but he was too late. His rifle was knocked aside, and the man was on him, bearing him back with his weight. He fell twistingly on his back, the rifle flying out of his hands. The pain in his shoulder was like a hot, sudden flame, and he was conscious of having screamed at the moment of impact.

The Red soldier fell on him heavily, his face very close, a dark blur, his breath hot and stinking. He was small, but muscular and terrifyingly strong, and Aylward fought back against him as if against some unreal creature in a nightmare, threshing and heaving in panic fear. He thrust upward with the heel of his palm and felt it thud against his opponent's face, but he knew the blow was without force. His arm was brushed aside, and something clasped his throat, pressing his head back, bruising the swelling muscles, flattening the windpipe. He arched his body, making horrible noises in his effort to breathe, tearing at the rigid, constricting fingers at his throat. Then there was a flat, broad knife poised above him, and he struck upward at it in desperation. His hand hit the Red's wrist, deflected it for an instant, and then the blade recoiled and began its downward arc. There was a heavy jolt across his body, and the Red fell smotheringly across his face. The pressure on his throat was released.

He pushed against the intolerable weight of the Red, but it was mere weight, not force, and it yielded. Then he was free of it, and in its place, floating above him like a reflection blurred by water, was Marchese's face. Then he was being lifted, and Marchese was propping him up, steadying him.

Marchese shouted into his ear: "Let's get the hell out of here!"

The Red fire, which had been held up during the brief struggle, now resumed. With Marchese pushing him, Aylward skirted the rim of the cave and started up the slope. He scrambled upward on all fours, not conscious of his pain now, sweat scalding his eyes, driven by the strength of his fear. He became aware, dimly, that the fire from behind the barrier had thinned out; the BAR was silent. The thought flashed and was gone, and he scrambled upward, sobbing, making desperate, inarticulate noises in his bruised throat. The barrier loomed up, and as he fell across it, as hands dragged him over it, he knew that he was hit again. He lay on his face, feeling the running of blood down his thigh.

BUTCH

COLLIER'S **"They're for kids t'find on Easter morning. Concentrate on jools, huh, Butch!"** LARRY REYNOLDS

He rolled over on his back, and his eyes searched the numb faces that looked down at him. "Marchese!" he said, and his voice was hoarse. "Where is—"

Sergeant Piccone was crying. Tears coursed down the furrows and hollows of his pinched face, etching new, shallow paths in the dirt that covered it like a yellow mask.

AYLWARD dragged himself to the barrier, the left side of him—the wounded shoulder and thigh—wooden and useless. He pulled himself up and peered through an embrasure. Marchese lay a dozen feet below, face down, his body loose and sprawling, like an abandoned sack. He dropped back and covered his face with his hands. Piccone was kneeling beside him, with a first-aid pack in his hand. Then he remembered the silent BAR. He wrenched himself around savagely and glared at Ostermuller.

"Tell me," he said through his clenched teeth. "Did you run out of ammo?"

Ostermuller shook his head. "The trigger thing—"

"I thought so!" Aylward said in a rage. "A stoppage. A simple stoppage, and because you never bothered to learn when you were training—"

He stopped. Ostermuller, looking more puzzled than usual, was cradling the rifle in his lap, and the fingers of his right hand were bloody. There was a smear of blood on the battered trigger-housing assembly. Aylward apologized with his eyes. "I'll bring Marchese in," he said wearily.

Using his right hand, he started to haul himself up the barrier. Piccone pleaded with him. Aylward ignored him and concentrated on the barrier. Then Szymanowski lunged at him and knocked him flat. He flailed at Szymanowski and managed to get his right hand on the barrier again, and then a preposterous thing happened. Marchese came leaping over the barrier in a wild, tumbling fling of arms and legs.

Aylward began to laugh. He was still laughing, somewhat hysterically, when he started to drag himself toward Marchese. And he thought: It's all a conspiracy; they're not real; they're made up out of somebody's head. There was no other way to explain how they could come back from the dead.

He heard Marchese's gleeful voice: "I used the old head. I fell and slid halfway down toward the cave. I knew that I couldn't make it. So I stayed where I was and played dead, figuring they wouldn't waste bullets on a stiff."

Aylward bent his face down and stared at Marchese.

Marchese grinned slyly. "They teach you that in the manuals, Lieutenant?"

THE sky was dark and lowering, with clouds like diluted ink everywhere but in the west, where light glowed brilliantly and eerily. Through the murkiness, Aylward could mark the Reds' position in the culvert only by the occasional flash of a rifle, a pale-yellow flash in the gathering gloom. In less than a quarter of an hour, it would be dark and there would be no way to stop what they couldn't see.

He took stock of their weapons. The BAR was useless. He had abandoned Gillis' M-1 in the cave, and Marchese had lost his when he had fallen on the slope. That put their entire armament at three rifles and a carbine, with perhaps a dozen clips and magazines left in all. Piccone and Marchese alone were unhurt. Gillis was unconscious again; Ostermuller had been hit twice. Wilson and Szymanowski, who had suffered a grazing wound in the chest, would be able to function reasonably well. As for himself. . . .

He said, "I don't know whether or not they're in the mood to accept a surrender, but—"

The tired voices came to life, mouthing obscenities that floated away angrily on the chill air. Under cover of the gloom, Aylward, in his weakness, wept for a moment. And he thought with fierce joy: Who says I can't understand their language?

Whether his judgment was warped by rage and frustration, or because he saw danger in being so far from his own base at night, the Red commander attacked before it was fully dark. And —Aylward thought—perhaps because of a combination of rage and fear, the Reds did not attack cleverly, taking advantage of the fading light, but instead came in a desperate, surging rush.

Aylward propped himself firmly against the rampart and worked his carbine. He shot at the brief flowering of a rifle flash, at the stirring shadows, at the night moving with grotesque shapes. He fired with furious calm,

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and when he pressed the magazine release button and his last empty magazine clattered on the rocks, he reversed his hold, grasping the warm barrel in his right hand, swinging the butt at the dark shapes that were leaping at the barrier, screaming in hoarse triumph, bayonets bared.

He thought it was some trick of the eye, some soothing mirage beneficently vouchsafed to a man a single second away from death, when the charging figures faltered and then started to fade away from the barrier, some of them crumpling in their tracks, some of them skidding back down the slope. And then, above his own voice, above the insane howl of his men, he heard another sound, a familiar one, like the voice of a forgotten friend, and he recognized it as the determined chatter of the LMG, .30 caliber.

THE rescue party consisted of two squads of the first platoon of Able Company, with Lieutenant Pahlman in command.

Pahlman, leaning over Aylward, whispered, "The Old Man is burning. He figured you got lost. Wait'll we tell him." His teeth gleamed in the darkness as he grinned.

They were busy making improvised litters out of shelter halves and rifles for him and for Gillis and Ostermuller. Szymanowski and Wilson had concluded, profanely and contemptuously, that they preferred walking to placing themselves in the hands of raw, untried rookies. Aylward lay quietly on a raincoat, pushing his pain away from him, looking up at the stars, glinting like bright coins in the velvet sky. Then he became aware that he was being lifted and set down again on a litter. He saw a man bend down to grasp the rifle ends and straighten up again as two new shapes loomed up in the darkness. From their voices, which were loud and truculent, he recognized Piccone and Marchese. Then Wilson and Szymanowski chimed in, and there was a general uproar.

Lieutenant Pahlman's stocky figure came into view. "Now what the hell is this all about?" Pahlman said.

Marchese's voice rose out of the hubbub and established itself with authority. "Look, Lieutenant, I don't want none of them butterfingers carrying this stretcher. Me and Mario will take it."

"You're both pooped," Pahlman said reasonably. "These men are fresh and capable of—"

"Over my dead body," Marchese said decisively. "Right, Mario?"

Lieutenant Pahlman, sensibly taking cognizance of the strain they had been under, continued to be patient with Marchese and Piccone. Aylward, lifting his head with great effort, could see two litters being borne gently down the slope: Gillis and Ostermuller. He shut his eyes, almost comfortably, but they opened again when he heard Marchese going on. Marchese was quite out of hand. He was regaling Pahlman with his personal, *highly* personal, opinion of the first platoon and of the first platoon's crummy lieutenant. He would be blanked if he was going to take orders from any green lieutenant without combat experience (Aylward heard Pahlman, who had been shot at from one bloody end of Korea to the other, sputter like an overchoked engine), who better learn pronto that when he came up against a couple of tough, experienced line soldiers like him and his pal Mario—

Pahlman stopped sputtering and began to roar: "Shut up! I'm giving the orders around here! Now get the hell and gone down that slope, or—"

Aylward saw Marchese's Renaissance profile, silhouetted in the faint glow of the moon, close in against Pahlman's so that the tips of their noses seemed to be touching. Piccone, Wilson and Szymanowski stood beside him, in a tense, determined group.

Pahlman bellowed, "Peters! Cohen! Pick up that damn' stretcher!"

"Pick it up," Marchese said agreeably. "Pick it up, you guys, and you'll win a bust in the mouth. Nobody but me and Mario carries that stretcher."

Aylward acted quickly to head off the explosion. He raised himself painfully on one elbow and called hoarsely, "Lieutenant Pahlman. Dick." Pahlman's face, contorted with anger, came down into view. "Dick," Aylward said. "Dick, what's your time in grade?"

Pahlman's mouth dropped open. "Eleven August, Fifty, but—"

"Twenty-eight June, same year," Aylward whispered. "I rank you by a month and a half." He tried to sharpen his wheezing voice to a tone of command. "Private Marchese. Sergeant Piccone. Pick up the litter and move on out. Those are orders, Lieutenant Pahlman."

Marchese lifted the front end of the litter and Piccone the rear, and they started down the rock-strewn slope. Piccone issued instructions. "Don't do like that, Marchese. Take short steps. Bend your knees."

"Get lost, Piccone," Marchese said irritably. He was still for a moment, and then his voice rose on a note of quavering horror. "Hey! I take it back. For God's sake, Mario, *don't* get lost!"

Wilson and Szymanowski, marching to the right and left of the litter (like honor guards in a royal processional, Aylward thought), burst into raucous laughter, and far down the slope, Aylward heard a weak echo of it from Ostermuller and Gillis. After a moment, he grinned.

He saw Lieutenant Pahlman, waiting at the bottom of the cleft, and he gestured to him. Pahlman fell in step alongside the litter, his face brooding and perplexed.

"Sorry to go chicken on you, Dick," Aylward whispered.

Pahlman grunted, mollified, and Aylward thought he detected a note of wistfulness in his voice: "You guys sure do stick by your own."

AYLWARD was silent as they came down to the flat and started southward toward the culvert, and beyond it, to the sparse farmlands they had traversed a million years ago. Then he cleared his raw throat. "I'll tell you something, Dick," he said confidentially. "Those men happen to be the best damn' six in the best damn' squad, in the best damn' platoon—"

"Cornball!" It was Marchese's voice, husky and whispered. "My God, what a cornball!"

Pahlman drifted away. There was no sound as they skirted the culvert, except for the rasp of boots on the dusty earth. Aylward shut his eyes.

"Shimmy!" It was Marchese's voice once again. "Shimmy, lift up your damn' feet! What the hell kind of a way is that to march? You're a disgrace to me and the lieutenant!" He swore savagely, then said, "From now on, you guys better learn to do things right, or you'll have to get the hell out of the squad. Right, Lieutenant?"

"Right," Aylward said, and smiled and looked up at the friendly stars.

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PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY VICTOR JORGENSEN

**I've told you so often
The way that I care . . .**

**Why don't you believe me
It just isn't fair . . .**

**Here is a heart that is lonely
Here is a heart you can take . . .**

**Why don't you believe me
I love only you . . .**

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How else can I tell you, What more can I do . . .

Patachou

A French singer gives a Continental-eye view of love in a take-off on a current hit song

PATACHOU is a chipper little blonde who sings with her eyes, her hands, occasionally with her entire body. When she tears into a gay tune like Auprès de Ma Blonde, you think of the sun shining, and dancing in the streets. And when the lights dim for a sad song, it's a blue mood all the way.

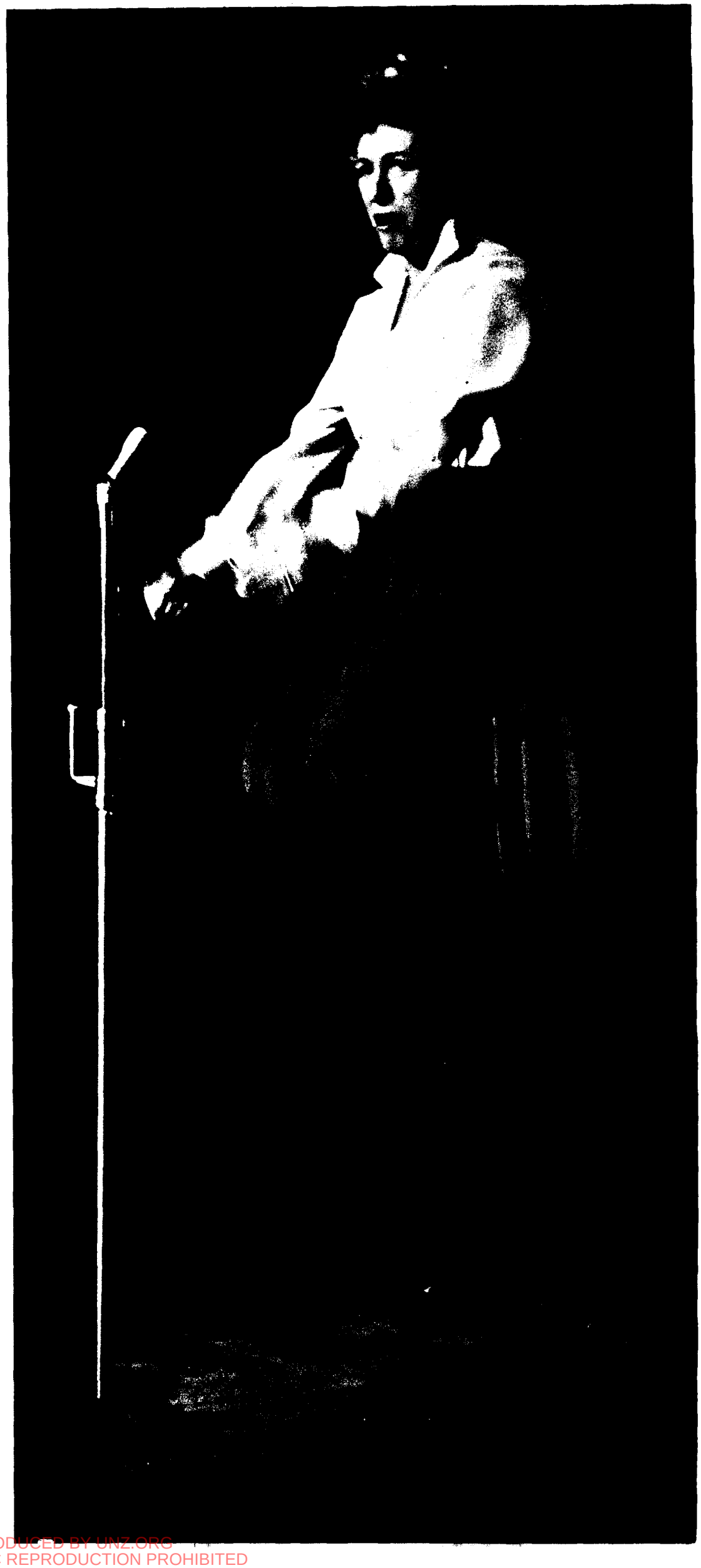
To Patachou, like most Frenchwomen, love is a straight road, if sometimes a rocky one. And she cannot understand how ladies in the lyrics of American popular songs get into the predicaments they do. Take Why Don't You Believe Me,* a song she heard when she first came to America this winter.

"If thees girl feels thees way about a man, why doesn't she do something about eet?" she asks. Patachou gave the song a thorough Gallic going-over, adding a French twist to every line. In her parody she gestures, jumps and tears her hair with exasperation, as these pictures indicate.

Patachou was not always a singer. In fact, she was not always Patachou. Her real name is Henriette Billon. "I own a leetle *boîte*, a restaurant-night-club at the top of Montmartre. My 'usband and I also 'ave a bakery and a teashop. When we opened the restaurant three and a half years ago, I was cashier. We had an accordionist—no other music. And no beesness."

One night a group of doctors and lawyers came to dinner. They sang folk songs and the cashier in the simple blouse and skirt sang with them. Soon the name of Patachou (cream puff), which Henriette borrowed from her bakery was familiar in Europe on the musical stage, on records and on TV.

Her success in America also seems to be assured. Patachou has been on television and has appeared twice in three months at New York's Waldorf-Astoria. But though the blouse and skirt are now designed by Christian Dior, her working costume hasn't changed. Neither has her attitude toward a love song. "The music from South Pacific, I'm crazy about eet," says Patachou. "But what Frenchwoman would say to her lover, 'I'm as normal as blueberry pie'?"



What's the matter with you, are you blind, are you *fou?*

* SONG: WHY DON'T YOU BELIEVE ME. COPYRIGHT 1952 BY BRANDOM MUSIC CO.

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ROSWELL KELLER

"Peg!" a voice said behind her, and she spun around. "I thought you hadn't come," he said

I Missed You

By PHILIP GOULD

THERE it is!" a voice cried from the crowd on the dock, and Peggy looked up. The Queen Elizabeth, her lights amidships all ablaze in the darkness, was gliding into sight, enormous and beautiful.

Oh, why didn't I think to get a customs pass? Peggy thought, biting her lip and clenching her gloved hands as she watched the ship being turned and nudged by tugs out of the Hudson and down the long channel beside the Cunard Line's pier. There were over a thousand passengers aboard, and it might take hours before Bill's luggage was checked—hours she'd have to wait without seeing him and knowing if . . .

Peggy ducked through the crowd of policemen, porters, pier guards, calm and glamorous women in furs, British gentlemen in trench coats, rabbinical students with reddish beards and black hats and patient expressions, refugees from central Europe and ordinary people like herself. She hurried through the doors and up the long, wide flight of stairs to the huge, barnlike pier.

The shed was jammed with people now, and the guard she had talked to earlier was still collecting passes at one of the two entrances in the green picket fence. He smiled at Peggy sadly and shook his head.

"You don't give up easy, do you?" he said.

"Please," Peggy said. "There's nobody looking. Couldn't you let me go through now? It's awfully important."

"Look, lady," the guard said. "It's always awfully important. You had your chance all day before five o'clock to pick up a pass, so now you'll have to wait."

Peggy started toward the gate at the other side of the shed but decided it was no use and walked dejectedly back behind the fence and found a place to stand next to it. Now, by leaning out, she could see halfway down to the end of the pier. At that point, a wide, concrete pillar shut off the view. And Bill was somewhere beyond it. The incoming passengers had their luggage checked at spaces on both sides of the shed under large pasteboard letters that corresponded to the first letter of their last names. Bill's last name was Kramer, and Peggy could see only up to G. She leaned one elbow on the fence and rested her chin on the heel of her hand.

She was a small girl of twenty-five, rather thin and rather pretty—much too thin, in her own estimation, and not anywhere near pretty enough. In a tan polo coat, and a little red hat, she knew she looked her best, but the knowledge was not enough to boost her confidence in herself any appreciable amount nor ease her anxiety at seeing Bill again after all this time.

If only she didn't know what it was like on a luxurious ocean liner and traveling in Europe, she wouldn't have worried so much about Bill's letters and she wouldn't be worrying so much now about seeing his face. But she knew all too well from her own experience.

She had been to Europe herself the year before and had traveled both ways on the Queen Elizabeth. It changed your entire attitude toward life and people. Aboard ship and in countries like France and Italy and Sweden, you lost so many inhibitions and prejudices. For her it had been a wonderful and enlightening experience. But she was afraid of what it might have done to Bill. All she had to do was to remember her own innocent little flirtation with that English engineering officer who claimed to have a shrewish wife in Liverpool, the not-so-innocent affairs of other people going on all over the ship, all over Europe. She cared, but she was not so much concerned about any adventures with other women Bill might have had on his trip; she and Bill weren't even engaged yet, and she reluctantly admitted to herself that he was free to let his eye wander. But she had almost fallen in love herself the year before. It was so easy to do in the continual masked-ball atmosphere of a ship thousands of miles from home, or in a city like Paris or Venice or Rome. There were beautiful and exciting girls aboard ship and in every city—American girls as well as natives of the country. The past two months might have changed Bill's life. She remembered part of a poem she had read in college:

The fabric of my faithful love
No power shall dim or ravel
Whilst I stay here,—but oh, my dear,
If I should ever travel!

She couldn't really tell anything from his letters except that they were infrequent and he always seemed to be in too much of a hurry to write very much, particularly just before he signed his name. Sometimes he just wrote *Love, Bill*—not *I miss you* or *I love you.* So she hadn't written to him for two weeks. She was afraid she might say something that would give her fear away. He was having a marvelous time as she had had, and what did he think of her now—little Peggy, who had always chased him, who could always be left waiting by the silent telephone, who always came back for more?

Oh, please come out, she thought.

THREE people—two men and a woman—came around the pillar, and Peggy strained forward, but she sank back on her heels again when the trio came in sight. Bill wasn't one of them.

"Peg!" a voice said behind her, and she spun around.

"Bill!" she said. "How did—where did—"

"I came around the other side," he said. "I've been looking all over for you. I thought you hadn't come."

"I couldn't get a pass."

"Oh, you poor Peg, have you been waiting here all this time? I'm sorry. How are you? Why didn't you write? I haven't heard from you in three weeks."

Why didn't I *what?* she thought.

"I—I didn't think you'd get any letters if I wrote this late," she said.

What *was* in the expression on his face? It wasn't anything she had expected at all.

"Where are your suitcases?" she asked. Why am I so calm? she wondered.

"A guy's coming with them right behind me," Bill said.

They were standing across the fence from each other and suddenly, looking at him, it hit her. Oh no, she thought. It can't be true! *He* was worried about losing *her.* But it *was* true. It was written all over him. He hadn't heard from her in three weeks, and he must have thought that finally he had gone too far, always taking and never giving. Look at his nervous smile, look at his eyes, listen to his voice, look at the way he's standing! Peggy was dazzled by an ancient and terrible feeling of power. Oh, what a wicked, wonderful feeling it was to know that she could break Bill's heart for him if she wanted to—pay him back, pay him back. But she was already moving forward even as that wave of cruelty traveled through her limbs; it never reached her heart.

"It's so good to see you, darling," she whispered in his ear, leaning across the fence, her arms tightening around his neck. "Welcome back. Welcome back." ▲▲▲

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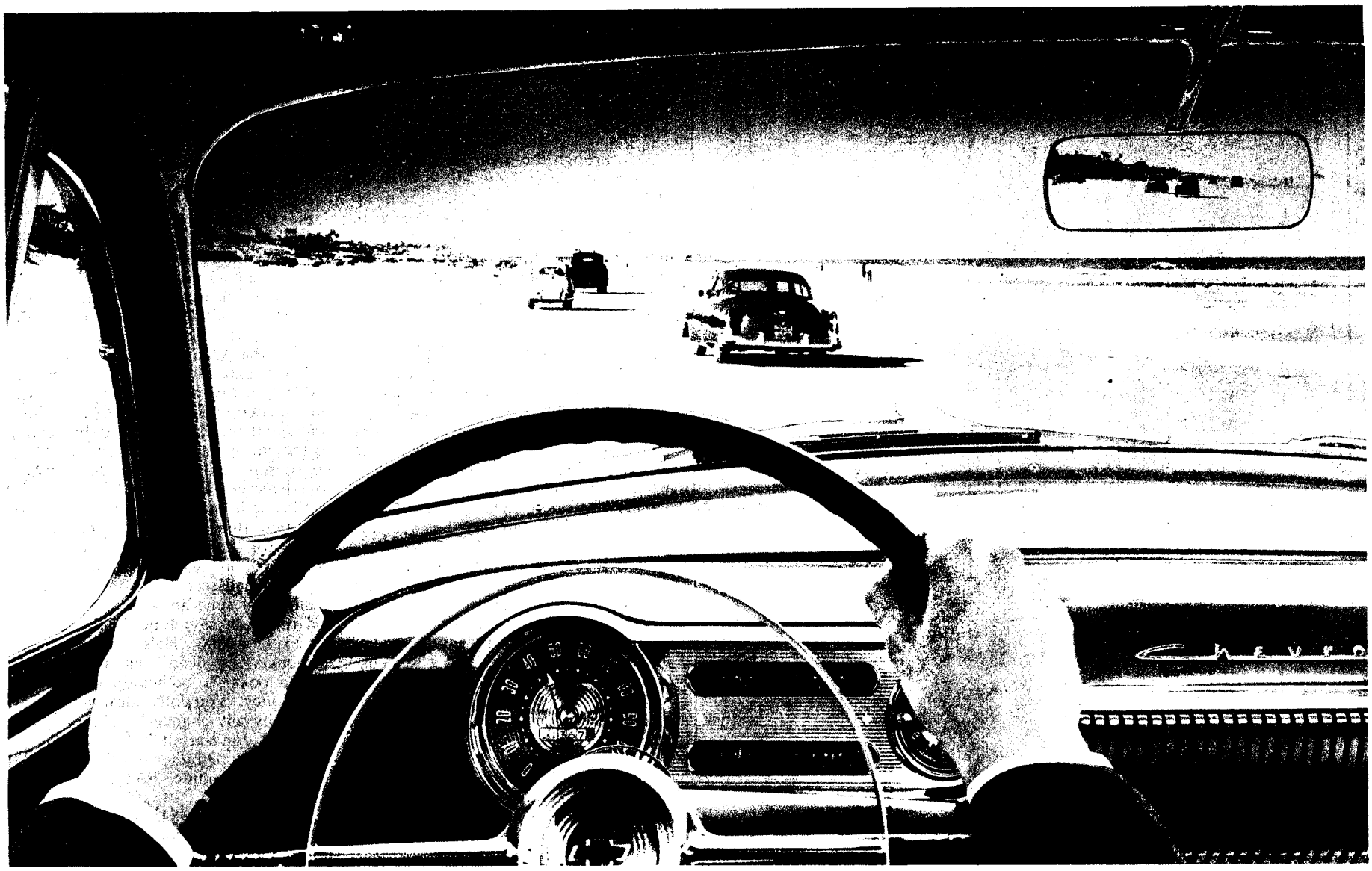

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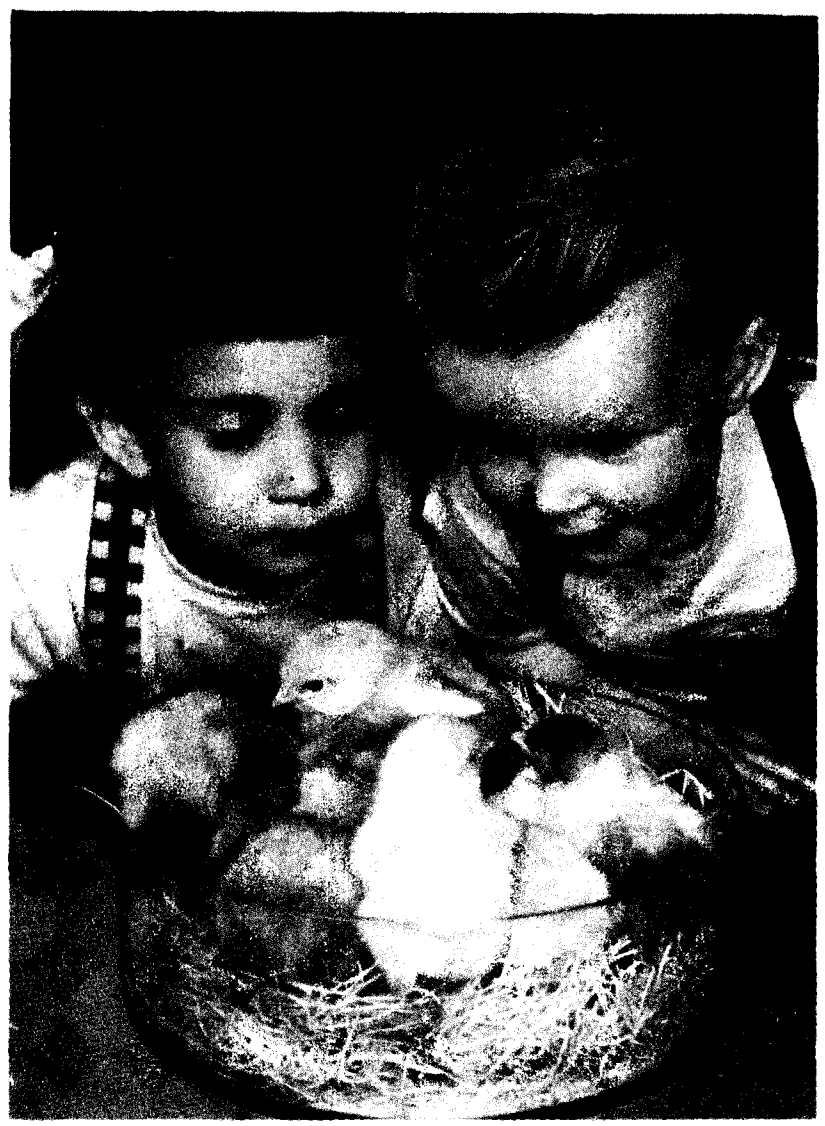

Terry Jawits (l.) and Randy Petti examine a real Easter surprise

TRICK CHICKS

Jeepers! Peepers can now be had in many colors

ANYONE who has ever painted Easter eggs will be glad to hear that chicks can now be colored, too. Gene Slattery, poultry instructor at the Pierce School of Agriculture in California, has found a harmless way to color them. He simply injects medically safe dyes into 16-day-old eggs with a hypodermic needle. The dye colors the young chicks' down, and the color remains until the down is replaced by feathers. Where it reaches beaks and legs, it colors them permanently. Slattery developed his process trying to help the Union Pacific Railroad prepare an Easter window display. But before he was through he could see at least two ways his process might, if further developed, help the poultry industry. Key colors on chickens' legs could replace metal bands on those marked for breeding, and multicolored fowl at the butcher's would identify broilers, fryers and roasters at a glance.

The chicks aren't hurt by the dyes, not even psychologically; and untreated chicks notice no difference between themselves and their many-colored brethren—which puts chicks a scratch or two ahead of some people. ▲▲▲

GENE TRINDL

Gene Slattery injects medically safe dye into 16-day-old egg to show how he gets colored chicks

The Girl Who Said Yes on a Yacht

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

All through the night Elizabeth kept adding item after item, all of them on the credit side. With such an impressive balance sheet, it puzzled Elizabeth a little that she didn't feel happier about it all. At that stage, it never occurred to her that, if she had really been in love with the man, she wouldn't have had to do all this adding up.

THE return to terra firma at the London airport successfully removed these doubts. They came back again, however, when Elizabeth began to think of her impending interviews with Aunt Anne and Great-aunt Josephine. She had an uneasy suspicion what both aunts were going to say; Aunt Anne would say she was doing right and Great-aunt Josephine would suggest that she was making a serious mistake.

This is precisely what they did. But when one went to see Aunt Anne, one did not plunge straight into one's own affairs, however important they might appear to be. Aunt Anne invariably lay on a sofa in a dim light, and it was customary to make delicate inquiries about her health and about that of the three snuffling Pekingese, before one embarked on anything else.

On this occasion, however, these preliminaries took much less time than usual. Then Aunt Anne's voice, which had been a feeble whisper while she talked about her afflictions, suddenly came out in ringing tones. "My dear child," she said, "I'm so delighted about your news."

"I hoped you would be," Elizabeth said demurely.

"But of *course* I'm delighted," Aunt Anne went on enthusiastically. "I had a letter from your father about it only this morning. He's very pleased, and I entirely agree with him. It couldn't have been a better match."

"I don't like calling it a match," Elizabeth protested. "It sounds as though he were a bit of ribbon or something."

Aunt Anne smiled and patted her on the wrist.

"But of course it's a match, my dear, and a very good one. You couldn't do better than marry an American at the present time. The one thing I feared was that you might marry a Latin."

"But Waldron's got a Spanish grandmother. She was a great beauty—"

"Well, don't remind him of it, my dear. I know all about Latins—I married one—they have mistresses, and no respectable woman likes that."

"No, I suppose not," Elizabeth said. "On the other hand, Americans do have rather a lot of divorces, and I think that's just as bad."

"It isn't nearly as bad, my dear. And anyway you must be thinking of Hollywood and Reno. It doesn't happen in Philadelphia."

Elizabeth smiled and began to put on her gloves.

"I've got to go on to Great-aunt Josephine," she explained. "But I am very pleased that you approve, and I shall do my best to see that it doesn't happen in Philadelphia." . . .

Great-aunt Josephine had very soft white hair, and was still quite pretty, in spite of her seventy-eight years. There were no drawn curtains in her house. Such sun as there was came pouring in, and she sat upright in her chair, like all the great Victorian ladies, her spine straight and firm.

She too had heard from Elizabeth's father that morning, but she didn't mention the fact, and made Elizabeth tell her everything she wanted to tell about her young man in her own words. This Elizabeth did, in much the same order as she had done for herself on the Stratocruiser; she even ended up with the fact that Waldron had nice ears.

Great-aunt Josephine's expression did not betray what she was thinking. She nodded and smiled and smiled and nodded; then, when Elizabeth had come to the end of her list, she spoke. "But he sounds charming, my dear! How long have you known him?"

Elizabeth knew that was coming and admitted that she hadn't known her fiancé for very long. A fortnight in New York and a month in Bermuda—but they had seen a lot of each other during that time and—

Great-aunt Josephine didn't wait for the explanation. "He's obviously very attractive, my dear," she interrupted. "Good looks. Good health. Good family. Money. You don't know *how* much money by any chance?"

"No, I don't at all."

"I'll bet your father does!"

"Aunt Josephine, isn't that a little unfair?"

"Possibly. Yes. It may be. I just don't know." She looked dreamily out the window and then suddenly began to shake. "Oh, the poor cousin! The poor cousin!" she sobbed. "He never has a chance with people like us."

Elizabeth just stared at her; she was baffled and distressed. She had never seen Great-aunt Josephine break down like that before, and she would not have believed it possible.

"Aunt Josephine darling!" she cried. "What's wrong? What's the matter? Don't you want me to marry?"

BUT Great-aunt Josephine recovered from her access of emotion as quickly as she had succumbed. In a moment she was straight-backed again. She had been silly for a bit, she said. That, after all, was one of the privileges of old age. Of course she wanted Elizabeth to marry. She wanted her to be very happy. And this Waldron seemed suitable in every possible way. If Elizabeth couldn't love a man as attractive and eligible as that, whom was she ever going to love?

Elizabeth wasn't satisfied with this, especially the last sentence. She was a persistent girl; she never left things half done, or arguments half argued, and only three days later she was back at Great-aunt Josephine's, trying to pin the old lady down. It was uphill work, for Great-aunt Josephine was at the top of her form, talking airily on a dozen subjects.

But Elizabeth would not be bypassed in this way. "That's all very well, Aunt Josephine," she said. "But you distinctly said something about 'the poor cousin' the other day. I want to know what you meant."

Great-aunt Josephine smiled and gave her a pat on the hand.

"You didn't know we had a poor cousin?"

"No, I didn't."

"Well, we haven't. How could we have? The Millshaw men always marry

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rich girls, and the Millshaw girls always marry rich men. That isn't the way to beget poor cousins."

"Yes, but then—?"

"I think that love is the poor cousin, my dear. He hardly every gets on a yacht. He either walks or comes on a bicycle."

Elizabeth remained silent for quite a while. "You don't think I'm in love with Waldron?" she asked at last.

"Do *you*, my dear?"

"I've wondered about it sometimes."

"Well, that's more than I did about my husband. It was such an obviously good match that it seemed indiscreet to worry about a little thing like that. And I was certainly luckier than poor Anne. Leslie had no vices. We never quarreled; there was nothing to quarrel about. But the plain ugly truth is that one of the happiest days in my life was the day I became a widow. And it would have been just the same for Leslie if I had died first. The death of either of us was an easement to the other—and we weren't bad people either."

Once again there was a long silence in the room; then Elizabeth went on.

"Thank you for telling me," she said quietly. "I think I needed to be told something like that." Then she paused and looked helplessly around. "But how can one tell, Aunt Josephine? How can one possibly tell?"

"I don't believe it's so very difficult," her great-aunt replied. "As a start, I think you've got to imagine the world stripped of all its embellishments. No yachts, no limousines, no mink coats, no jewelry. Once you've stripped the world of such things you get down to more essential ones. There was a film which, I think, put it better than it's ever been put before. It was an old film; you would have been a bit too young to have seen it. I can't remember its name. But I think Ginger Rogers was in it. She kissed a good many men in the film, if I remember rightly, and nothing much happened. But whenever she kissed the right man, a most delicious peal of bells started ringing in her ears. And the right man was by no means the likeliest of them all. It really was a charming film. They ought to revive it."

Elizabeth slowly began to put on her gloves. She kissed Great-aunt Josephine affectionately; the old lady then had the last word.

"You understand, of course, that I'm an old woman who has never heard that peal of bells, and never will. But it would make me very happy if I could feel that *you* were going to. I'm very fond of you, Elizabeth."

IT WAS already dark when Elizabeth came away from the house. She decided to walk home, to try and straighten out her tangled thoughts, and she went on past the park, through street after street, hardly knowing where she was. Had she ever heard anything approaching a peal of bells when Waldron kissed her? She tried hard to believe that she had; but the nearest to that she could remember getting was just a pleasant little jingle.

She was just turning the corner into an ill-lit square when it happened. She was down on her hands and knees on the pavement before she realized that anything had gone wrong. There had just been a sudden bump on her shoulder, and then another bump or pull at her wrist as her handbag was snatched. But that was not the end of the matter. When she looked up from the pavement, there were two figures near the lamppost, one with a club raised above his head and the other crouched warily just out of reach. Then the crouched one suddenly sprang forward, and the club went flying through the air into the street. One of the figures was flat on the pavement now, and the second was standing over him.

Elizabeth got slowly to her feet and leaned against the iron railings. The second figure took a whistle out of his pocket and blew it, and then came toward her with her handbag. He was a very calm young man.

"I hope you aren't hurt," he said.

"No, no," Elizabeth answered a little vaguely. "But it was all rather sudden and unexpected."

"You bet it was! Here's your handbag. I don't think he had time to take anything out. You'd better have a look, though."

Elizabeth didn't have a look; it didn't seem to be of any importance. Two hefty policemen were hurrying up now, one from each end of the street. They both bent over the limp figure, while the young man explained briefly what had happened. A taxi had drawn up, too, by this time, and the driver had joined the party.

"He isn't dead, is he?" the young man cheerfully inquired of the policemen.

"Not quite, no," said the first policeman, and the other asked, "How about the lady? Is she hurt at all?"

"I'm quite all right, thank you," said Elizabeth. She was now hanging on to the lamppost.

"And you confirm what the gentleman has said?"

"I do. Every word."

"Good. If you'll just give me names and addresses, you can get straight home in this taxi. We'll deal with this fellow."

The names and addresses took only a moment, and then Elizabeth Millshaw and Nicholas Howe (which was the young man's name) got into the taxi. She stole a glance at him from time to time; most of all, she thought, she admired the way he dealt with the driver, who would keep turning round to ask them questions.

"Look here, driver," he finally called out. "Keep your eyes on the road, please. We've had enough trouble for one night."

AFTER a moment, Elizabeth noticed that his knuckles were bleeding. "You've hurt your knuckles," she said. "Please take this."

He took the handkerchief she offered him, wrapping it round the injured knuckles.

"I'm afraid your stockings are done for," he said, and then there was silence.

Elizabeth didn't like the way the moments were slipping out of reach. Surely there was some way she could thank him properly, she thought. But the words didn't seem to be there.

"Do you always carry a whistle?" she asked.

"Yes. Always. It's quicker than telephoning the police from a call box."

They were already getting out of the taxi at the door where she lived, and still the words wouldn't come. But what could she say to thank him properly—especially under the curious gaze of the driver? Come up and see me sometime? No, that wouldn't do at all.

"C—couldn't I send you a b—book or something?" she blurted out at last.

There was admiration as well as amusement on the young man's face as he answered.

"Yes. You could. That would be very nice indeed. But I think the most suitable recompense would be just one kiss. I promise you I'll remember it for the rest of my life."

Elizabeth looked up at his smiling face doubtfully, but she did not draw away. Nicholas Howe kissed her very sweetly, as though it were the first kiss, or the last. Suddenly, with his lips still on hers, she heard those bells—that delicious peal of bells. She heard them as clearly as if Big Ben were ringing, on a still, winter's night—and there were no questions or doubts in her mind at all. She had found her man, and she knew it. ▲▲▲

COLLIER'S **"The way everything has gone up, he might at least have cut us off with *five* dollars!"** BARNEY TOBEY

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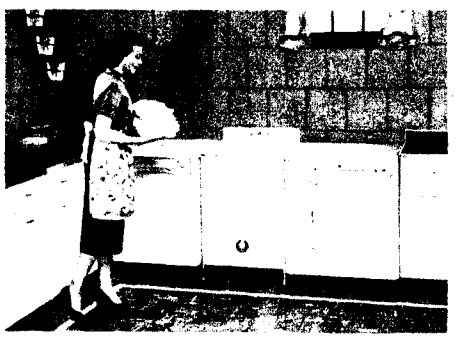

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Dr. Max Burnell (l.) General Motors' medical director, with Clarence Clay, a cardiac case

Otto Drews, 58, is blind, has been at GM for 7 years. He is on a defense production line

Walter J. Stypula, 43, is a victim of polio, does highly competent job as a tool designer

WHAT DO YOU MEAN

You're handicapped for some jobs, says one of industry's top medical men. We

IF YOU are physically, mentally and emotionally perfect don't bother to read this article. But if you have, shall we say, some kind of handicap—whether obvious, visible or your own private secret—then read it. There is something here for you.

This is the story of a new medical philosophy, a philosophy that does not come out of an ivory tower or off a distant cloud. It is being practiced today in a very down-to-earth establishment, a practical establishment called General Motors. The philosopher is Dr. Max R. Burnell.

I sat in Dr. Burnell's office in the General Motors Building in Detroit, from which he guides the 118 medical departments of the vast company.

"I suppose most of us have handicaps of one sort or other," I said.

"No," Dr. Burnell corrected me. "Not most of us—*all of us.*

"Everyone," he continued, "is handicapped for some kind of work. I could pick out general managers of some of our plants who are handicapped for some jobs. Take myself. I'd make a terrible comptroller—I can't keep my own checkbook straight. That's one of *my* handicaps."

The new philosophy hinges on a new view of what a handicap really is. It is not necessarily something obvious such as a missing limb, blindness, heart disease, epilepsy, arrested T.B., arthritis or diabetes.

"A man who is bad at figures is just as handicapped for bookkeeping as a man with color blindness is for paint inspection," Dr. Burnell remarked. "On the other hand, we had a fellow whose body was twisted and crippled by polio—but he was a terrific draftsman. He wasn't handicapped at the drawing board. He was anything but handicapped."

The Burnell philosophy, which is, in fact, a company-wide General Motors philosophy, was fathered by Dr. Clarence Selby, Burnell's predecessor. It has been reared to maturity with the help of the dozens of plant medical directors, personnel directors, top executives, general managers of plants and line supervisors who have turned a philosophy into living action.

Many people still regard any deviation from "normal" as a handicap. But actually, Dr. Burnell pointed out, "We know there is no 'normal,' physically or mentally. Each person is an individual. Each person is himself, with his own personal collection of abilities and disabilities."

Jobs for Which They Are Unfitted

Thus a man with no arms is obviously handicapped in the shipping room. But a man who can't stand noise is just as handicapped in the forge shop. And a man who happens to have large thumbs is handicapped at handling needle bearings, much more handicapped than a man with no legs.

There are all sorts of handicaps which, for some jobs, are much worse than the obvious ones. A man who can't say no politely is handicapped in the public-relations department. An impatient, intolerant woman is handicapped at the information desk. A worker who lacks manual dexterity is handicapped on the assembly line.

At one GM plant a man had to be transferred to a workbench off in a corner by himself because of his particular handicap: he couldn't bear to hear people swear (and of course the other workers would want to say an unkind thing to their machines once in a while).

But having concluded, and proved in 22 years of industrial medicine, that every single one of us has handicaps, Dr. Burnell then proceeds to forget them. We've dwelled on shortcomings and weaknesses too much, he insists. The big idea in the past was to look a man over and try to find out what was wrong with him. The new idea is to find out what is *right* with him. Never mind his disabilities—what are his abilities?

"We put to work the strengths and talents of an individual. We don't spotlight the handicaps," Dr. Burnell explained. "The old way was for a plant doctor to examine a man and make a blanket judgment—'Fit for work' or 'Unfit for work.' Today we feel there are abilities in everyone, just as there are disabilities in everyone. Our job is to ferret out the skills and see if those skills fit our employment needs—and whether the individual can be employed without undue risk to himself or others."

The old system does seem ridiculous when you think of it. Here is a man with a speech defect. Is he "Fit for work" or "Unfit for work"? At an information desk he wouldn't be much good, but he might be a whiz on a turret lathe. "Fit" means nothing unless we ask, "Fit for what?"

I met one man at GM's Cadillac plant who was "fit" though he was a deaf-mute. I communicated with him by writing on slips of paper. The man, Percy S. Cameron, had been injured at the age of three when his baby carriage turned over. He lost his hearing and thus never learned to talk. But here was Cameron today, working efficiently and effectively as a repairman in the plating division. His was a job for which neither hearing nor speech was required.

"Do you feel handicapped in your work?" I wrote on a slip of paper.

"No, I'm better off—less distraction," he wrote back.

Another man I met who wasn't handicapped at his job was Harold Mack, an engineering clerk. Mack had polio when he was five years old, spent seven years of his life in bed and finally got out of

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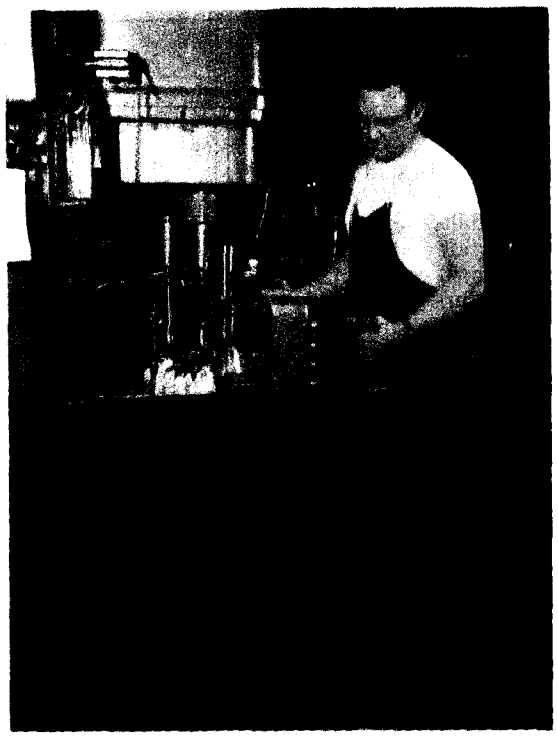

Otto Jankovic, 34, works on a spot facer in a GM automobile plant. Jankovic has one leg

Percy Cameron, 54, is a deaf-mute, has job in plating section. He's been with GM since 1942

Polio victim Harold Mack, engineering clerk, with Dr. Earle Irvin, Cadillac's top doctor

HANDICAPPED?

By HOWARD WHITMAN

all are. But he's not interested in what you can't do—only in what you can

bed because, as he remembered, he vowed, "I'm going to do what I want to do—and if I die it's okay, and if I don't it's okay."

Today, in addition to a good job at Cadillac, doing work in which the crippling residue of polio doesn't hamper him at all, Mack has three fine children, a home completely paid for, and a twenty-foot motorboat from which he loves to fish. Nor does the twisting and stunting of his body stop him from going hunting (he got his first buck last season). In fact, in talking to me of his affliction he said: "Without this trouble I might have been a no-good loafer."

Mack's entire life seemed to me a living application of the Burnell philosophy. "Some things I can do, some things I can't," said Mack. "I concentrate on what I can do."

Not far from where Mack worked I found Clarence H. Clay, a wrist-pin inspector. Clay had no handicap that you could notice; his was a cardiac condition, which would be a big drawback in a lifting, pushing or bending job. But when I asked Clay about the job he was doing he said: "I can do this job as well as anybody and better than most."

From Clay's own standpoint, I don't suppose a doctor could prescribe anything much better for a cardiac case than wrist-pin inspecting: no more strain on the heart than sitting on your own front porch, but a lot more productive. What Clay had to offer GM and what GM had to offer Clay dovetailed perfectly.

At the Detroit transmission plant, I sat down with personnel director Harold A. Cousins and James S. Purdy, another worker with a hidden disability. In fact, Cousins, who often had played golf with Purdy in GM tournaments, didn't even know that Purdy now had given up golf—on doctor's orders.

"Buerger's disease" had been the doctor's diagnosis. This rare circulatory ailment caused Purdy severe foot pain. But it had not interfered with his productivity. On the contrary, said the "handicapped" Purdy, "I've received an advancement from machinist to toolmaker."

The GM philosophy of playing from strength, not weakness, was particularly apparent in the Oldsmobile plant at Lansing, Michigan. I could sense the living echo of Dr. Burnell's words: "Let's quit harping on what a man *can't do*—let's find out what he *can do*."

Here, at a bench, inspecting connecting-rod nuts and bolts, was Howard Stevens. Stevens suffered a stroke in 1944 which left his left hand almost useless; as he put it, "I can grab things but I can't let go." He was doing a job for which the primary requisites were good eyesight, skill, speed, even temperament. He had all those, and he had a good right hand.

"If I had two good hands, I still would only use one," Stevens said. "This is the kind of job that would actually be harder to do with two hands."

Was he handicapped?

One-Armed Man Inspects Piston Rings

At a bench down the line was Dale Foster, who lost his right arm while serving with the 90th Division in World War II. He was inspecting piston rings when I came by. The only concession he made to his handicap was to reverse the barrel of his micrometer so that he could hold it in the left hand instead of the right. I watched him work and he had a degree of dexterity many a two-armed man might envy.

I walked over to an assembly line where defense production was going on, not too far from car production. Tail fins for bazooka rockets were coming along the line. Each one had to be tested to see if its welds were strong, gauged for precise size and sheared down where necessary.

The man I watched performing these operations was Otto Drews. After observing him a while I went over to his foreman, Ted Ostrom.

"How does he do?" I asked.

Ostrom leafed through Drews's efficiency ratings. "Well, for what he's doing now, shearing, the production schedule calls for 498 an hour. That's about 4,000 for an eight-hour trick. Now Otto—well, he exceeds it."

Had it not been for his performance record, I might have thought Otto Drews was "handicapped." He was totally blind.

The beauty of the GM philosophy is that it brings people with disabilities back into the human fold. They are, by definition, one with all of us, for we all are to some extent disabled. A blind man, or a legless man, or a deaf-and-dumb man is no longer a freak. He is a person, with certain abilities and certain disabilities—just as any of us.

He should not be shunted to the rear of the line out of ignorance. Nor should he be babied up to the head of the line out of pity. He should be given what he always has wanted: his rightful place in the line. He wants to stand with everyone else, to offer his skills and abilities where they are of value to himself and society.

Otto Jankovic, a machine setup man at Oldsmobile, said to me, "There's no reason why a man should get a special break just because he's got a leg off. That doesn't make him any more valuable. All he wants is not to be kicked aside from those jobs he can do perfectly well. He doesn't want to be treated any better than anyone else—and he doesn't want to be treated any worse."

Jankovic lost his right leg serving with the Marines at Okinawa.

The notion of special privileges for the handi-

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN MENDICINO

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The three biggest handicaps aren't physical, says an expert. They're laziness,

capped vanishes automatically in a philosophy which defines all people as handicapped. General Motors, as any other industry, tries hard to get the most skillful workers it can. It does not make jobs for the handicapped because it is not interested in handicaps, but in strengths and skills.

He Had Never Seen His Family

Toward evening, in Lansing, I went to the home of John Mullin, a totally blind employee of Oldsmobile. He had been on the day shift and was now at home relaxing by the television, just listening to the sound. On top of the cabinet were photographs of his wife, his four-year-old daughter and his three-year-old son, none of whom he had ever seen.

Mullin has been blind since he was eight. He lost one eye in a bow-and-arrow accident. He was taken to the hospital and, while recuperating there, he played catch with some other children, using a little metal car as a ball. It struck his face and knocked out the other eye. Sightless, he now works as an inspector. His finger tips are his eyes.

"I know I can do the job as well as the next fellow," he said to me. "All I want is a chance to do it. I may even do it a little better because my attention is better; there is no distraction. And I know I've got to make good because a job isn't charity. Our plant can't carry a dead horse any more than any other plant."

Mullin lighted a cigarette, talked with deepening feeling —"Charity? Why should anyone give a man a job for charity—I wouldn't. Sure, I've lost my sight, but what about another fellow who has bad lungs or is tongue-tied? If any man offered me a job and said, 'You don't have to work hard, I feel sorry for the less fortunate' —I wouldn't take it."

Back of Mullin's sightless eyes, deep in his emotional make-up, was the reason why a severely afflicted person often makes a better worker than the so-called physically fit. Mullin felt grateful for his job, grateful for a chance to overcome the blight of blindness; his workbench at Oldsmobile was his ticket back to the world of men. He felt valuable to himself and society.

Dr. Burnell put his finger on it: "From the standpoint of business economics, the persons we call handicapped often are the best employees. They feel the greatest loyalty to the company, the most gratitude for their jobs and the keenest pride in what they can do."

I thought of the man without legs whom I had met at GM's Detroit Diesel Engine plant, Kenneth Bedard. He was a "bilateral BK"—that's what they labeled him in an Air Force hospital after bringing him back from Iceland with frostbite. It meant he had both legs off "below knee."

Bedard was not only doing a job in the plant's service school, he also held a teaching job—showing men with two perfectly good legs how to work.

"Sure, I work harder, I guess," he said. "Anybody who's an amputee, well —it changes your frame of mind, it makes you want to do as good or better than you did before.

"Listen, I sat in a wheel chair for two years and got plenty tired of it," he went on. "I came out determined to conquer my disability and, I guess, pretty grateful that I could get back on my feet." He tapped his artificial legs of willow wood. "I *want* to work harder, to do things well and not slipshod. I'm interested in the work and the product. I get satisfaction from accomplishing something."

Bedard's words were tumbling over one another in enthusiasm and anyone would know he meant them to the core. After our talk he strode off on his wooden legs, calling back, "I've worn out three sets of these already."

"Yes, I think Phil is serious. Last night we were married"

COLLIER'S — RODNEY DE SARRO

In the clinic at the Cadillac plant, Dr. Earle A. Irvin surveyed 3,500 medical examinations which had been routinely conducted for employees. Of these workers, 780 had so-called handicaps of a quite definite or obvious type.

"Almost invariably," Dr. Irvin told me, "our supervisors rated these 'handicapped' people high above the average in attendance, attitude, loyalty and ability to get on with others."

Physically-Fit Work Dodgers

The biggest personnel problems, he pointed out, do not come from the "handicapped"—but from some of the "physically fit." These problems stem from lack of ambition, preoccupation with looking for a softer job, or—a well-worn dodge—coming into the clinic trying to cook up some medical excuse for being shifted to another department.

Dr. S. D. Steiner, at the Oldsmobile medical department, summed it up: "Do you want to know the three *real* handicaps?—laziness, overdependency and lack of interest."

There is a drawback, of course, in hiring a person who is, say, blind, or legless, or suffering from lung trouble or a weak heart. The drawback is lack of interchangeability. Such workers may have remarkable skills at certain jobs, but they cannot be shifted about the plant as readily as workers with less limiting handicaps.

Thus, to maintain its flexibility, a plant can take on only a workable proportion of employees with restrictive disabilities. Fortunately, such disabilities are found only in a limited portion of our population, a portion which, if the eyes of all employers had Dr. Burnell's vision, could readily be absorbed.

But eyes are slow in opening—not only the eyes of employers, but the eyes of legislators and of some unions.

Do you know that in some states the compensation laws actually work against the man with a disability? In some states, for example, the employer is held fully liable if an employee has a heart attack on the premises. No consideration is given to whether the man had a heart condition when he got the job. No wonder in such states a cardiac finds the bars thrown down against him.

The compensation laws of most states compel the employer to accept persons with serious medical impairment on the same basis as persons without impairment. No allowance is made for medical risk (yet that's the first thing your life-insurance man wants to know about). Is it any wonder these laws militate against the disabled? Clubbed by such legislation, wouldn't any employer tell his medical department to pick out the best physical specimens among the job applicants?

A simple inclusion of waivers, whereby a worker with a history of coronary thrombosis, for example, could lessen his employer's liability in case he has a heart attack on the job, would do the trick. It is somewhat ridiculous that legislators who supposedly have the workingman's welfare at heart have filled the books up with laws that deprive him of a job when, through disability, he needs it most.

Some labor unions, probably unwittingly, throw the same kind of curve at the disabled when they insist on rigid occupational groupings. Some contracts require all new workers to start at heavy laboring and to progress to skilled classifications through seniority only. It's pretty hard to hire a legless man, or a blind man, or an arrested T.B. under such circumstances.

But the biggest stumbling block is ignorance. Too many employers still think that the loss of sight, or hearing, or a limb, or some chronic illness knocks out the total man. They just don't rate God's product highly enough.

Willard W. Perrine, chief employment specialist for the Michigan State Social Welfare Department, sat in the office of an employer talking his heart out in hopes of getting a break for blind workmen. He told of the skills blind men were being trained in. He gave evidence showing that they could do many jobs. He talked about all the other values in a man besides his ability to see.

The employer listened politely.

Finally he said, "Sure, Mr. Perrine, we need men. But I'm afraid you've got us wrong. We're not a rehabilitation center. We're in a tough, competitive business and we've got a job to do. We can only afford able-bodied people. We need men with skill, verve, enthusiasm." He looked across the desk. "Take yourself. We'd hire you in a minute."

"That's very interesting," Mr. Perrine said softly.

"Why?"

"Because I happen to be blind—that's all."

At Oldsmobile, in Lansing, Perrine has put on his most convincing demonstration. Eleven blind men trained by him are working in the plant. I saw them. Each was doing a full production job; in fact, one, Ed Huels, was doing nine jobs, swinging around the oil pump assembly bench to do whichever of nine jobs most needed doing at the time.

"There's no gimmes in this," Perrine commented. "These men know that jobs don't grow on gooseberry bushes. Each one is doing full production work —there's not a made job among them. They're not off in a corner putting washers on bolts."

And indeed they weren't. They were working at fast, complex machines. Their ratings show that they work more carefully, make less scrap than sighted workers. When someone recently remarked to Perrine, "A blind man can't run a punch press," his reply was, "Well, don't tell Oldsmobile, because they've got them doing it!"

Blind Men's Income Taxes

The 11 blind workers in the plant pay a total of some $500 a month to Uncle Sam in withholding tax. If, instead of being gainfully employed, they were receiving Michigan's State Aid to the Blind, they would receive $57.60 each or a total of $633.60 a month.

This is what GM's philosophy—playing to strength instead of to weakness—means to society. Instead of these blind individuals being on the public dole for $633.60 they are earning good livings for themselves and paying Uncle Sam $500.

To implement the philosophy, a few simple routines in the medical department are required. Any plant could initiate them. More difficult, perhaps, is the integration of the medical department into the entire production team. But it is worth the doing. Here's how it works at GM:

A man comes in for a job. "The first thing we do," Dr. Burnell explained, "is to look at him as a 'potential.' Remember—we're not so much interested in finding what he lacks as in finding what he has."

This approach requires a thorough knowledge of all plant operations. The day when a plant physician could simply put a stethoscope and an arm band on a man is gone. At GM plants the idea is to fit together a jigsaw puzzle in which half the parts represent the needs of specific jobs and the other half represent the potentials of the men and women who apply for work.

The medical examination is pictured as a square, the four corners being medical history, physical examination, laboratory studies (including X ray), and "personality study or evaluation of emotional stability." In too many plants, GM people feel, this square is squeezed into a triangle with the fourth vital corner cut off.

Since in the Burnell philosophy everyone is handicapped for some kinds of jobs, the medical report doesn't stress handicaps. It doesn't even specify a man's disabilities, but simply interprets

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...verdependency and a lack of interest

his abilities. It may say, for example, "Suited for work in department 27, but not in department 29." Or it may say, "Suited for department 17, but must avoid vapors, dust, high or low temperatures."

Individuals are classified into five groups: 1. Unlimited, suitable for any department. 2. Limited, suitable for certain types of work only. 3. Special, requiring a special kind of work and not to be transferred to any other without medical okay. 4. Temporarily unable to work, requiring remedial medical attention. 5. Rejected, not suited to any job opening.

In group 2, the limited category, the employee's medical card tells the story in job terms, not in medical terms. It may say "no hazardous machinery" for a coronary case or a diabetic, "no heavy lifting" for a man with an old back injury or hernia, "ground-level work" for anyone susceptible to dizzy spells, "avoid skin irritants" for the highly allergic ones, or "restrict to relatively noise-free area" for workers with auditory or nervous impairments.

But men aren't static, and the medical department cannot be either. Men develop new disabilities, and they also develop new abilities.

Swan Craddock, whom I met at Detroit Transmission, is a case in point. He had been a crane operator but he couldn't go on being one because he had two heart attacks, and the control cab of a giant crane swinging big steel over the heads of fellow workers is no place for a man with heart trouble. But while operating the crane, Craddock also had grown in skill. He learned to jockey three or four tons of steel with the delicacy of a museum curator arranging his chalices.

So off Craddock went with his new medical report: "Suited for precision grinding. Avoid hazardous work and physical strain." He took his place as a grinder, working gears down to a precision of 2/10,000ths of an inch. His development as a worker had been shifted from brawn to skill.

A man's handicap, after all, is but one aspect of his total self. Viewing from this aspect alone, one might list five people we all know about as—individually—deaf, mentally ill, blind, epileptic and paralyzed. But taking the total self into account, the list would read Beethoven, Van Gogh, Milton, Napoleon and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

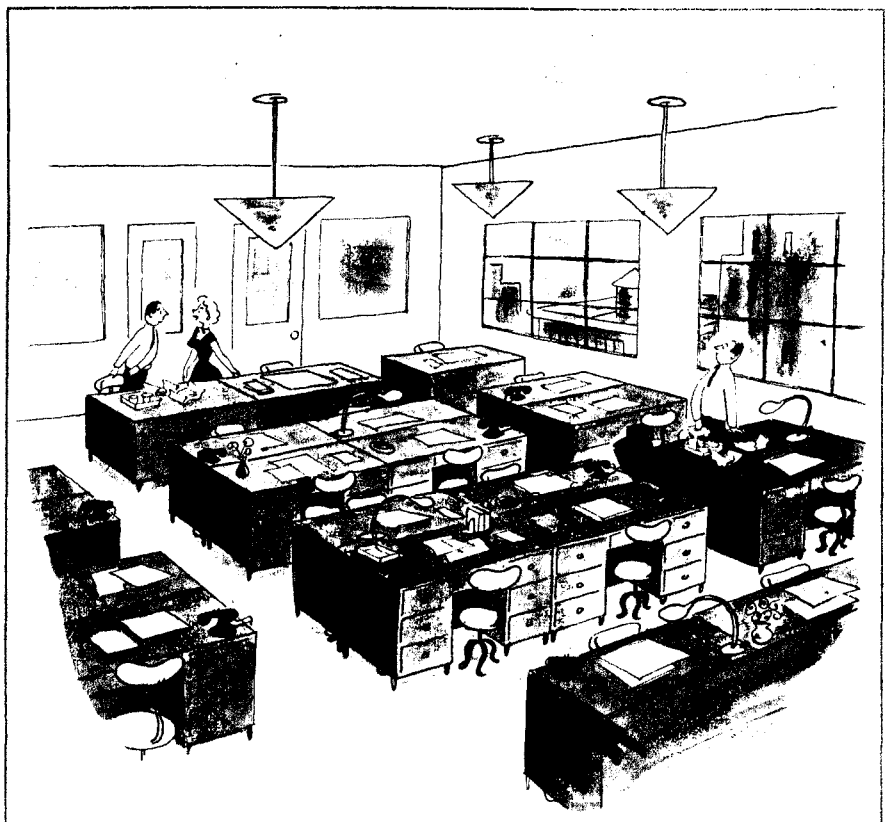
Industrial Medicine's Purpose

Dr. Burnell, in his philosophy of industrial medicine, is looking for the total person. He looks beyond the "handicap." As we sat at a select club, where Detroit's topflight executives go to lunch, he looked around and said, "Here we are with a room full of successful executives. It is also full of handicaps, from obesity to heart disease. But it's these men's abilities the world is interested in, not their disabilities."

The same thing goes at the plants. Dr. Burnell has seen them come in, men and women who have handicaps and think perhaps that they're alone in that respect. They don't know how many other people have disabilities as bad as theirs, maybe worse, perhaps not visible, perhaps secret. They don't know about the new medical philosophy which regards all people as handicapped—each a unique combination of disability and ability.

"Such people," Dr. Burnell said to me, "get a feeling of dignity, a mellowing of character, when their value is found."

Perhaps he was thinking of Walter J. Stypula, a tool designer at Detroit Diesel. Stypula, a polio victim, said to me, "I feel I'm no worse off than anyone else. Handicaps are like troubles. If all people were to put their handicaps in one big pile, I guess most would be content to pick up theirs and go quietly home." ▲▲▲



"Oh, I'm sorry, Fred, but I've already promised Joe I'd have lunch with him"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH
COLGATE
Chlorophyll Toothpaste
DESTROYS BAD BREATH
Originating in the Mouth
MORE EFFECTIVELY!

Clinical Tests Prove It Works
More Thoroughly, for a Longer Time
Than A Non-Chlorophyll Toothpaste!

In "Osmoscope" tests with actual cases, (men and women who had unpleasing breath), Colgate Chlorophyll* Toothpaste was proved to act *more thoroughly*, and give *longer-lasting* protection. Even at the end of four hours, it was proved to give *far greater reduction* of bad breath!

RIDS MOUTH OF DECAY BACTERIA!

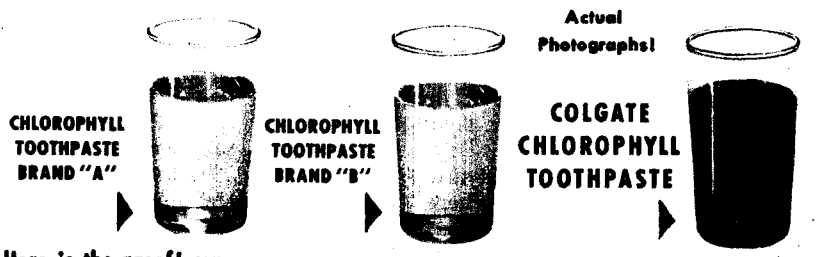
Just one brushing with Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste cleans your mouth of a high percentage of bacteria. Remember: bacteria and acids are a chief cause of tooth decay. Every time you brush with Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste you reduce these destructive acids!

COMMON GUM TROUBLE REDUCED TWICE AS FAST!

Clinical tests (now published in a dental journal!) with 589 children show that chlorophyll toothpaste can reduce gingivitis *twice as fast* as a white toothpaste! Even *severe* cases were quickly improved! Here is scientific proof that regular brushing with Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste can help your children have a better chance for sound, healthy gums!

*Contains water-soluble chlorophyllins

YOU CAN PROVE IT YOURSELF!
No Other Toothpaste
HAS MORE ACTIVE CHLOROPHYLL
And You Can Be Sure Colgate's Is in *Effective, Soluble* Form!



Here is the proof! When equal amounts of Brand "A", Brand "B" and Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste are mixed with water, the solution with Colgate turns a darker, richer green, thus proving it contains more soluble chlorophyll than either brand. And while the chlorophyll in other brands may settle to the bottom, you won't see this happen with Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste. The water remains a clear, dark green, even for days, showing that the chlorophyll is completely dissolved—ready to help you against bad breath and common gum disorders!

Make Sure You Get The Full Benefits of a Chlorophyll Toothpaste...with this New, Exclusive Colgate Formula!

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It was a crazy risk, taking the little yawl so far in a northeast gale. But a man was dying on the island, and Bill had to make the

Voyage to the Mainland

By JOHN SAVAGE

THE wreck of the yawl Princess occurred on the coast of Maine, during the worst northeaster in forty-two years. William Cary, of Gale Island, was alone on board. He was twenty-nine years old—a professional builder of boats and an expert sailing man. He could easily have avoided the disaster. Even as late as ten seconds before the wreck, he could still have chosen safety. His refusal to do so can be understood only in the light of previous events. . . .

Bill knew about the coming storm long before he sailed. He was just finishing breakfast in his house on Gale Island when the warnings began coming from his radio. The weather people sounded excited, but Bill was too full of his own plans to care. This was a great day in his life, and nothing was going to spoil it—nothing. He listened only long enough to find out how soon the storm would hit. Then he switched off the radio, got into his oilskins, and walked quickly down to the harbor.

Last week's snow still covered the ground, but the sky this morning was clear. The day was sunny and cold, with a twenty-knot wind from the east. Perfect weather, Bill realized happily, for what he wanted to do. The northeaster that was roaring down the Bay of Fundy would take at least two hours to reach the Maine coast and Gale Island. There ought to be plenty of time.

He went up to the gate of the Cary Boatyard and found it locked. That was queer. Oren Fortunata, his foreman, was supposed to have opened up ten minutes ago. Of course ten minutes of the boatyard's time didn't matter much in the dead month of March, but old Orie had never been late before. Bill shrugged his shoulders and used his own key on the padlock.

As soon as he stepped through the gate, he saw the slender mainmast of the Princess, tall above the dock. She was the only boat in the harbor. All about the yard, in snow-covered wintering sheds, the yachts of the summer people slept in their annual hibernation.

Bill climbed down a ladder to the mooring float and looked at his masterpiece. The Princess. A little yacht so beautiful that the sight of her made him feel like singing.

After seven years in the boatyard business, Bill had finally reached the point where he could afford a boat of his own, built exactly the way he wanted her. Princess was thirty-nine feet long, with hollow masts of Sitka spruce. She was flush-decked with teak from Burma, and her mahogany planking was fastened with bronze screws to white-oak frames. Bill Cary had designed her hull on long-ended, racing lines, with certain canny modifications meant to make her abler in a seaway.

He had launched her a week ago, against the advice of Oren Fortunata and others, who had urged him to wait until good weather. Bill had been in no mood to wait, especially after seven years of dreaming and a whole winter of work. He had spent the past week in fitting her out: stepping the two masts, tuning up the standing rigging and bending on sail. Now she was ready to go.

He got aboard and, grinning like a schoolboy, went to work: he took off the sail covers and ran up the mizzen and the mainsail. The headsails could wait until he got moving.

The little yawl was already headed into the freezing wind as she lay, her two sails slatting quietly against the lazy jacks. Bill released the bow line and let her stem away from the dock. Then he trotted back to the stern and cast off. The moment the sails filled, Bill knew that he had the sailboat he had always wanted. Princess sped away from the dock on a broad reach for the harbor mouth, the water hissing along her flanks.

Bill sailed the open sea for an hour, without even thinking about time. He took Princess twice around the island and then spent another half hour "swinging ship" to test the compass. He found no compass deviation at all. That was one advantage of having a lead keel, instead of iron, and no motor. He didn't take time to stream the log and check his speed. He knew the Princess was phenomenally fast, just by the feel of her. This boat, he decided, would last him the rest of his life.

IT WAS nine thirty when he heard the distant, woman's voice hailing him. He was a hundred yards off the harbor mouth, sailing parallel to the shore. Turning his head, he saw a woman standing on the boatyard dock, waving at him with something like a dish towel. Bill smiled and raised his arm, hoping that the woman, whoever she was, would see the gesture. It was nice of her to be concerned about him, but he already knew about the storm. He might as well stay out a little longer.

By the time he headed into harbor, half an hour later, the wind had picked up a little more speed and was veering ominously into the northeast. That was all right. He'd still have time to tie up and secure everything before the lid blew off.

He was surprised to see that the woman was still standing on the dock. It was Mrs. Oren Fortunata, the foreman's wife. She was standing in the shallow snow, blue with cold, still waving the dish towel at him. As Princess came about and shot upwind to the dock, she cried out, "Don't tie up, Bill! Don't tie up!"

That was crazy. "Why not?" he called.

"Get a doctor, Bill! Oren's dying!"

Bill knew how excitable Mrs. Fortunata was,

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY WOODWARD

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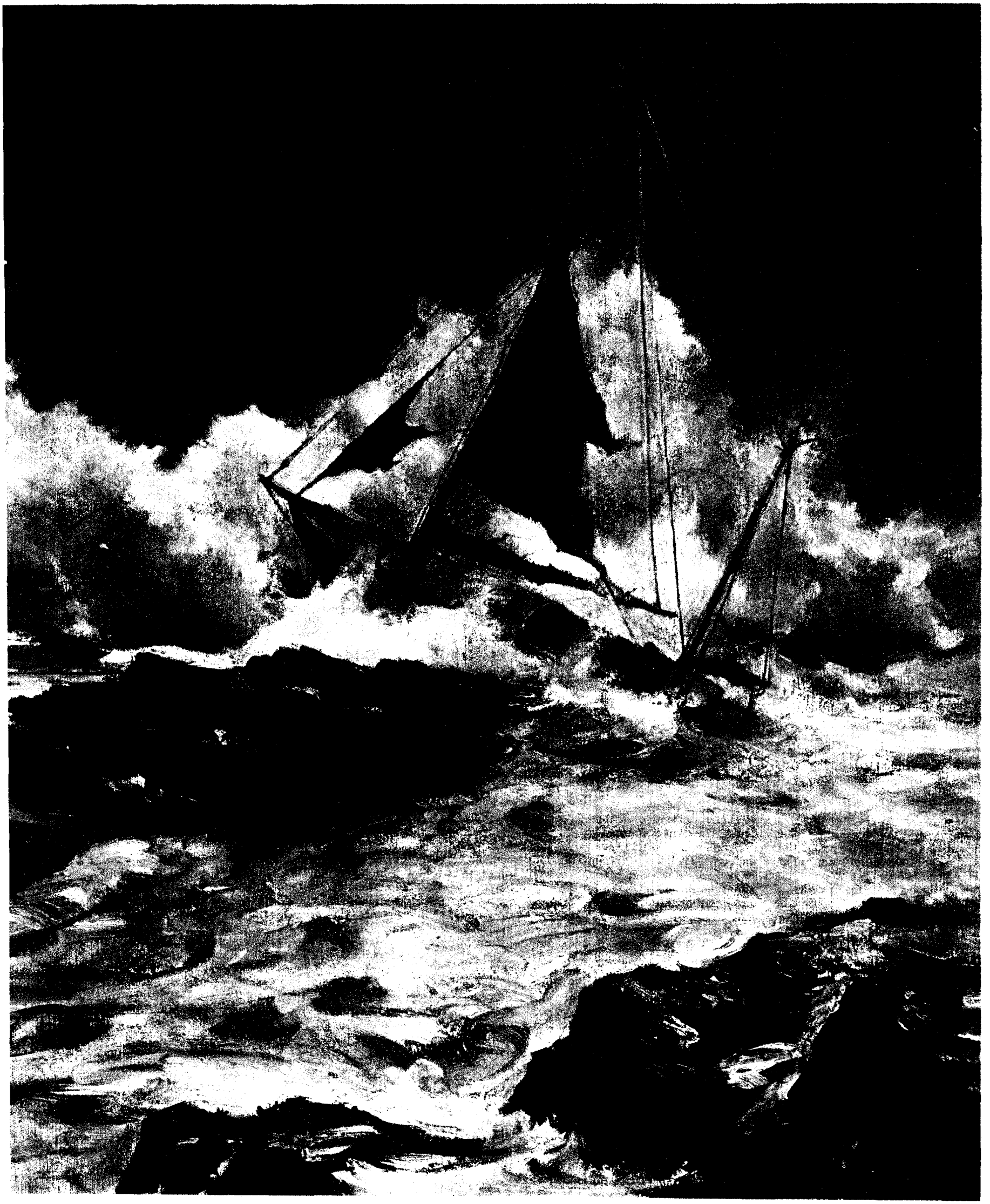

Then he saw breakers ahead, and felt Princess sweep upward convulsively and crash down in their midst, on a solid granite shelf

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so he went ahead and tied up and lowered his sails. "I'd better take a look at him," he said. "Don't you worry, now; he'll be all right. It's probably just that old rheumatism again."

But as soon as he saw Oren, lying white-faced on the couch in the Fortunatas' living room, Bill knew that it wasn't rheumatism. "Where you hurting, Orie?" he said.

"Bellyache," Oren said. "I make it south-sou'west."

Bill prodded the lower right quadrant of Orie's abdomen gently with his forefinger. The area felt hard as a rock, and the old man cried out at the slightest pressure. Bill laid his hand on Orie's brow and found it very hot. He thought bleakly of the emergency operations he'd read about, performed by amateurs with the patient on a kitchen table. He knew a little about first aid, but he was sure he didn't know enough to take out an appendix. Orie needed a real surgeon, and soon.

"Can we move him?" his wife asked.

Bill shook his head. "Best bet would be for me to get to the mainland, where there's a phone. The Coast Guard could send a doctor." He was already thinking about the voyage. It was nineteen miles. With no other boats in the water, he'd have to take Princess. "I can make it," he said. "Keep your chin up, Orie."

AS HE hoisted sail again, Bill felt a wild sort of joy. There was going to be a real blow—soon. Princess would get the test of her life, and if she was the sweetheart he thought she was, she'd come through fine. He left the harbor under a full press of sail, close-hauled on the starboard tack and heeling sharply. Speed was the main thing, so he'd have to wait as long as possible before reefing. The wind was pure northeast now, and he was heading due north, for Spruce Harbor. The sky was dark gray. The sea, however, was not rough enough to be dangerous, and the wind was no great peril either—not yet.

The wind built up considerably during the first half hour. At the end of that time Princess was almost five miles from Gale Island, sluicing gallantly along with her lee rail awash. "She *likes* weather," Bill muttered proudly. And then he saw the first flake of snow. He hadn't counted on snow right away.

It wasn't too bad at first. The little flakes of snow flew by horizontally, with great speed. Bill could see the woods on the mainland about as well as before, but always with the little white bullets passing. The wind kept making up, and at eleven he hove to, in order to double-reef the mainsail. By the time he had tied the last knot and got his gloves on, his hands were numb with cold.

When the visibility vanished for good, it did so quite suddenly. One moment Bill could see a long way, and the next moment the air was so full of snow he had trouble seeing even the luff of his mainsail. He steered by the compass from then on, allowing a few degrees for the little leeway he was making.

Princess had covered half the distance to the mainland when her lee rail went under again, and stayed there. The wind was whistling a high note in the shrouds now. Bill hove to, put on a life jacket, and then lowered his mainsail. He'd have to go the rest of the way on what Orie Fortunata called "jib 'n' jigger."

Ten minutes later, the forestaysail popped open, with a noise like a shot of dynamite. Its tattered fragments streamed out to leeward, snapping like machine guns. Bill Cary went below and got out the storm trysail—a small triangle of stiff, oiled canvas, as heavy as iron. Back on deck, he set the trysail at the main, lowered the mizzen, and sailed on.

How sweetly the Princess kept way on her, even with so little canvas! She climbed up and over each advancing sea with perfect aplomb, showing no tendency to yaw on the down slope or to shy away on the up. Could she find Spruce Harbor by herself, with her master blind in the snow? He almost believed she could.

AN HOUR later he heard the sound of waves on rocks: the mainland. He strained his eyes, looking ahead, cursing the snow. He could barely see the bow of the Princess. How could he possibly find the harbor entrance? A sudden mental picture of the bones of his yawl, crashing to splinters on the rocks, made him spin the wheel to starboard as hard as he could. Princess came about smartly and lay off on the port tack, heading southeast, away from that terrible sound.

Bill tried to think. Spruce Harbor was near the end of a long finger of land. The finger pointed south, and the harbor was on its eastern side—the weather side today. Probably the surf he had heard was at the end of the peninsula. If he sailed east for ten minutes, and then north again, he'd be about right for the harbor.

But he'd still have to find it, after that, and meanwhile he'd be sailing along a lee shore, no place to be in a blow. Wouldn't it be better to sail *west*, and then go fifteen miles north to Dutchport, protected by the peninsula? It would be better for Bill Cary, yes, and better for Princess. But what about Orie Fortunata?

For Orie it would be worse; maybe fatally worse. Orie would get his doctor at least two hours later that way than the other, and a hot appendix could do a lot in two hours.

Bill turned north. The risk would have to be taken, for Orie's sake.

A few minutes later he heard the surf again. This time it seemed to come from somewhere off his port bow, although it was hard to be sure. The wind and snow did funny things to sound. Cautiously he edged in toward the breakers. If he could only get close enough to see the land, or the buoys that marked the harbor . . . Suddenly the roaring of the surf seemed to come from all around him. In a panic he headed out to sea again. He sailed east for several minutes, until the sound died away. Then he saw his cowardice and grew ashamed.

The shame, and probably the flying snow, produced a curious vision: the Princess seemed to have lost all her gallantry. She wore her trysail like a torn and dirty shirt. For Bill Cary the little yawl had become, in a moment, an ungainly, betrayed thing, half stunned on the water.

He passed his hand across his eyes and spun the wheel to port once more. He was just testing, he told himself; but when he felt the quick and spirited response, he knew he must not turn her away from danger again. Princess was flying straight for the land now—perhaps for the harbor. With the wind on her starboard quarter, she drove westward, her trysail broad off like a banner. Bill Cary, at the wheel, felt both joy and fear. He had built the best of himself into this boat, and he would try to live up to her. But wasn't she asking the impossible?

In good weather, he would have been able to sail until he saw the rocky shore, then follow it along to the harbor. Now, he would probably hit the rocks before he saw them. He could slow down a little first, by starting his mainsheet and spilling some wind, but he mustn't overdo it.

The less speed he had, in that last split second, the less control his rudder would give him.

As he listened for the first sound of the breakers, he found himself reviewing, in a sort of instantaneous parade, all the other boats he'd ever had. It was as if he were searching among them for some secret that would help him now. It was also a little like something else, he realized wryly: your whole life, passing before your eyes in a moment, as it was said to do when you were drowning. The thought was a little gruesome, but it didn't stop the memories. It didn't stop the searching. . . .

Bill had been eight years old when he got his first boat. It was a birthday present from his father, who had built it for him secretly over a period of months. It wasn't any beauty. Old Arthur Cary made his living in the Gale Island granite pit, and he was more at home with stone than with wood. The rowboat he built looked like something hacked out of the ground, and it weighed five hundred pounds.

Bill fell in love with it.

"Mind you keep to the harbor now," his father warned. But Bill had other ideas. He wanted very much to obey his father, but there was one thing he wanted more. The low, blue line of the mainland was clearly visible, only nineteen miles away. As soon as his father's back was turned, Bill pulled for the mouth of the harbor.

He was rescued after half a mile, by Henry Glover, the lobsterman. Henry, finding him almost exhausted, towed him to harbor and took him home.

"Where were you bound, son?" his father asked.

"Boat ride."

His father grunted. Being both an island man and a widower, Arthur Cary knew what was wrong. He, himself, hadn't left the lonely island in years, but now his son heard him say a wonderful thing: "I'll be riding the stone barge to the mainland this week. You might come along, if you like."

Bill could hardly believe it, and he had to wait a moment before he could answer in the proper islander's way, without a great show of excitement. Finally he said, "All right. I'll come." Then he walked out into the woods, where a man could yell a bit.

Gale Island was five square miles of spruce and granite and blueberries. The blueberries grew on the high ground near the northern cliffs. Bill walked until he came to the western edge of Campion's berry field. He ate a few blueberries and then just stood in the field, looking off at the mainland.

He tried to imagine the welcome. "This is Bill Cary, from Gale Island," someone would say, and then all the others would crowd around with greetings, maybe with small presents of some kind. And he would smile and thank them. . . . He knew a lot about the mainland, because of the stories his mother had told him before she died.

He had only three days to wait. The stone barge, towed by a thirty-foot motor launch, made a round trip to Rockland every Saturday. It carried fifty-five tons of the paving blocks known as Manhattan Standard, destined eventually for the streets of New York City, five hundred miles away.

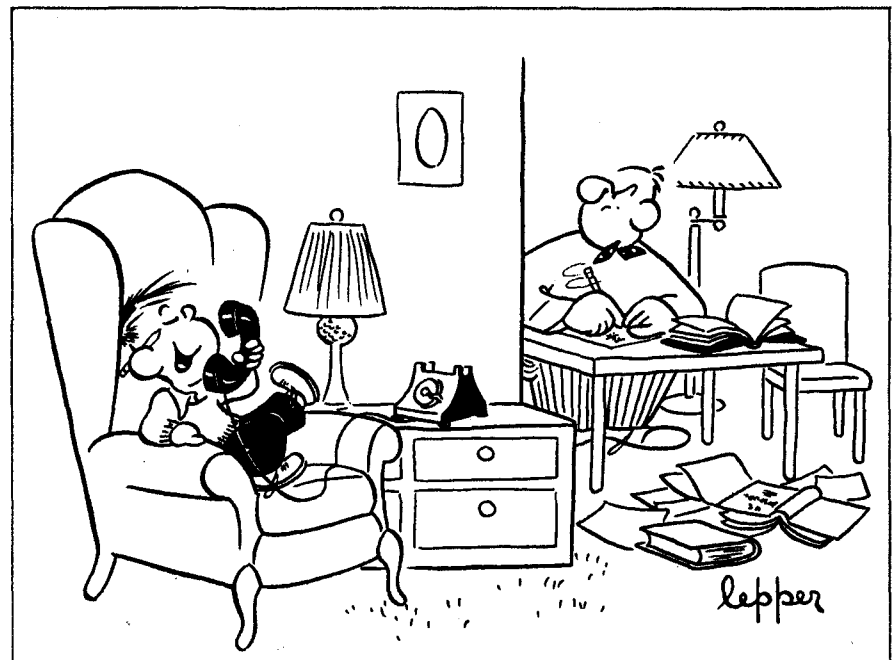
BILL CARY and his father climbed onto the load of granite before dawn on the morning of September 19, 1931. Bill's eyes were big and his hopes were high. They docked at Rockland five hours later, in a drizzle of rain. He and his father walked the streets of town for several hours. Bill saw dozens of exciting things, including his first automobiles. He saw his first movie. Above all, he saw more human beings than he had ever seen before.

These people went about their own affairs, sometimes laughing, sometimes not, exactly like islanders. Nobody said, "This is Bill Cary of Gale," and Bill saw that the remark would not have touched off any celebrations anyway.

On the empty barge going back to Gale Island that evening, Bill's father asked, "How did you like it?"

Bill smiled and said, "I liked it," which was true enough.

As soon as he got home he went for a row in the dark harbor and did some figuring. The real mainland must be somewhere else, farther away. He'd need a bigger boat. . . .



"Mine's helping me, too. Yep . . . Ha-ha! That's nothing. Mine didn't even know what a least common denominator was"

COLLIER'S EDWIN LEPPER

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During the next year, when Bill was nine, an important thing happened to Gale Island: it was discovered by the summer people. Until that time, Gale's population had been almost steady, at about eighteen people. The Glover brothers caught lobsters, and the Campion family raised blueberries; and everyone else worked in the quarry.

Two families from Massachusetts built summer homes on Gale in 1932, and that was only the beginning. Word got around: perfect harbor, no telephone. By 1936, when Bill was thirteen, the island had acquired a dozen great houses, and there was talk of organizing a yacht club.

Bill had very little to do with the summer people. He watched them, and he coveted their boats; he spoke with the younger ones occasionally; that was all. He discovered in all these people an astonishing matter-of-factness and in himself a reserve to match.

IT WAS from the son of a New Jersey businessman that Bill got his second boat. This was a centerboard dinghy, twelve feet long, with a torn sail and several bad leaks. Bill bought it in 1936 for eleven dollars and spent all winter making repairs. On the first good day of the following spring, he sailed for Nova Scotia, ninety-eight miles to the east. Nobody saw him go.

He sailed off in approximately the right direction, but he made the mistake of steering by the wind, instead of by the sun or the ground swell. He had the wind on his port beam when he started, and he held it that way.

His sail was still drawing nicely when the Coast Guard overtook him, on the evening of the second day. He was wide awake, rising and falling in perfect ecstasy on the dark desert of the sea. He was headed straight for Africa.

Bill's father had a long talk with him that night after he got home. Arthur Cary sat on the foot of Bill's bed and began by asking, "What's this all about, son?"

Bill, who had slept most of the way home on the cutter, yawned and asked, "What's *what* all about?"

His father smiled. "Let's both quit playing dumb," he said. "I'll tell you a few things, and you can tell me a few. How's that?"

"All right," Bill said. He felt good in the warm, soft bed, and he always had liked talking with his dad.

They talked about Bill's mother, who had died before Bill was five. They talked about how much time Bill had had to spend by himself. They agreed that maybe Bill had been blaming Gale Island for something that wasn't the island's fault. They talked about the mainland and got Bill's dream of a big welcome out into the open, where he could see how unreasonable it was. "Nobody's going to roll out any red carpet for you," his father explained, "no matter *where* you go. Why should they? You're nobody special."

Bill smiled sheepishly and said, "I see what you mean."

His father tucked him in and turned out the light.

It may be that the old man thought the dream was dead. Certainly Bill's life changed sharply after that night. But the change was in his method, rather than in his goal. Three words stuck in his mind: You're nobody special. Maybe he could repair that.

He had been helping at the quarry, ever since he was eleven. Now he started turning up for work every day. His father kept the money for him.

In 1937 the summer people organized their yacht club, and a man named Leland went into the boatyard business at the harbor. Bill Cary went to work for Mr. Leland in 1938. Bill's hands were good, and his brain was good, and he turned them both toward boats. He scraped and painted and rigged from morning till night. He read old Leland's books on marine architecture and engineering until he could have recited them by heart. Then he sent for more books.

Leland knew he had a good boy, and he let Bill do pretty much as he pleased. By 1941, when Bill was eighteen, the boatyard was doing so well that Leland expanded from mere servicing and repairs into construction. He and Bill built five small catboats that year, to specifications they worked out together, and sold all five.

Bill liked the designing part especially. He did a lot of paper work for boats that would never exist, just for practice. Late one night, in August of 1941, he drew plans for the ideal Marconi yawl. This, he decided, was a boat that *would* exist someday. And when the drawings were made, all shipshape on a single sheet of crosshatched paper, he penciled the yacht's name on one corner of the sheet. It was just a name that popped into his head out of nowhere: Princess. . . .

In 1942, Bill joined the Navy. He spent most of the next three years at sea, working his way up to bosun's mate first on a cruiser named Mobile. Nights, he wrote letters to his father and Mr. Leland:

Dear Mr. Leland:

If you run across a bargain in a Friendship sloop that's not too beat up, let me know, will you? I've got a little money saved, and I'll be getting out pretty soon. . . .

He got out in 1945, at the age of twenty-two. He didn't buy the Friendship sloop, because he needed all his money, and a GI loan besides, to swing something else. Mr. Leland's legs were so bad that he couldn't handle the boatyard any more, and he wanted to sell. Bill bought.

THE first year was tough. Bill found that a boatyard man, unless he gets some lucky breaks, does well to come out even. He finished the year in the black for only one reason. The reason was a twenty-two-foot plywood sloop he had designed while he was in the Navy. He and his three carpenters and his one master joiner built eight of the sloops in 1945, and they were a success. Bill christened them the Gale Island Class and did some advertising.

In 1946 he hired five more workmen, and by 1947 there were one-design races in the Gale Island Class as far south as Chesapeake Bay. The name of Bill Cary began to mean something, at least among sailing people.

He began building larger boats. During the five years before 1953, both money and recognition came to Bill Cary. And he had never been so disappointed in anything in his life. In a way, he was somebody special at last, but it didn't get him what he had hoped.

He went to parties with the summer people and found praise but not acceptance. He tried drinking with the lobster fishermen, "making toggles," they called it, and found fellowship but not an end to isolation. He chased after various girls and found fun but not much more. What in Heaven's name did a man have to do?

He thought of getting married, but he was pretty sure he shouldn't do that until after he'd shaken the loneliness out of himself. And, apparently, for an island man, that was impossible.

So the dream died at last—or went into hiding, anyway. It survived only in a memory from childhood: he would build the finest sailing yacht in the world and tour a thousand harbors with her. People would come to the docks to welcome him, perhaps with small presents of some kind. And he would smile and thank them.

BILL CARY scowled now, sailing the Princess in the storm. If his memories had any help for him, or even any message, he sure as blazes hadn't got it.

He could hear the breakers now, but he held the Princess steady as she went. Then something dim, fifty feet away, was slipping past his starboard beam. A marker buoy! This must be the harbor entrance!

But now he saw that the buoy was of the type called a black can, and panic hit him again. He was near the harbor, all right, but he wasn't in the channel. He should be passing the can on the other side. He spun the wheel hard.

Princess struck bottom as soon as she came into the wind and began to straighten up. She struck with a jar that rattled Bill's teeth. In a flash he realized what had happened; until he had tried to bring her about, Princess had been heeled well over, and for that reason had cleared the shoal. Straightened up, she needed deeper water.

Quickly he trimmed his mainsheet in and turned the wheel back. With great relief, he felt Princess lie over and lift free, sailing again toward the harbor. Maybe if he kept her on this tack, heeled sharply, she could still sneak over the hump. Then he saw breakers ahead, and felt Princess sweep upward convulsively and crash down in their midst, on a solid granite shelf.

He managed to hold to the wheel for a moment, before the water swept over him and tore him loose. He smashed into something hard and then went overboard. After that he spent a long time under the surface, in a choking nightmare. A moment later he found himself floating in the comparatively calm icy water of the harbor, miraculously alive, held up by his life jacket.

Through driving snowflakes, Bill could see the white shore looming up, and he saw a lighted window that reminded him of a telephone call he had to make, fast. He had never done any real good for Bill Cary in twenty-nine years; maybe he could do some good for Orie Fortunata. Dazedly, he began swimming for the light. . . .

An hour later, in dry clothes and oilskins, Bill came out of the harbormaster's house. He walked stiffly because of his bruises, alone through the snow to the water's edge. He could see faintly what was left of the Princess, being methodically ground to toothpicks by the sea.

A score of miles beyond her, Bill knew, a Coast Guard cutter was arriving, or about to arrive, at Gale Island. Suddenly he smiled. It was a comforting thought.

Come to think of it, he had practically *bought* that cutter for Orie Fortunata, lock, stock and doctor. The price had been a yawl Bill happened to love quite a bit, yes; but somehow he didn't feel cheated. In fact, he wondered if he hadn't received some kind of secret bonus on the deal.

Why else, standing all by himself in a snowstorm, should he have this feeling of warmth, of arrival at last, and of welcome? ▲▲▲

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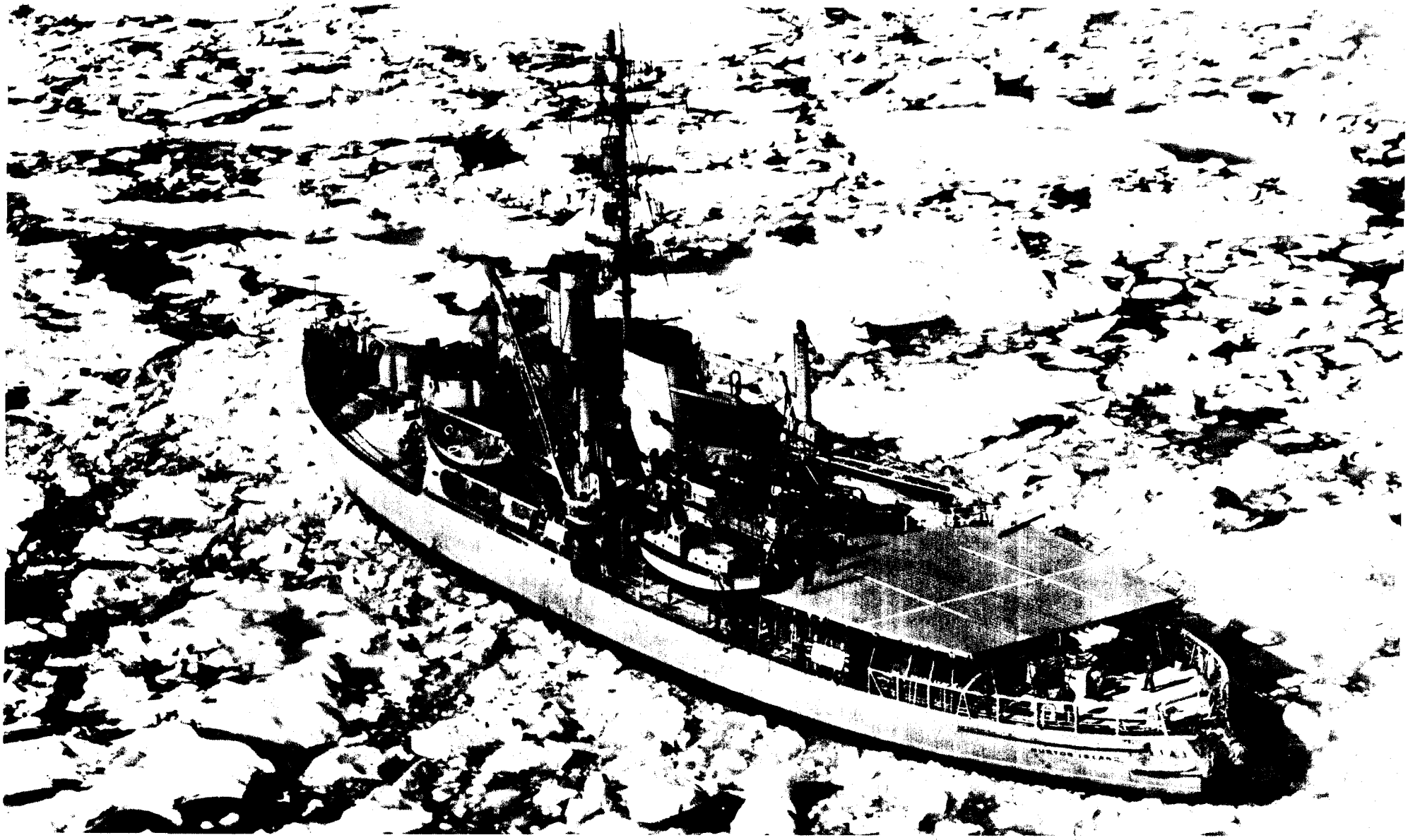

U.S. NAVY PHOTOS

The U.S. Navy icebreaker Burton Island pushed farther into Beaufort Sea, above northeast Alaska, than any vessel had ever traveled before

The Arctic's Warming Up

Nature is putting the heat on the vast polar wastes, enabling men to smash ever deeper into the barren ice fields. The future may bring amazing changes there

Cmdr. John Schwartz, captain of the Burton Island, shot polar bear with pistol from hovering copter

By JONAS WILLIAMS

WE ARE beating the arctic. The 5,000,000 square miles of icy waste surrounding the North Pole is being pushed back by nature and smashed open by science. American and Canadian vessels have battered paths across the top of North America, opening up the Northwest Passage between Europe and Asia for which mariners have been searching for almost 500 years. And Russia is using a northeast passage through the arctic at least three months out of the year to move huge cargoes between Soviet ports in Europe and Asia.

Most dramatic of all, submarines have joined in the assault on the once-impenetrable polar seas, slipping along under the ice and emerging briefly only to replenish their air supply. The dreaded ice packs are being subdued, and an astonishing future is opening up for the arctic wastes.

Imagine a great cargo ship, atomic-powered and jet-propelled, smashing through the deadly ice fields, en route from Yokohama to London over the top of the world—and cutting 4,000 to 6,000 miles from today's routes through the Suez or Panama Canals.

Our future atomic submarine, the Nautilus (Collier's, December 20, 1952), can cruise for months under the arctic ice, safe from storms and enemy detection; and in an emergency, the Nautilus can burst through to the surface, using cutting blades or explosive charges on her deck to shear away the roof of ice.

What's more, says U.S. Navy Commander John R. Schwartz, of Hazelton, Pennsylvania, in a few years great convoys of cargo ships may ferry uranium and other riches of the far north from the icebound arctic coasts of Alaska and Canada direct to West Coast factories.

Schwartz's predictions are not idle speculation. He has personally commanded three postwar arctic expeditions and, since mid-1951, has been head of the Navy's Fleet Cold Weather Operations section. Every Navy arctic and antarctic operation since then has begun as a directive prepared on his desk in the Pentagon.

But he is the first to acknowledge that man's efforts alone are not opening up the polar sea lanes. Nature is doing her part, too—by warming up the arctic.

Before World War II, many arctic ports, like Point Barrow, on the north coast of Alaska, were ice-free only about six weeks each summer. Now they are usable at least three months of the year. Until 1919, on the west coast of Greenland, Atlantic Ocean cod were found only as far north as Godthaab; today they abound more than 500 miles farther north. Before the turn of the century, there were hardly any fish in the waters north of Scandinavia; last year more than 2,000,000,000 pounds of cod were taken by commercial fishermen in that Barents Sea area.

"The water's getting warmer in the Beaufort

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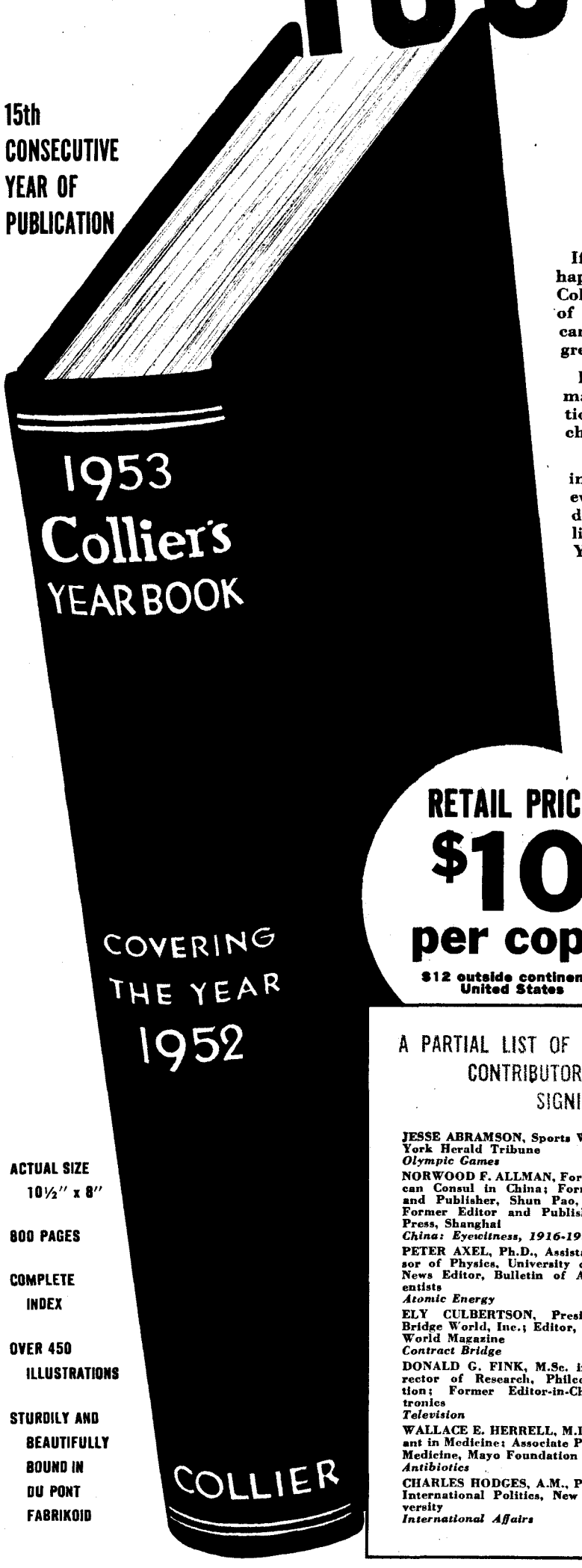

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Icebreakers and subs are licking the arctic

Sea north of Alaska, too," Schwartz says. "On my last two expeditions, I found the sea there teeming with shrimplike creatures and plankton. The next thing we know there will be a gigantic migration of fish from the Pacific to feed on them.

"After the fish will come the fishing fleets, and it is the Navy's job to make sure those unknown waters are charted by the time the fishermen arrive so that American lives will not be lost in disastrous arctic shipwrecks."

Exploration by the Mounties

The United States isn't the only nation exploring the northern waters. Canada is doing a large share, and it was, surprisingly, a Royal Canadian Mounted Police party which brought the first vessel through the Northwest Passage in recent times.

The R.C.M.P. boat, the St. Roch, was a supply and patrol schooner, commanded by Staff-Sergeant Henry A. Larsen. Until its voyage, the passage had been successfully negotiated only once —by the Norwegian explorer Roald Amundsen. The east-to-west journey took Amundsen and his crew four years. Going the other way, Larsen and seven other men threaded the St. Roch through the passage in less than 28 months, starting from Vancouver, British Columbia, in June, 1940, and dropping anchor in Halifax, Nova Scotia, in October, 1942.

In 1944, Larsen proved decisively that the passage was a practical sea route by taking the St. Roch into it once again, heading westward—and making the complete voyage in only 86 days!

Besides Larsen's two trips, many American and Canadian vessels have demonstrated the practicality of the Northwest Passage by traveling to Prince of Wales Island from both directions and then turning back without actually completing the passage.

Large-scale use of the passage by surface craft well may await the development of the atomic-powered, jet-propelled ships which Commander Schwartz sees as the ideal arctic cargo carriers. They could push through the pack ice without fear of damaging their propellers on loose floes—a major threat to conventional ships.

Even now, if war came, our submarines could use the arctic as a short cut to attack Russia's long, vulnerable sea lanes across the top of the Soviet Union.

"In World War II," says Schwartz, "German subs hid under the edge of the arctic ice pack, where they couldn't be spotted by surface-ship sonar. They dashed in and out of the ice to raid the big convoys heading into ports like Murmansk and Archangel. It is obvious that in another war we would have to adopt the same tactics."

That could be done fairly easily, according to one of Schwartz's colleagues, Lieutenant Commander Robert D. McWethy, of Aurora, Illinois, commander of the submarine Piper. "The arctic ice pack is not solid," he says. "It's made up of millions of floes with much soft ice and open water in between. It would be easy for our subs to find some place to come up for air.

"In a war with Russia, we also could send a submarine under the ice to within a few miles of her coast to radio back weather reports for our bombers. And we could establish a submarine picket line in the ice to spot enemy planes by radar just a few minutes after they have left their own territory. And think how valuable the subs would be in rescuing the crews of planes that crash on the ice pack."

If man ever does succeed in subduing the cruel arctic, a large share of the credit will belong to pioneers like John Schwartz. A stocky, soft-spoken man of forty, Schwartz entered the Navy from the merchant marine at the start of World War II, and thereafter undertook a bewildering variety of assignments—experimental work on magnetic

U.S. NAVY PHOTOS

When Cmdr. Schwartz's ship was imprisoned by ice in Bering Sea, these Navy frogmen went ashore and tried freeing it with demolition charges

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The frogmen's explosive blasts showered ship with big chunks of ice. After nine hours, tiny passage was opened and Burton Island moved away

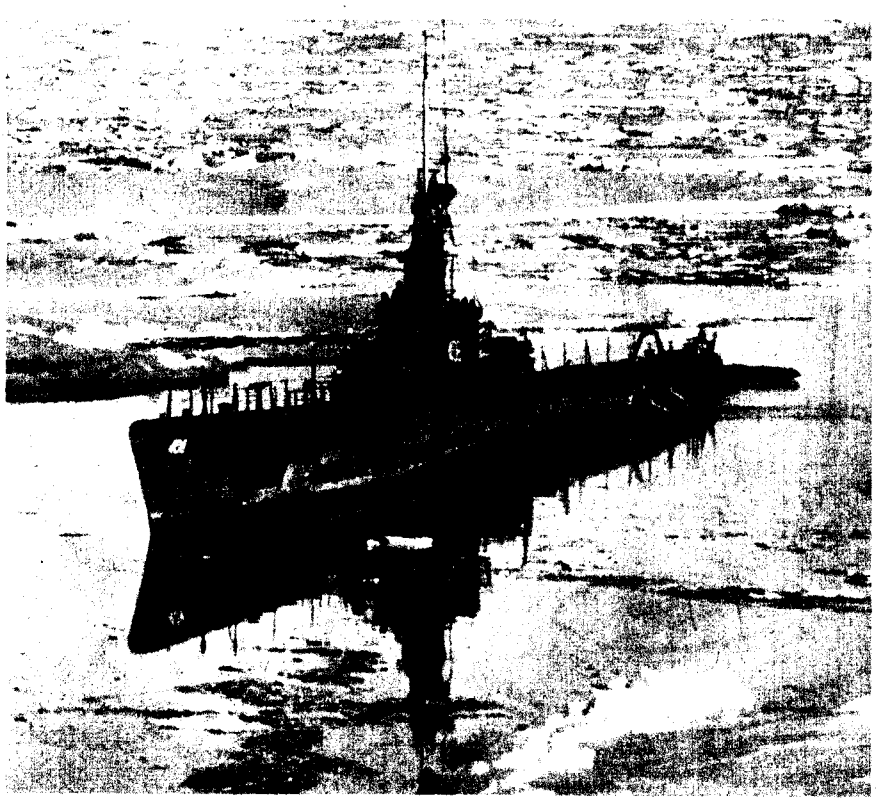
mines, evacuation duty at Singapore just before the city fell to the Japanese, combat duty aboard an attack transport in the Pacific, and, after the war, assignment to the Bikini atomic tests, a couple of years at Cornell University under Navy sponsorship and a hitch on the old battleship, Mississippi, testing new equipment.

It was in 1950 that Schwartz was given command of the icebreaker Burton Island—and got his arctic baptism in a dramatic series of adventures which have never before been made public.

Amid Treacherous Ice Floes

On his first arctic voyage, Schwartz took the sturdy Burton Island farther north in the largely unexplored Beaufort Sea—a section of the Arctic Ocean north of Alaska and northwest Canada—than any ship had ever traveled before. Floes in the Beaufort Sea pile up into pressure ridges 20 feet high—much thicker than the ice at the North Pole—and they had crushed and sunk a number of earlier vessels. In September, 1913, for example, the Karluk, commanded by the explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson, was trapped in the pressure ridges and drifted for more than three months, finally sinking on January 11, 1914, off Siberia. The survivors sent two parties out across the ice pack to try to reach land, but all were killed in the shifting ice. Only nine of those left behind finally walked out to safety, among them the ship's commander, Bob Bartlett, an American who had earlier commanded ships in Peary's polar expeditions.

But in 1950—and again in 1951—Schwartz took the Burton Island nearly 300 miles beyond the Karluk's northernmost penetration of the Beaufort Sea. He also became one of the first to take a ship in wintertime through the heavy Bering Sea ice to King Island, near the Siberian coast. On that trip,



American submarine Sennet is helping to prove that undersea craft can safely travel for long distances under ice, emerging only to renew air

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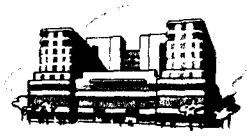

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Arctic travel may cut the Europe-to-Asia voyage by 6,000 miles

the Burton Island ran into a series of pressure ridges and finally came to a grinding stop February 3, 1951. The ice quickly closed in behind the ship, blocking all retreat. Millions of tons of ice gripped the vessel and it seemed destined for the same end as the Karluk. Schwartz had a few modern tricks up his sleeve, however. He had on board a detachment of Underwater Demolition Team (UDT) specialists. He sent the frogmen overboard in protective rubber suits, and they spent the entire day setting off explosives in the imprisoning ice, in an attempt to blow up the jam before it could damage the ship. Time after time, the trapped ship was enveloped in black clouds thrown up by the blasts. Once it was showered with chunks of ice weighing up to 50 pounds, and one of the chunks smashed through a temporary structure of 2½-inch planks on the ship's deck.

Finally, after nine hours of futile effort, the frogmen set off a tremendous blast near the ship's hull. Light bulbs and mirrors broke, but when the smoke cleared, the ship was moving. Schwartz now had the tiny bit of room he needed to maneuver. Within 20 minutes the Burton Island was free of its icy prison.

For Schwartz and his crew, the arctic was harrowing but always exciting. When his ship was in the ice, the commander got no more than an occasional cat nap on the bridge. The men relieved the monotony with an occasional snowball fight on a big ice floe. But as Schwartz put it, "The challenge of the unknown always minimizes personnel problems aboard a ship." And nearly every day the Burton Island ran into some aspect of the unknown.

With their Fathometer electronically recording the bottom of the unexplored sea, Schwartz and his men found underwater mountains and canyons never before revealed to man. Conversely, they proved that islands recorded on maps for years did *not* exist. Lockstitch Island, reported by aviators northwest of Point Barrow, turned out to be nothing more than dirty floating ice. The legendary great land mass north of Point Barrow, first reported in 1778 by Captain James Cook after conversation with the Bering Strait Eskimos, also was found to be nonexistent.

Whales, walruses and polar bears provided a diversion. Once the crew saw a mother polar bear and two cubs 60 miles from shore. They seemed to be swimming toward the edge of the ice pack, another 60 miles away. The water was cold enough to kill a man in 10 minutes; yet at the rate the bears were swimming they would be in it for two days. Sometimes Schwartz chased the great white bears through the ice with his ship. "It's funny," says Schwartz, "but the crew were against killing the bears. They said that any animal with courage enough to exist in that desolate wilderness deserved to live. And so, after they took their photographs of the bears, the ship veered off."

Only once was the rule about polar bears violated—and then the animal was shot and killed from an airborne helicopter. "We were planning to land, and he was in the way," Schwartz says.

"Tell you what I'm going to do, just because I like your looks . . ."

COLLIER'S — JOHN DEMPSEY

"Polar bears sometimes attack humans, so there was just one solution." The bear's 10-foot-long pelt now adorns his living-room floor in Maryland.

The Burton Island's arctic expeditions under Schwartz were resounding scientific successes. Twelve to 14 scientists (among them oceanographer Dr. Clifford A. Barnes of the University of Washington and physicist Dr. Waldo K. Lyon of the Navy Electronics Laboratory in San Diego, California) went along on each expedition.

The scientists took specimens of the water at different levels and analyzed it to determine whether it came from the Atlantic or the Pacific. They tested the ice to find out how old it was and where it had originated. They studied the plankton and other forms of life in the water. They examined samples of the ocean bottom in an attempt to find out what life had existed in the arctic waters in centuries past. Wherever they went, they charted the ocean bottom, studied the ice flow and computed the direction of under-ice currents.

Dr. Barnes says: "We proved many things that may benefit mankind for generations to come. We have uncovered secrets of the arctic that will help save lives if ever one of those new transpolar airliners crashes on the ice, and we have learned that mankind has a great unused underwater pasture around the North Pole. The area teems with plankton and someday we may be able to reintroduce in those waters huge herds of whales and other edible sea animals that feed largely on plankton. Such a project would help offset the meat shortage of the world."

Today, as the Navy's top arctic operations expert, Schwartz's duties are many and varied. He helps the Director of Fleet Operations plan the resupply of all our arctic Air Force bases and weather stations; the Air Force cannot fly in even a fraction of the required tonnage. (In the construction of our great jet-fighter base at Thule in northwest Greenland, the Air Force flew in 25,000,000 pounds of material, but the Navy hauled in by ship 44 times as much—1,112,000,000 pounds.)

Every time the Navy wants to chart an unknown arctic area or to test new arctic equipment, the request goes to Schwartz. He recommends what should be done and passes his suggestion on to the Director of Fleet Operations. Requests from the Army, the Air Force or government-sponsored scientific expeditions for arctic or antarctic projects or information also go to Schwartz. Even a few dedicated civilians write him for naval assistance. A North Dakota gentleman with a lively imagination recently suggested that the weight of ice piling up on the South Pole will cause the earth to turn over; he wants the Navy to send an icebreaker to Antarctica.

Schwartz sometimes finds it difficult to concentrate even on official problems. His mind keeps straying to the future. "Perhaps it's because I originally was a merchant marine man," he says, "but I can't help thinking of the prospects for economic development of the arctic. What a treasure trove it can be someday!" ▲▲▲

"For those of you who are lying down this Sunday afternoon, we bring you this special program!"

COLLIER'S — FRITZ WILKINSON

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HOW I MADE A REMARKABLE ADVANCE IN THE FIELD OF NUCLEAR FISSION

By ROGER PRICE

Here, for the first and last time, a noted entertainer reveals what he has found out by fiddling around with one of the world's greatest duds

A FEW months ago the entire cast of a television program I appeared on was invited to a party, at which the well-known atomic physicist, Professor M———, was also a guest. I immediately asked to be introduced to him as I feel that one cannot know too much about science these days.

The professor seemed rather shy and distant, but knowing that scholarly men are always anxious to talk about their own speciality I attracted his attention by tugging gently at his coat sleeve and plunged into a discussion (a discussion, I might add, which first stimulated my interest in atomics and led directly to my remarkable advance in the field of nuclear fission).

"Professor," I began, "what is the most important thing we should know about atoms?"

"They're little," he said. "Uh—see that redhead over there, in the—er—tight dress, the one who did the tap dance on the program?" He looked at me with raised eyebrows.

"She's married to the trumpet player," I said. "How about electrons and protons?"

"They're littler. You must know all of these girls. For instance, the tall blonde by the mantel . . . the . . . er . . . friendly-looking one."

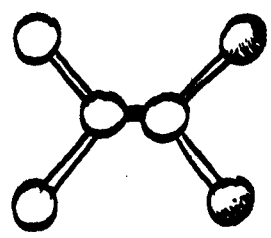
"Married to the piano player," I said. "But actually, aren't electrons merely invisible charges of positive electrical energy?"

"Sure," he said. "Now over there—the girl standing by herself with the lovely shoulders."

"The drummer," I said. "But what are protons?"

"Little pieces of toast that you put in soup. Delicious." The professor smiled vaguely and turned away in deep thought. That's the trouble with being a scientist—you can never completely get away from your work. Not wishing to distract him further from whatever problem he was concentrating on, I let go of his coat sleeve, made a few notes of our conversation and hurried home to think. My brain was soon churning with ideas and in practically no time (12 minutes) I hit on the principle which is the basis for my invention, a totally *new* and *superior* fission bomb, the details of which I am now prepared to release. (When you finish reading this article please tear it out and eat it as I shouldn't like this information to fall into the hands of Russian spies, *saboteurs* or anybody.)

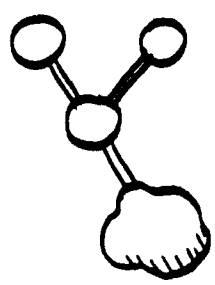
But first I should like to explain a little more about atomic structure. An atom is the smallest measurable particle of any substance. Everything is made of atoms. Air, wood, buildings, water, Marilyn Monroe, veal scaloppine and alligators are all just piles of atoms. Here we have a diagram of the atom used in the first successful demonstration of fission smuggled through early in 1940.



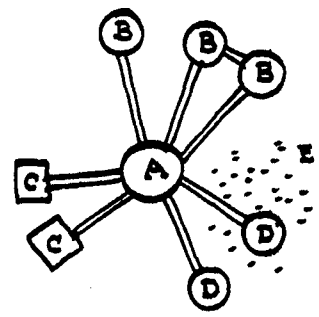
URANIUM 140½. Composed of two linked positive electrical charges and four extremely reluctant negative charges.

This atom was subjected to tremendous pressure and to a temperature of 4,000° Centigrade (note charred edges at right). This discouraged two of the negative charges and they disappeared, which altered the structure of the uranium and turned it into something entirely different—liverwurst. When this experiment was first performed at the University of Southern California it started a chain reaction. All over the state scientists started opening up delicatessen stores.

Here we have some diagrams of other atoms. Study them carefully so you will recognize them when you see them in everyday life.



SALT (sodium chloride). Molecule of sodium surrounded by two molecules of chlorine and a lump caused by leaving in dampness.



MINESTRONE SOUP. A positive nucleus (A) surrounded by electrons (B), protons (as recommended by Prof. M———) (C), carrot slices (D), and Parmesan cheese gratings (E).

Now that you understand the theory, I am prepared to explain my new superior fission bomb. I say it is superior because it has one great advantage over any other type of fission bomb so far developed.

It is harmless.

It is also silent. Public libraries may be used as testing grounds at a great financial saving.

It's amazing that no one has ever thought of this before, but that's the way all great discoveries are made, I guess. The idea is right there under everyone's nose until someone just happens to stumble on it.

The fissionable material used in the bomb is Lint 235. And it works like this (get ready to rip this page out and eat it immediately): two hemispheres of Lint 235 are snapped smartly together with a rubber band causing the Lint 235 to break down into Lint 233 and Fuzz 230. (If you are wearing a blue serge suit stand several feet away when detonating.)

Although harmless in the accepted sense, the lint bomb does have one slight drawback. I went to a great deal of trouble to make sure it wouldn't make anything radioactive. And it doesn't. It goes beyond that. It makes things television-active. If any living organisms are subjected to its radiations, it is liable to throw them completely out of focus both horizontally and vertically, and if a high aerial is not installed on the victim at once, he may disintegrate into a herringbone pattern. This can be pretty hard on his friends' and relatives' eyes. (If this page has a pulpy taste, try wrapping it around a hot dog and toasting it.)

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

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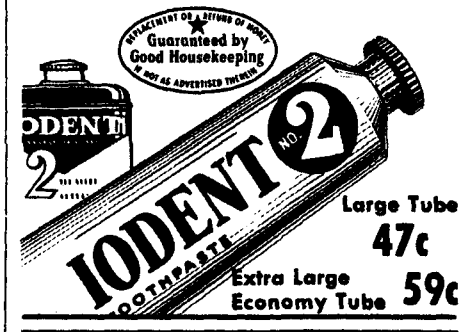

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GIGLI

The Rev. Clinton J. Kew, of the American Foundation of Religion and Psychiatry, New York, advises a caller. He formerly was a psychology professor. Foundation counsels individuals, trains ministers

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In a clinic founded by a church, psychiatrists and clergymen are working as a team to help people who are beset by anxiety, depression and other ills of the mind and spirit. Their success leads them to believe that all ministers should be trained in pastoral counseling

By HERBERT YAHRAES

ONE evening last winter, five clergymen sat intently discussing a woman only one of them knew. There were a Methodist, a Congregationalist, two rabbis and a pastor of the Evangelical and Reformed Church. Yet their conversation would certainly have been considered unusual by most men of the cloth.

The woman under discussion had been a longtime parishioner of the clergyman telling her story. Wife of a member of his church board and mother of four children, she had appeared at the parish house one day and—grimly calm—asked the clergyman to arrange for her funeral day after next. Tonight, she announced, she was taking poison.

Gradually the startled pastor had elicited her story. Her husband, a respected figure in the community, had been acting strangely for months. Now he was accusing her of unfaithfulness, telling people all over town that she was an adulteress. He had named four men. The other night he had taken a gun and threatened to shoot her.

She couldn't account for his behavior; she said that she had never done anything to hurt him. A year before she had even started a dressmaking business at home to help him pay the bills.

What, the other clergymen asked their colleague, had he done in this explosive situation? The minister said he had obtained a promise from the woman not to take poison at least until she had talked with him again. Then he had got in touch with the husband and spent two hours trying in vain to convince him that he had no firm evidence to support his suspicions. "Preacher, I'm no fool!" was the husband's reply.

The minister finally persuaded the husband to suspend judgment until they, too, could talk again. The man appeared to agree. But three days later he tried to shoot his wife, and, when a daughter stepped between them, killed himself instead.

Threshing out this tragedy—which had occurred a few years ago in the Midwest—the clergymen debated whether their colleague had done all he might. All agreed that he hadn't, but they all agreed, too, that any one of them also might have fallen down on the job. If the minister had been trained in psychology, they knew now, he would have seen plainly that the husband was mentally disturbed and steered him to some doctor or hospital.

Indeed, these clergymen had been drawn together in the beginning by their common belief that the church can most effectively carry out its age-old mission to comfort and heal when and if it learns how to apply more expertly the science of psychology to human behavior. The scene of their meeting was the Park Avenue headquarters of the American Foundation of Religion and Psychiatry, an organization set up in New York City in 1951 to help clergymen and psychiatrists work side by side to prove the worth of this idea.

The foundation's board of directors includes such distinguished representatives of both professions as Dr. William C. Menninger, one of America's outstanding psychiatrists and head of the Menninger Foundation for psychiatric treatment and research at Topeka, Kansas, and Dr. Samuel McCrea Cavert, general secretary of the National Council of Churches. The head of the foundation is seventy-one-year-old Dr. Smiley Blanton, also an eminent psychiatrist, and working with him on the staff are five other psychiatrists, six clergymen and four psychologists.

On the Right Road

The minister of religion and the psychiatrist can be partners in helping men and women to achieve emotional maturity and mental health. Herbert Yahraes reports how it is being done in an experimental center that combines spiritual resources and scientific methods.

THE REVEREND SAMUEL McCREA CAVERT
General Secretary, National Council of the Churches of Christ in the United States of America

The foundation has two separate although related functions. To clergymen from all over the United States and of all denominations, it offers seminars in which they can discuss actual problems in human behavior that they and their colleagues face, plus lectures on the subject by visiting doctors, psychologists and clergymen. The foundation also runs a religio-psychiatric clinic which gives guidance—at nominal cost or free—to emotionally upset men and women of all churches, or no church at all. The clinic is run by the staff clergymen, psychiatrists and psychologists. The Reverend Herman L. Barbery, executive director, works full time at the clinic; the rest of the staff is on a part-time schedule and most are unpaid. But they keep the clinic open every weekday and several evenings and are currently counseling 90 people a week. Some 5,000 have been helped since the clinic opened.

Actually the clinic preceded the foundation. Back in 1937, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church of New York, and Dr. Blanton opened a free clinic in the church parlors to counsel worried New Yorkers. So many people flocked to the clinic that in 1951 it moved to larger quarters on the top floor of what was once a fashionable limestone residence at 57 Park Avenue. At the same time, the foundation was organized and the training center for clergymen added.

Few of the cases handled by the foundation at its clinic or discussed at its seminars have reached the suicide stage. The men and women who enter the counseling rooms on Park Avenue might be the persons who sat next to you in church last Sunday or stood alongside you in the bus this morning.

They are people beset by anxiety, depression, morbid fears, inadequate social relationships and, especially, by unhappy marital and family situations. There's a wife who's on the verge of a breakdown. There's a businessman who complains of forever feeling irritable and tired. There's a forty-year-old woman, referred by a doctor in one last attempt to have her dangerously high blood pressure relieved by some means other than surgery.

Just how do the psychiatrists and clergymen handle such cases? Take the woman with high blood pressure—a Mrs. R. Because she had symptoms of actual illness, the clinic sent her first to one of its psychiatrists, who also, of course, have medical degrees. As Mrs. R. told her story, he found one circumstance of special interest: When she was six, her mother had divorced her father. She still bore great resentment toward her mother for getting the divorce and toward her father for never having shown any sign afterward of loving her.

Mrs. R.'s own marriage had been happy. She was surprised when the psychiatrist suggested that her long-held childhood resentment might be the direct cause of her present poor health.

"We doctors know that disease is caused by changes in the cells of the body," he told her. "But too often we've lost sight of the fact that these changes can be influenced by the mind and the emotions." In her case, he went on, resentment against her parents—even though she wasn't consciously aware of it—had caused continuous tension in her body, particularly in her circulatory system.

After the psychiatrist had seen Mrs. R. several times, a clergyman took over the counseling. "I don't want to sail under false colors," she told him at their first session. "I came to the clinic to be helped, but I must tell you I do not believe in God or the hereafter."

The clergyman didn't scold; since the clinic tries to help people find peace, not further pain, its staffers never chide a patient, no matter what his revelations. There's not an ounce of brimstone in the entire foundation staff. Nor did the clergyman argue. Instead, he quoted to her the words of the old hymn, Lead, Kindly Light: "I do not ask to see the distant scene; one step enough for

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Relatively poor churches in small cities can band together an

me." And for several months, he patiently tried to show Mrs. R. that she did not have to fight against resentment and disease by herself, but could call on a higher power. Painstakingly and sympathetically, he pointed out to her passage after passage in the Bible emphasizing God's love and the power that man can derive from it.

At Her Final Clinic Session

During what turned out to be Mrs. R.'s last session at the clinic, she seemed much more relaxed. The clergyman went back to the hymn and quoted another line: "Amid th' encircling gloom, lead Thou me on." Tears came to her eyes. "Yes, I can accept that now," she said. When she returned to her own doctor for a checkup, he found her blood pressure within normal limits.

What had happened? Dr. Blanton explains that the psychiatrist and the clergyman working together had helped Mrs. R. acquire what she needed—a feeling of security and faith. First the psychiatrist had led her to understand the emotional pattern underlying her trouble; then the clergyman had helped her find in God a substitute for the loving father she had lost long before.

All six clergymen on the clinic staff have done graduate work in psychology, worked as counselors in hospitals, churches and elsewhere under psychiatric supervision, and even have undergone psychotherapy themselves on the theory that they could understand others better by learning to understand themselves first.

One member of the staff, the Reverend Clinton J. Kew, an Episcopalian, was once a professor of psychology at Youngstown College, in Ohio. The executive director, the Reverend Mr. Barbery, ordained in first the Methodist and later the Dutch Reformed Church and now on the staff of the Marble Collegiate Church, did counseling in the Army as a chaplain. A third, the Reverend Alvin Hart, an Episcopalian and on the staff of the Little Church Around the Corner in New York, studied for three years at the William Alanson White Institute of Psychiatry.

The director of the foundation's training program, the Reverend Frederick C. Kuether, is an Evangelical and Reformed minister with 15 years' experience as a chaplain in hospitals and reformatories. He is now completing his work for a doctorate of philosophy in clinical psychology.

So far the foundation has not been able to decide just which cases should be handled wholly by psychiatrists and which by clergymen—or just where one profession should stop work and the other begin. The difficulty is understandable, since the foundation's psychiatrists are religious men and its clergymen have had psychiatric training. But recently it set up a panel of its staff members to go over case material once a month in the hope that someday the particular responsibility of each profession may be defined.

Actually the foundation people believe that the work of the two professions overlaps. As the Reverend Mr. Kew points out, psychiatrists say love is most important; clergymen have been making the same claim for years. Psychiatrists say that when we react to fear in a way that blocks our real feelings, we become neurotic and full of resentment; the Bible tells us not to hate. The psychiatrist exposes a man's unresolved conflicts; the clergyman helps him to forgive himself as well as others.

The Reverend Mr. Kuether recalls the New Testament story of Zacchaeus, the rich man who, because he was too short to see Jesus over the heads of the crowd, climbed a sycamore tree. Jesus told him to come down—He was going to visit him. The crowd shouted its disapproval, for the man had got rich as a chief tax collector. But Zacchaeus received Jesus joyfully, saying: "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold." Jesus responded: "This day is salvation come to this house . . ."

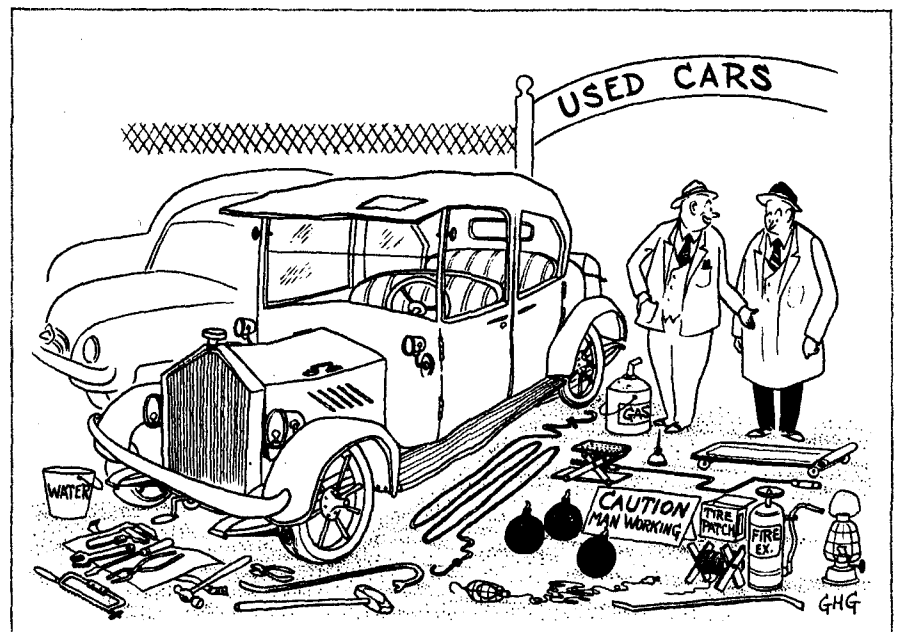
Zacchaeus' experience also can be described in psychiatric terms, according to the Reverend Mr. Kuether. As a person who was short and therefore may have felt inadequate, Zacchaeus had a powerful desire to get ahead and had done so. But in becoming a chief tax collector and extremely wealthy, he found rejection rather than happiness. When Jesus, by visiting in his house, showed him that he was acceptable and a person in his own right, Zacchaeus dropped his defenses.

Like Zacchaeus, many troubled people who go to the New York clinic have been unable to discover by themselves the real causes of their unhappiness. There was a wife who blamed her spells of depression on the fact that her husband had gone out with another woman. But the clinic's counselors traced her trouble to her life before marriage. As an only child, she had been hemmed in by so many parental restrictions that she often felt as though she were in prison. She had built up a reservoir of fear, hostility and insecurity. When her husband temporarily paid attention to another woman, the old resentment began pouring out.

After five private sessions, the wife understood her problem well enough to join a group-therapy class conducted by a clinic staffer. There patients get a chance to talk out their problems and to learn the psychological fact that adults often transfer to their present associates feelings aroused—but repressed—during childhood.

When a person applies to the clinic for help, Marian Wise, an attractive and busy young woman who doubles as secretary and registrar, makes a note of the problem, consults a professional member of the staff and schedules an appointment. If there are indications of physical or mental illness, the first appointment will be with a doctor; otherwise, the patient will be sent to either a doctor or a clergyman, depending on who's available.

Whether the counselor is a psychiatrist, psychologist or clergyman, he first must decide whether the applicant can be helped by short-term therapy—a one-hour counseling session once or twice a week for a maximum of several months, although a patient who progresses well may be treated longer if necessary. An applicant found incapable of being helped by short-term therapy is referred to a hospital clinic or private psychiatrist. Hearteningly, not many have had to be turned away because their problems seemed too difficult to be tackled in a short time.



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Aids to Accurate Diagnosis

For help in diagnosis, the counselor may consult other staff members and may send the patient to a clinic psychologist to take the Rorschach and other personality tests. Furthermore, if the counselor is a clergyman new to clinical work, there will be a psychiatrist in the background, supervising.

Clinic staffers—whether psychiatrists or clergymen—believe that the Bible contains much of the best psychiatric advice ever written. For example, there is St. Paul's reminder that one ought not to be troubled by the past. "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before," he said, "I press toward the mark . . ."

The need to forget was applied with good results in the case of the irritable businessman. His trouble seemed to be that he worked too hard. Nights he would bring home work from the office

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;tablish religio-psychiatric clinics. An authority tells how

and labor on it until after midnight. Some mornings he would get up extra early. "I am just swamped," he would tell people, and then go on proudly to relate how much he worked. But his worried doctor referred him to the clinic nonetheless.

He agreed with his first counselor, a psychiatrist, that this way of life was unreasonable, but he didn't seem able to change it. After a number of interviews, the psychiatrist found that the man had a strong sense of guilt arising from some sexual escapades years before. Subconsciously the man kept condemning himself for these acts, and his constant overworking, the psychiatrist said, was a form of self-punishment.

Prayer Must Be Sincere

Once the man understood this background of his problem, he went on to sessions with a staff clergyman, who advised him to pray for forgiveness. Time-worn advice? Possibly—but it wasn't given until the man had come to know and accept what was wrong with him and to desire a change. The clinic's clergymen say that only when a person really wants forgiveness can such a prayer be answered. After the man had prayed, he was able to forget the past and to concentrate on the present and the future. Gradually the businessman made peace with himself and reorganized his daily schedule along reasonable lines.

Then there was the woman who felt she had to have a divorce and wanted the clinic to help her husband through the difficult period of readjustment. It developed that she had been married 12 years, loved her husband and had everything she desired except peace of mind. For some reason she couldn't easily put into words, she felt that she might attain this objective by breaking up her home.

Gradually a minister unearthed the story. The woman's mother, overdevoted, had done her best to break up her daughter's friendships with young men and to keep her at home. The mother even became quite ill on evenings the daughter had a date. Finally, when the girl had become engaged, the mother had said over and over, "If you marry him, it will kill me." But the girl did marry her fiancé. Two years later the mother died; ever since, the girl had blamed herself for her mother's death. The sense of guilt eventually had grown so great that she felt she had to make amends by divorcing her husband.

The counselor explained to the daughter that she was still being dominated by her mother's mind and that even a mother could be wrong. Her mother, he went on, had displayed a childish, possessive type of love; she had been emotionally immature. Clearly the daughter was not to blame for what had happened.

Tremendously relieved, the woman dropped all idea of a divorce.

As a training center, the foundation so far has been used almost exclusively by clergymen from New York City and nearby communities, although one rabbi, Armond E. Cohen, commuted from Cleveland to attend. Among other clergymen enrolled have been representatives of the Methodist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, Reformed, Congregational and Lutheran churches, the Disciples of Christ, and the Church of Sweden. The foundation hopes to complete arrangements soon whereby every year at least several clergymen from across the country will be given a full year's training, both by working at the clinic under psychiatric and pastoral supervision and by taking the foundation's courses. They would be interns, learning about human behavior chiefly through clinical experience. The clinic already has one such intern—the Reverend Rolf Lyshoï, a minister of the Church of Sweden, who will spend a year with the foundation and then return to Sweden and perhaps open a similar clinic.

Dr. Blanton hopes that business corporations will finance internships for staff physicians. He points out that a new M.D. needs several extra years to become a full-fledged psychiatrist, but that in one year at the foundation he could learn enough psychotherapy to enable him to counsel most of the people who come to him.

The foundation does not claim that the church-centered clinics it proposes would cure all emotional illness, since some people have such deep-seated disturbances that only intensive and lengthy psychiatric treatment can help. It does believe, however, on the basis of its experience to date, that such clinics could—fairly quickly and comparatively cheaply—bring new life to countless worried and anxious persons.

Granting that there is a need for many more guidance clinics, why emphasize particularly the role of the church in establishing them?

One prominent psychiatrist who strongly endorses the foundation's work puts it this way: "It is tremendously important, particularly for people in trouble who willy-nilly go to their pastors for advice. I think it's fine that they do, but the pastor who thereby automatically becomes a counselor, whether he wishes to or not, can do either a great deal of good or a great deal of harm. That's why training in pastoral counseling is so vital."

Dr. Blanton adds: "At least 80 per cent of the people in this country who look for help with personal problems first try to get it from their clergymen. If religion as it has usually been practiced is enough, why do we have unhappiness, anxiety and nervous breakdowns? Because barriers to personal development and a normal religious life have been built up in the subconscious mind, and a clergyman usually needs a psychotherapist's knowledge of behavior to help remove them."

He Feared Wedlock as Sinful

One of the clergymen at the clinic—the Reverend Alvin Hart—cites an example. A young man came to him deeply troubled because he was in love but terrified at the thought of marriage. It developed that his mother, who considered herself religious, had impressed upon him that anything people enjoy—particularly sex—was sinful. The minister set him straight.

A nonclergyman counselor might have done the same thing, but this was a case—like that of the man burdened with feelings of guilt—where no one could speak with quite as much authority as a clergyman.

Being comparatively wealthy, the Marble Collegiate Church, which fathered the clinic, gives the foundation $20,000 a year, plus the services of several ministers. How can relatively poor churches in a town of, say, 30,000 help the troubled? Can they, too, open a religio-psychiatric clinic?

The Reverend Herman L. Barbery, executive director of the clinic, says they can. First they need a clergyman who is interested in the idea and who knows the principles of counseling. Since these are now taught by some of the leading seminaries, probably at least one of the clergymen in town is already grounded in them. If not, the churches can get together and finance training at the foundation.

Second, they need a doctor who is interested in psychotherapy and is willing to give a little time. Third, for personality tests, they ought to have a psychologist; perhaps they can borrow one from a hospital in the area.

"But," the Reverend Mr. Barbery adds, "there may be too much emphasis on the clinic idea. Maybe it isn't necessary to open a clinic. Properly trained in counseling, every clergyman could be a walking clinic." ▲ ▲ ▲

Next Week in Collier's

I LIKE IKE'S GOLF

By ED DUDLEY

Augusta National Pro

You can tell a lot about a man from the way he plays golf, says the writer—and no one knows more about the President's game than the famous professional who has been his teacher since 1950. Just how good is Ike's golf? Does he ever blow up on the course? Here is an informal, on-the-links account

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LOWELL HESS

It Just Ain't Practical

WE ADMIRE the brave and forward-looking hopefulness implicit in the title of Bruce Bliven's most recent book, Twentieth Century Unlimited. For that reason we were a little surprised to read an editorial by Mr. Bliven in our esteemed contemporary, the Saturday Evening Post, which suggested that his faith in twentieth-century aims and accomplishments is somewhat limited, after all.

This piece by Mr. Bliven was called Space-Ship Craze Provides "Escape," but Watch Out for Frustrations! And our reason for mentioning it here is the suspicion that he was aiming his editorial guns at Collier's.

Mr. Bliven leads off with the disarming statement that he is a "pushover for stuff about space travel," and that he can "spout the lingo with anybody." He's read all the technical books on the subject, he says. He doesn't mention what Collier's has published in the same field, but he must have read our articles, because his editorial is an obvious rebuttal of them.

In spite of his confessed weakness for space-travel literature in big doses, Mr. Bliven says he is "getting worried about the amount of attention that is being paid to space travel by grownups in America today."

He apparently doubts the scientific value of a man-made satellite, and deplores the fact that "propagandists" (Collier's?) favor government financing of its construction. He admits, however, that government work on just such a project has been in progress since 1948, and he obviously would like to see it stopped.

Mr. Bliven contends that Collier's frequent contributor, Dr. Wernher von Braun, is about the only guided-missile expert with any enthusiasm for space travel. And he thinks that the guided-missile program is going so well that there is no earthly—or, more properly, extra-earthly—use in worrying about space. Before long, he says, we'll be able to drop a missile at any spot on earth without leaving the ground.

As for using a human-operated satellite as a sort of astral watchtower to observe activities behind the Iron Curtain, Mr. Bliven says we'd better improve our present espionage system instead of trying to play Superman.

Finally, he worries that a lot of people are using the idea of space travel as an escape mechanism, and are willing to spend billions on it because our headaches at home make the wild blue yonder look irresistibly attractive.

After reading Mr. Bliven's editorial we are forced to conclude that even if he has read *all* the technical books on the subject, plus Collier's, he hasn't fully understood what he has read. And he apparently sees no danger in the possibility that a hostile power might build and launch a satellite before we do. He also apparently sees no sense in the scientific challenge of such a project apart from its military aspects.

It would seem that Mr. Bliven considers the years of serious work that have gone into the problem of conquering outer space—work not only by scientists, but by military men, physicians, psychologists, lawyers and many others —as just so much idle research work for the science-fiction writers.

Well, it just isn't so. These men have done what we think is an unprecedentedly thorough job. They have, over the years, proceeded from the most abstruse equation to the most practical detail. They have examined every conceivable problem—mathematical, aeronautical, astronautical, mechanical, physical, emotional. And they have concluded that the mission of this great project can be accomplished.

In fact, Dr. von Braun, who is chief of the Guided Missiles Laboratory at Redstone Arsenal, Huntsville, Alabama, predicts that with adequate financial backing a trip to the moon is feasible within 25 years. Others who participated in the Collier's space symposiums and believe in this possibility include these experts:

Colonel Don Flickinger, M.D., Director of Human Factors, USAF, Baltimore
Captain James E. Sullivan, Director Airborne Equipment, USN, Washington
Dr. Heinz Haber, Institute of Transportation and Traffic Engineering, University of California
Dr. Joseph Kaplan, professor of physics, Institute of Geophysics, UCLA
Dr. James A. Van Allen, Department of Physics, State University of Iowa
Dr. Hermann J. Muller, Nobel prize winner, Indiana University
Willy Ley, rocket expert, New York City
Dr. Fred L. Whipple, chairman, Department of Astronomy, Harvard University
Dr. James P. Henry, Aero Medical Laboratory, USAF, Dayton, Ohio
Dr. Fritz Haber, USAF School of Aviation Medicine, Randolph Field, Texas
Dr. Hubertus Strughold, USAF School of Aviation Medicine, Randolph Field, Texas
Dr. Donald W. Hastings, Department of Psychiatry, University of Minnesota Medical School
Oscar Schachter, Director, General Legal Division, United Nations.

The frontier of space today challenges the curiosity and ingenuity and courage of man, as other frontiers have challenged in the past. And through the ages there must always have been others who counseled as Mr. Bliven counsels now: Stay where you are; use the tools at hand; don't tackle anything new until you have solved the immediate, practical problems.

Fortunately, that counsel has not been followed. If it had, man would not have dug the earth for its wealth or sailed its vast, uncharted, frightening seas. He would not have discovered the entirety of his planet, delved into its mysteries, explored its life and flown its skies.

These activities were not escapes, nor is the serious project which Mr. Bliven derides as an escape. It is not being undertaken for the purpose of running popular week-end excursions to the moon. The conquest of space will be one of the great achievements of mankind. It will come —when, we do not know; but it will come as surely as tomorrow's tides. And no cautious critic can stay the one or the other.

Meanwhile, Collier's is proud to have conceived and published its progress reports on what will be one of history's looming milestones.

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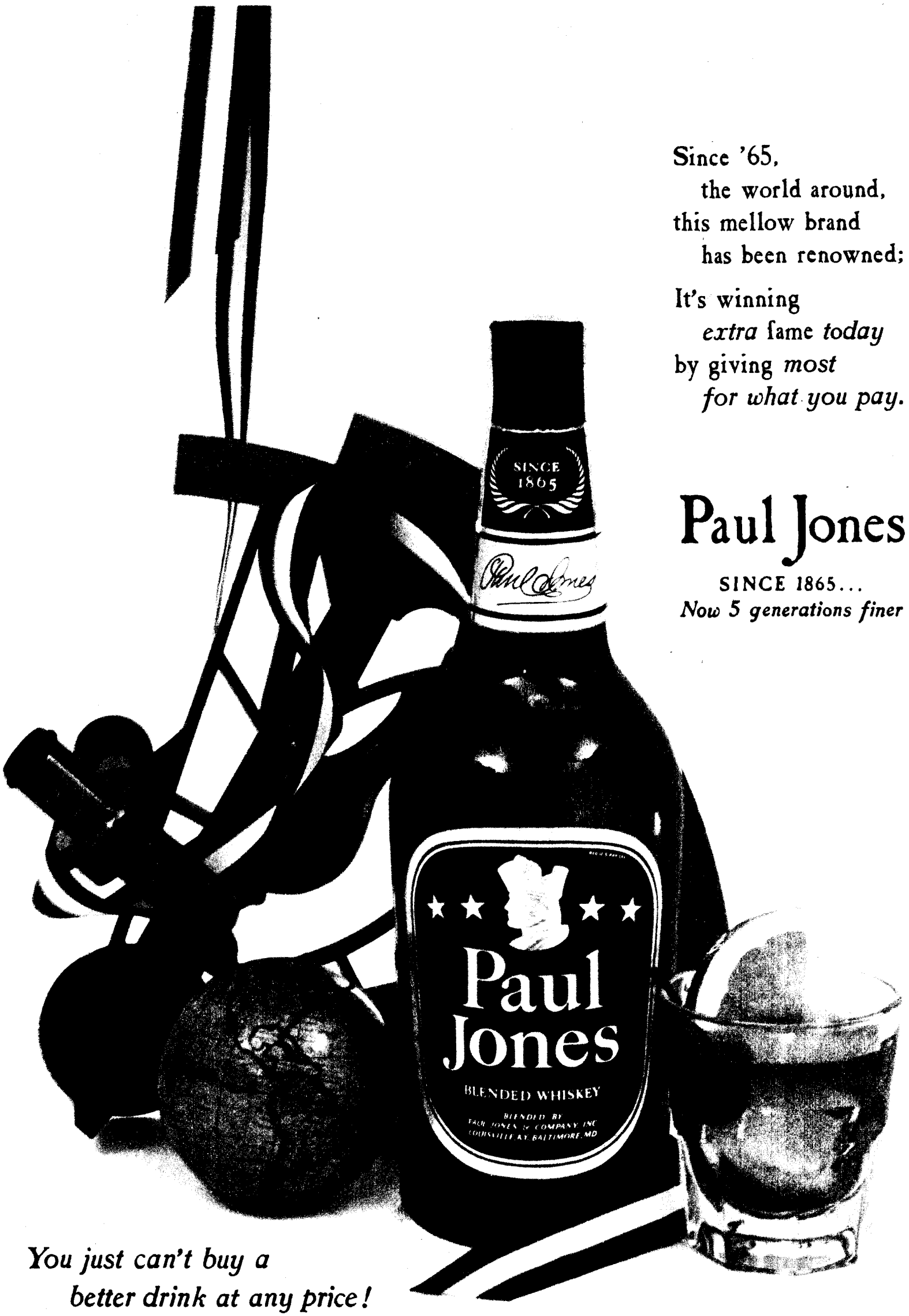

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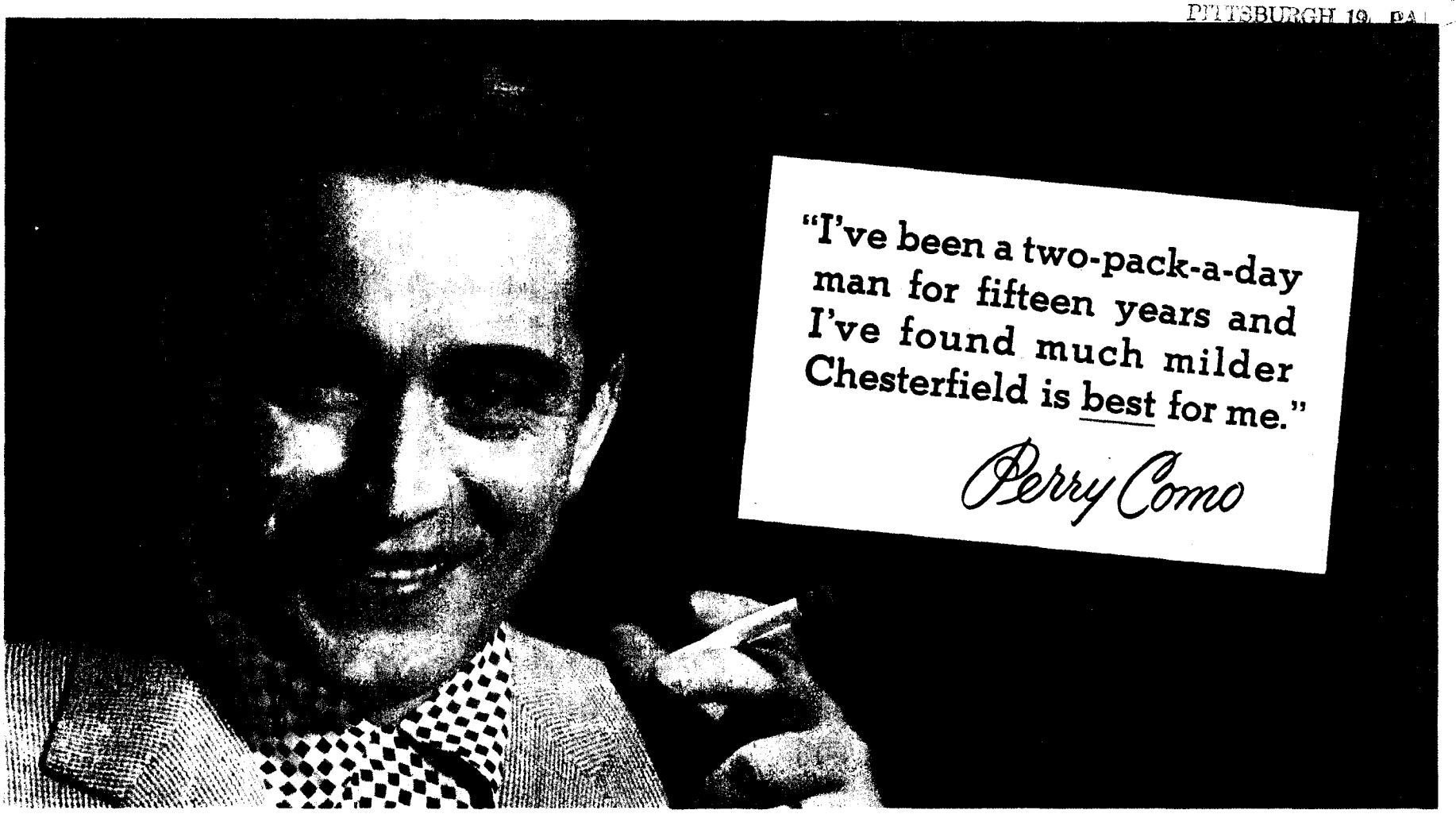

NOW...10 Months Scientific Evidence For Chesterfield

A MEDICAL SPECIALIST is making regular bi-monthly examinations of a group of people from various walks of life. 45 percent of this group have smoked Chesterfield for an average of over ten years.

After ten months, the medical specialist reports that he observed...

no adverse effects on the nose, throat and sinuses of the group from smoking Chesterfield.

MUCH MILDER
CHESTERFIELD IS BEST FOR YOU

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